SELECT TALES FROM SHAKSPEARE LAMB

FREW

To E

Leyton District Council
Education Committee.

PRESENTED TO

Lily Hanson

FOR

**Regular & Punctual Attendance,
Good Conduct & Progress**

AT

Farmer Rd School.

E Bell Teacher.

Clerk.

192 5-6

PRESENTED BY THE PUBLISHERS

SELECT TALES FROM SHAKSPEARE

BY

CHARLES AND MARY LAMB

WITH

INTRODUCTION AND NOTES

BY

DAVID FREW, B.A.

LONDON
BLACKIE & SON, LIMITED, 50 OLD BAILEY E.C.
GLASGOW AND DUBLIN
1898

PREFATORY NOTE

The Selections from Lamb's *Tales from Shakspeare* here printed are prefixed by a brief sketch of the life of Charles and Mary Lamb. The Notes are confined to brief explanations of any words and allusions which young pupils are likely to find difficult, together with a short account of the sources of each of the plays on which the Tales are founded.

CONTENTS.

	Page
Introduction	v
King Lear	11
Timon of Athens	26
Macbeth	39
The Merchant of Venice	50
The Comedy of Errors	63
Hamlet, Prince of Denmark	77
The Tempest	93
As You Like It	104
A Midsummer Night's Dream	120
The Taming of the Shrew	132
Twelfth Night	143
NOTES	157

INTRODUCTION.

CHARLES LAMB, the younger son of John Lamb, clerk to Samuel Salt, a bencher of the Inner Temple, was born in 1775, more than ten years after his sister, MARY, born 1764. His brother John was older still.

Through the influence of Mr. Salt he was nominated to Christ's Hospital (The Bluecoat School), which he entered in 1782. S. T. Coleridge became a pupil of the school in the same year, and, though he was three years older than Lamb, an ardent friendship, never interrupted in the course of their lives, grew up between the two boys. In one respect Lamb was better off than his friend. Those leave-days which Coleridge spent in "friendless wanderings" through "unknown London" were by the younger boy spent with his friends, amid surroundings that were always delightful to him. For though he did enjoy the holiday visits to his grandmother, Mrs. Field, in Hertfordshire, he was throughout his life an enthusiastic lover of the city, "Whose dirtiest alley", he afterwards said, "I would not exchange for Skiddaw or Helvellyn".

Lamb seems very early to have acquired a taste for study; but want of means, and the need they had at home for what he could earn, prevented him from proceeding to the university. In 1789, when in his fifteenth year, he was appointed to a clerkship in the South-Sea House, where his father's employer, Mr. Salt, was one of the deputy-governors. Here, in the midst of what were, judging from his essay on the South-Sea House, not ungenial surroundings, he spent the next three years. At the end of that time he was lucky enough to be appointed to a much more lucrative post, a clerkship in the Accountant's Office of the India House.

The year 1792, in which Lamb was appointed to the East India House, was the beginning of a period of trouble for the family. Mr. Salt died, and, though he had pensioned his faithful clerk and housekeeper, the Lambs found themselves in straitened circumstances. They had to leave the Temple. John, who was now in a good position in the South-Sea House, secured his own comfort by

going into lodgings. The mother was an invalid, the father was sinking into his dotage, and both patients were most exacting. Charles, who was compelled to give his days to the "desk's dry wood", was forced to spend his nights in playing cribbage with his poor dazed father. When he took up a pen the old man would grumble, "If you will not play with me, you might as well not come home". In such circumstances what was to be done but take up the cards? Small wonder that, having suffered a keen personal disappointment, he found himself driven in the winter of 1795–96 to take refuge for six weeks in an asylum, on account of some mental derangement.

But on Mary the strain was more severe even than on Charles. All day long she had to listen to the complaints of the querulous invalids. A proficient needlewoman, she tried by the exercise of her skill to eke out the slender resources of the family. To the strain of labour and of nursing were added the anxiety caused by their poverty, and the dread of what would happen to the invalids if anything went wrong with her brother or herself. It was too much for her. Her health and nerves failed, and for a time she lost her reason. Quarrelling one day with an apprentice girl she employed in the house, she picked up a dinner-knife from the table and pursued her. Her mother, who was in bed, interfered, and Mary, in her madness, turned on her and stabbed her. Charles was near, but was only in time to snatch the knife from his sister's hand after the dreadful deed had been done. The jury returned a verdict of insanity; and to save his sister from being locked up for life in a public madhouse, Charles undertook the care of her. His offer was accepted by the authorities, and cheerfully and ungrudgingly during the rest of his life did he devote himself to the discharge of his heavy responsibilities. Poor Mary, of whom her brother wrote, "Of all the people I ever saw in the world, my poor sister was most and thoroughly devoid of the quality of selfishness", was now to experience an unselfishness equal to her own. Never by word or look did her brother give her reason to think that he blamed her for the calamity that had clouded both their lives. She was placed for the time being under proper care at Hackney, and Charles again took up life's burden, and bore it in the spirit of one convinced of the great truth sung by one of his own favourite Elizabethans, "He that patiently life's burden bears, no burden bears, but is a king, a king".

Lamb's poor old aunt, Hetty, died in 1797, and his father in 1799 in which year his sister Mary, who had now recovered, returned to

live with him. Meantime, he had been making some tentative literary efforts. Four sonnets signed C. L. had appeared in Coleridge's first volume of poems in 1796, and several more of Lamb's poems were added in the second edition, which appeared in 1797. In 1798 he and Charles Lloyd brought out a thin volume of blank verse, and in the same year Lamb published his story, *A Tale of Rosamond Gray and Old Blind Margaret.* None of these efforts could be called successful; but they served to make Lamb known, and to divert his attention from his own misfortunes. Through Coleridge he became acquainted with Wordsworth and Southey, and during 1798 the latter was his literary confidant and adviser.

Successive attacks of melancholy drove poor Mary Lamb to return from time to time weeping to the asylum; and for some time after she joined her brother, the unfortunate pair were driven by unsympathetic landladies from one lodging after another, until at length they settled in Lamb's beloved Temple. Influenced by Coleridge, who, on his return from Germany, became connected with the *Morning Post*, Lamb began in 1799 to contribute to that paper, and also to the *Chronicle* and the *Albion*; but he did not let his newspaper work hinder him from attempting something more worthy of his powers, and in 1802 he published *John Woodvil*, a blank-verse play of the Restoration period. The play, though without dramatic interest, reflects much of the spirit and quaint music of the later Elizabethans, and contains some fine passages. These, however, could not counterbalance its structural defects and secure him a hearing. Kemble declined the play as unsuitable, and when published it was savagely and ignorantly, if not viciously, attacked in the *Edinburgh Review.*

Undeterred by failure, he still strove to succeed as a dramatist, and induced the proprietors of Drury Lane to accept his two-act farce, *Mr. H.* It failed hopelessly, and it is said that Lamb, who was in front during the performance, was one of those who hissed loudest. Through Hazlitt, with whom he became acquainted in 1805, he was introduced to Godwin, and he and his sister agreed to write for him *Tales from Shakspeare.* These were published in 1807, and were an immediate and unqualified success. Influenced by this he produced for Godwin a child's version of the *Adventures of Ulysses*, and with his sister wrote two other children's books, *Mrs. Leicester's School* (1807), and *Poetry for Children* (1809). In 1808 his *Specimens of English Dramatic Poets Contemporary with Shakspeare* appeared. It took the world by storm. Lamb was at once recognized as a

literary critic of surpassing merit, and the impression of his amazing insight, and of the perfect sanity of his judgments on literary and artistic subjects, was deepened immensely by the articles on *Hogarth*, and *The Tragedies of Shakspeare*, which he contributed to Leigh Hunt's *Reflector* in 1811.

Lamb's income had been steadily increasing, and the monetary difficulties, which had bulked so largely with himself and his sister in the earlier years of the century, were now a thing of the past; so in 1817 he removed from the Inner Temple, whither he had gone nine years before from Mitre Court, and took lodgings in Great Russell Street, Covent Garden. For long his house had been a meeting-place for noted literary Londoners and London visitors. The charm of his personality had drawn round him all that was best in the great metropolis, till at last even he, lover of his kind though he was, began to wish for time for himself.

Charles Ollier, a young bookseller whom he wished to help, induced him to collect and publish his miscellaneous writings, and these appeared in 1818 in two handsome volumes dedicated to Coleridge. But it was not till 1820, when his friend Hazlitt introduced him to John Scott, the editor of the *London Magazine*, that he began to contribute to that periodical those celebrated *Essays of Elia*, with which his fame as a writer is more especially associated.

In 1822 the brother and sister paid their first visit to the Continent. The death of their elder brother, John, in 1820 had been a severe blow to both, and the change was felt necessary. They were the guests at Bellevue of James Kenney, the accomplished Irish dramatist; and the brother and sister had the opportunity of not only seeing the greatest French actors of the time, but of making the personal acquaintance of some of them, among them Talma. Theatres and art galleries had for years been the favourite places for recreation both of himself and his sister, and Lamb's estimate of a play, of an actor, or of a work of art, was rarely at fault.

Shortly after this the Lambs practically adopted Emma Isola, a young orphan whom they had met at Cambridge, and invited first to spend her holidays with them. She repaid their care with loving devotion, and did much to cheer and brighten their saddened lives. She married Mr. Moxon, the publisher, and to her Lamb, after providing for his sister, left the residue of his fortune.

Lamb was very ill during the winter of 1824–25, and early in the latter year the directors of the East India Company permitted

him to resign his situation, and granted him a handsome retiring allowance.

Thinking that a country life would be pleasant, the brother and sister left Islington, where they had lived for some time, and settled at Enfield. Accustomed to the busy London streets, they did not find the change as pleasant as they had expected it to be. Their visitors were now comparatively few, whereas for years before their house had been the meeting-place of all the most noted literary men in the kingdom. The distance from London was so small that Charles could run into the city frequently to see his friends, but not always when he wished. The want of a regular occupation troubled him. He felt the loneliness oppressive, and to crown their troubles Mary's health grew worse.

Charles was by no means idle; he contributed to the *Monthly Magazine* in 1826 the series of short essays called *Popular Fallacies*; and two years later appeared a series of extracts made by him from the collection in the British Museum of the works of our older dramatists, known as the Garrick plays. In 1830, to help his friend Moxon, the publisher, he collected and printed under the title of *Album Verses* a number of the pieces which he had from time to time, to please his young lady friends, written for their several albums; and in 1833 the same publisher brought out *The Last Essays of Elia*, taken chiefly from the *London Magazine*.

Mary's health growing gradually worse, it became necessary for her to be placed under constant and skilful nursing. The Lambs settled in Edmonton, which was much nearer London, with people who had on a previous occasion taken charge of Mary when she was unwell.

Emma Isola married Moxon in 1833, and in July of the following year Coleridge died. Lamb survived his old schoolfellow only six months. Walking on the London road in December he stumbled and fell, cutting his face slightly. No danger was anticipated, but erysipelas set in. He had not strength to withstand the disease, and on December 27th he died. His sister, though ten years older, survived him for nearly thirteen years. She died at Alpha Road, St. John's Wood, on May 20th, 1847.

Lamb was a good deal under the middle height. His head, which appeared indeed too large for his body, was well shaped, his complexion dark, his hair inclined to curl, and his features of a slightly Jewish cast. He dressed carefully, but always in sober colours. Though prevented by an impediment in his speech from being what

might be called a brilliant conversationalist, he soon became the centre of any company in which he was. The luminous flashes in which he joined in the general conversation were eagerly expected, and his sayings, often witty and humorous, were invariably marked by a whimsical audacity, as stimulating as it was interesting.

His position as a writer is well assured. As an essayist he takes rank with Addison and Steele. There is a peculiar charm about his work that distinguishes it from that of all other essayists. Rich humour, lively wit, vigorous imagination, and intense sympathy are combined in him with a whimsical wilfulness that is at once piquant and amusing. His own personality, which, consciously and unconsciously, he is ever putting before his readers, is so charming that we cannot help loving him as a friend.

As a critic he taught men to appreciate more justly the richness of their literary inheritance, and as a poet he tried to lead them back to nobler literary examples than those he found current. But it is the man his work shows him to have been that we admire, the gentle, patient, loving soul, trudging along life's road, bearing uncomplainingly the burden duty had imposed, and ever ready with helping hand and cheering words to aid his fellow-toilers. He was not perfect. He sometimes drank to excess. It was a pity; but after all he was a noble, lovable man.

KING LEAR.

EAR, King of Britain, had three daughters—Gonerill, wife to the Duke of Albany; Regan, wife to the Duke of Cornwall; and Cordelia, a young maid, for whose love the King of France and Duke of Burgundy were joint suitors, and were at this time making stay for that purpose in the court of Lear.

The old king, worn out with age and the fatigues of government, he being more than fourscore years old, determined to take no further part in state affairs, but to leave the management to younger strengths, that he might have time to prepare for death, which must at no long period ensue. With this intent he called his three daughters to him, to know from their own lips which of them loved him best, that he might part his kingdom among them in such proportions as their affection for him should seem to deserve.

Gonerill, the eldest, declared that she loved her father more than words could give out, that he was dearer to her than the light of her own eyes, dearer than life and liberty, with a deal of such professing stuff, which is easy to counterfeit where there is no real love, only a few fine words delivered with confidence being wanted in that case. The king, delighted to hear from her own mouth this assurance of her love, and thinking truly that her heart went with it, in a fit of fatherly fondness bestowed upon her and her husband one-third of his ample kingdom.

Then calling to him his second daughter, he demanded what she had to say. Regan, who was made of the same hollow metal as her sister, was not a whit behind in her professions, but rather declared that what her sister had spoken came short of the love which she professed to bear for his highness; inso-

much that she found all other joys dead in comparison with the pleasure which she took in the love of her dear king and father.

Lear blessed himself in having such loving children, as he thought, and could do no less, after the handsome assurances which Regan had made, than bestow a third of his kingdom upon her and her husband, equal in size to that which he had already given away to Gonerill.

Then turning to his youngest daughter Cordelia, whom he called his joy, he asked what she had to say, thinking, no doubt, that she would glad his ears with the same loving speeches which her sisters had uttered, or rather that her expressions would be so much stronger than theirs, as she had always been his darling, and favoured by him above either of them. But Cordelia, disgusted with the flattery of her sisters, whose hearts she knew were far from their lips, and seeing that all their coaxing speeches were only intended to wheedle the old king out of his dominions, that they and their husbands might reign in his lifetime, made no other reply but this, that she loved his majesty according to her duty, neither more nor less.

The king, shocked with this appearance of ingratitude in his favourite child, desired her to consider her words and to mend her speech, lest it should mar her fortunes.

Cordelia then told her father that he was her father, that he had given her life and loved her, that she returned those duties back as was most fit, and did obey him, love him, and most honour him, but that she could not frame her mouth to such large speeches as her sisters had done, or promise to love nothing else in the world. Why had her sisters husbands, if, as they said, they had no love for anything but their father? If she should ever wed, she was sure the lord to whom she gave her hand would want half her love, half of her care and duty; she should never marry like her sisters.

Cordelia, who in earnest loved her old father even almost as extravagantly as her sisters pretended to do, would have plainly told him so at any other time, in more daughter-like and loving terms, and without those qualifications which did indeed

sound a little ungracious; but after the crafty, flattering speeches of her sisters, which she had seen draw such extravagant rewards, she thought the handsomest thing she could do was to love and be silent. This put her affection out of suspicion of mercenary ends, and showed that she loved, but not for gain, and that her professions, the less ostentatious they were, had so much the more of truth and sincerity than her sisters'.

This plainness of speech, which Lear called pride, so enraged the old monarch—who in his best of times always showed much of spleen and rashness, and in whom the dotage incident to old age had so clouded over his reason that he could not discern truth from flattery, nor a gay painted speech from words that came from the heart—that in a fury of resentment he retracted the third part of his kingdom which yet remained, and which he had reserved for Cordelia, and gave it away from her, sharing it equally between her two sisters and their husbands, the Dukes of Albany and Cornwall, whom he now called to him, and in the presence of all his courtiers, bestowing a coronet between them, invested them jointly with all the power, revenue, and execution of government, only retaining to himself the name of king; all the rest of royalty he resigned, with this reservation, that himself, with a hundred knights for his attendants, was to be maintained by monthly course in each of his daughter's palaces in turn.

So preposterous a disposal of his kingdom, so little guided by reason, and so much by passion, filled all his courtiers with astonishment and sorrow; but none of them had the courage to interpose between this incensed king and his wrath except the Earl of Kent, who was beginning to speak a good word for Cordelia, when the passionate Lear, on pain of death, commanded him to desist; but the good Kent was not so to be repelled. He had been ever loyal to Lear, whom he had honoured as a king, loved as a father, followed as a master; and had never esteemed his life further than a pawn to wage against his royal master's enemies, nor feared to lose it when Lear's safety was the motive; nor now that Lear was

most his own enemy did this faithful servant of the king forget his old principles, but manfully opposed Lear to do Lear good, and was unmannerly only because Lear was mad. He had been a most faithful counsellor in times past to the king, and he besought him now that he would see with his eyes (as he had done in many weighty matters), and go by his advice still, and in his best consideration recall this hideous rashness; for he would answer with his life, his judgment, that Lear's youngest daughter did not love him least, nor were those empty-hearted whose low sound gave no token of hollowness. When power bowed to flattery, honour was bound to plainness. For Lear's threats, what could he do to him, whose life was already at his service? That should not hinder duty from speaking.

The honest freedom of this good Earl of Kent only stirred up the king's wrath the more, and, like a frantic patient who kills his physician, and loves his mortal disease, he banished this true servant, and allotted him but five days to make his preparations for departure; but if on the sixth his hated person was found within the realm of Britain, that moment was to be his death. And Kent bade farewell to the king, and said, that since he chose to show himself in such fashion, it was but banishment to stay there; and before he went, he recommended Cordelia to the protection of the gods, the maid who had so rightly thought and so discreetly spoken; and only wished that her sisters' large speeches might be answered with deeds of love, and then he went, as he said, to shape his old course to a new country.

The King of France and Duke of Burgundy were now called in to hear the determination of Lear about his youngest daughter, and to know whether they would persist in their courtship to Cordelia, now that she was under her father's displeasure, and had no fortune but her own person to recommend her; and the Duke of Burgundy declined the match, and would not take her to wife upon such conditions; but the King of France, understanding what the nature of the fault had been which had lost her the love of her father, that it was only a tardiness of speech, and the not being able to frame her tongue

to flattery like her sisters, took this young maid by the hand, and saying that her virtues were a dowry above a kingdom, bade Cordelia to take farewell of her sisters and of her father, though he had been unkind, and she should go with him, and be queen of him and of fair France, and reign over fairer possessions than her sisters; and he called the Duke of Burgundy in contempt a waterish duke, because his love for this young maid had in a moment run all away like water.

Then Cordelia with weeping eyes took leave of her sisters, and besought them to love their father well, and make good their professions; and they sullenly told her not to prescribe to them, for they knew their duty, but to strive to content her husband, who had taken her (as they tauntingly expressed it) as Fortune's alms. And Cordelia with a heavy heart departed, for she knew the cunning of her sisters, and she wished her father in better hands than she was about to leave him in.

Cordelia was no sooner gone than the devilish disposition of her sisters began to show themselves in their true colours. Even before the expiration of the first month, which Lear was to spend by agreement with his eldest daughter Gonerill, the old king began to find out the difference between promises and performances. This wretch, having got from her father all that he had to bestow, even to the giving away of the crown from off his head, began to grudge even those small remnants of royalty which the old man had reserved to himself to please his fancy with the idea of being still a king. She could not bear to see him and his hundred knights. Every time she met her father she put on a frowning countenance; and when the old man wanted to speak with her, she would feign sickness, or anything to be rid of the sight of him; for it was plain that she esteemed his old age a useless burden, and his attendants an unnecessary expense; not only she herself slackened in her expressions of duty to the king, but by her example, and, it is to be feared, not without her private instructions, her very servants affected to treat him with neglect, and would either refuse to obey his orders, or still more contemptuously pretend not to hear them. Lear could not but perceive this alteration in the behaviour of

his daughter, but he shut his eyes against it as long as he could, as people commonly are unwilling to believe the unpleasant consequences which their own mistakes and obstinacy have brought upon them.

True love and fidelity are no more to be estranged by *ill*, than falsehood and hollow-heartedness can be conciliated by *good usage*. This eminently appears in the instance of the good Earl of Kent, who, though banished by Lear, and his life made forfeit if he were found in Britain, chose to stay and abide all consequences, as long as there was a chance of his being useful to the king his master. See to what mean shifts and disguises poor loyalty is forced to submit sometimes; yet it counts nothing base or unworthy, so as it can but do service where it owes an obligation! In the disguise of a serving-man, all his greatness and pomp laid aside, this good earl proffered his services to the king, who, not knowing him to be Kent in that disguise, but pleased with a certain plainness, or rather bluntness, in his answers which the earl put on (so different from that smooth, oily flattery which he had so much reason to be sick of, having found the effects not answerable in his daughter), a bargain was quickly struck, and Lear took Kent into his service by the name of Caius, as he called himself, never suspecting him to be his once great favourite, the high and mighty Earl of Kent.

This Caius quickly found means to show his fidelity and love to his royal master; for Gonerill's steward that same day behaving in a disrespectful manner to Lear, and giving him saucy looks and language, as no doubt he was secretly encouraged to do by his mistress, Caius, not enduring to hear so open an affront put upon majesty, made no more ado but presently tripped up his heels, and laid the unmannerly slave in the kennel; for which friendly service Lear became more and more attached to him.

Nor was Kent the only friend Lear had. In his degree, and as far as so insignificant a personage could show his love, the poor fool, or jester, that had been of his palace while Lear had a palace, as it was the custom of kings and great personages at

that time to keep a fool (as he was called) to make them sport after serious business; this poor fool clung to Lear after he had given away his crown, and by his witty sayings would keep up his good humour, though he could not refrain sometimes from jeering at his master for his imprudence in uncrowning himself and giving all away to his daughters; at which time, as he rhymingly expressed it, these daughters

> For sudden joy did weep,
> And he for sorrow sung,
> That such a king should play bo-peep,
> And go the fools among.

And in such wild sayings and scraps of songs, of which he had plenty, this pleasant, honest fool poured out his heart, even in the presence of Gonerill herself, in many a bitter taunt and jest, which cut to the quick: such as comparing the king to the hedge-sparrow, who feeds the young of the cuckoo till they grow old enough, and then has its head bit off for its pains, and saying that an ass may know when the cart draws the horse (meaning that Lear's daughters, that ought to go behind, now ranked before their father), and that Lear was no longer Lear, but the shadow of Lear, for which free speeches he was once or twice threatened to be whipped.

The coolness and falling off of respect which Lear had begun to perceive were not all which this foolish fond father was to suffer from his unworthy daughter; she now plainly told him that his staying in her palace was inconvenient so long as he insisted upon keeping up an establishment of a hundred knights; that this establishment was useless and expensive, and only served to fill her court with riot and feastings; and she prayed him that he would lessen their number, and keep none but old men about him, such as himself, and fitting his age.

Lear at first could not believe his eyes or ears, nor that it was his daughter who spoke so unkindly. He could not believe that she who had received a crown from him could seek to cut off his train, and grudge him the respect due to his old age. But she persisting in her undutiful demand, the

old man's rage was so excited, that he called her a detested kite, and said that she had spoken an untruth; and so indeed she did, for the hundred knights were all men of choice behaviour and sobriety of manners, skilled in all particulars of duty, and not given to rioting and feasting as she said. And he bid his horses to be prepared, for he would go to his other daughter Regan, he and his hundred knights: and he spoke of ingratitude, and said it was a marble-hearted fiend, and showed more hideous in a child than the sea-monster. And he cursed his eldest daughter Gonerill so as was terrible to hear, praying that she might never have a child, or, if she had, that it might live to return that scorn and contempt upon her which she had shown to him, that she might feel how sharper than a serpent's tooth it was to have a thankless child. And Gonerill's husband, the Duke of Albany, beginning to excuse himself for any share which Lear might suppose he had in the unkindness, Lear would not hear him out, but in a rage ordered his horses to be saddled, and set out with his followers for the abode of Regan, his other daughter. And Lear thought to himself how small the fault of Cordelia (if it was a fault) now appeared in comparison with her sister's, and he wept; and then he was ashamed that such a creature as Gonerill should have so much power over his manhood as to make him weep.

Regan and her husband were keeping their court in great pomp and state at their palace; and Lear despatched his servant Caius with letters to his daughter, that she might be prepared for his reception, while he and his train followed after. But it seems that Gonerill had been beforehand with him, sending letters also to Regan, accusing her father of waywardness and ill-humours, and advising her not to receive so great a train as he was bringing with him. This messenger arrived at the same time with Caius, and Caius and he met, and who should it be but Caius's old enemy the steward, whom he had formerly tripped up by the heels for his saucy behaviour to Lear. Caius not liking the fellow's look, and suspecting what he came for, began to revile him,

and challenged him to fight, which the fellow refusing, Caius, in a fit of honest passion, beat him soundly, as such a mischief-maker and carrier of wicked messages deserved, which coming to the ears of Regan and her husband, they ordered Caius to be put in the stocks, though he was a messenger from the king her father, and in that character demanded the highest respect; so that the first thing the king saw when he entered the castle was his faithful servant Caius sitting in that disgraceful situation.

This was but a bad omen of the reception which he was to expect; but a worse followed, when, upon inquiry for his daughter and her husband, he was told they were weary with travelling all night, and could not see him; and when lastly, upon his insisting, in a positive and angry manner, to see them, they came to greet him, whom should he see in their company but the hated Gonerill, who had come to tell her own story, and set her sister against the king her father!

This sight much moved the old man, and still more to see Regan take her by the hand; and he asked Gonerill if she was not ashamed to look upon his old white beard. And Regan advised him to go home again with Gonerill and live with her peaceably, dismissing half of his attendants, and to ask her forgiveness; for he was old and wanted discretion, and must be ruled and led by persons that had more discretion than himself. And Lear showed how preposterous that would sound if he were to down on his knees and beg of his own daughter for food and raiment, and he argued against such an unnatural dependence, declaring his resolution never to return with her, but to stay where he was with Regan, he and his hundred knights; for he said that she had not forgot the half of the kingdom which he had endowed her with, and that her eyes were not fierce like Gonerill's, but mild and kind. And he said that rather than return to Gonerill with half his train cut off, he would go over to France, and beg a wretched pension of the king there, who had married his youngest daughter without a portion.

But he was mistaken in expecting kinder treatment of Regan

than he had experienced from her sister Gonerill. As if willing to outdo her sister in unfilial behaviour, she declared that she thought fifty knights too many to wait upon him; that five-and-twenty were enough. Then Lear, nigh heart-broken, turned to Gonerill, and said that he would go back with her, for her fifty doubled five-and-twenty, and so her love was twice as much as Regan's. But Gonerill excused herself and said, what need of so many as five-and-twenty, or even ten, or five, when he might be waited upon by her servants, or her sister's servants? So these two wicked daughters, as if they strove to exceed each other in cruelty to their old father who had been so good to them, by little and little would have abated him of all his train, all respect (little enough for him that once commanded a kingdom) which was left him to show that he had once been a king! Not that a splendid train is essential to happiness, but from a king to a beggar is a hard change, from commanding millions to be without one attendant; and it was the ingratitude in his daughters denying it, more than what he would suffer by the want of it, which pierced this poor old king to the heart; insomuch that, with this double ill usage and vexation for having so foolishly given away a kingdom, his wits began to be unsettled, and while he said he knew not what, he vowed revenge against those unnatural hags, and to make examples of them that should be a terror to the earth!

While he was thus idly threatening what his weak arm could never execute, night came on, and a loud storm of thunder and lightning with rain; and his daughters still persisting in their resolution not to admit his followers, he called for his horses, and chose rather to encounter the utmost fury of the storm abroad than stay under the same roof with these ungrateful daughters; and they, saying that the injuries which wilful men procure to themselves are their just punishment, suffered him to go in that condition, and shut their doors upon him.

The winds were high, and the rain and storm increased, when the old man sallied forth to combat with the elements, less sharp than his daughters' unkindness. For many miles about there was scarce a bush; and there upon a heath, exposed

to the fury of the storm in a dark night, did King Lear wander out, and defy the winds and the thunder; and he bid the winds to blow the earth into the sea, or swell the waves of the sea, till they drowned the earth, that no token might remain of any such ungrateful animal as man. The old king was now left with no other companion than the poor fool, who still abided with him, with his merry conceits striving to outjest misfortune, saying, it was but a naughty night to swim in, and truly the king had better go in and ask his daughter's blessing:

> But he that has a little tiny wit,
> With heigh ho, the wind and the rain!
> Must make content with his fortunes fit,
> Though the rain it raineth every day;

and swearing it was a brave night to cool a lady's pride.

Thus poorly accompanied, this once great monarch was found by his ever-faithful servant the good Earl of Kent, now transformed to Caius, who ever followed close at his side, though the king did not know him to be the earl; and he said, "Alas! sir, are you here? Creatures that love night love not such nights as these. This dreadful storm has driven the beasts to their hiding-places. Man's nature cannot endure the affliction or the fear." And Lear rebuked him and said, these lesser evils were not felt where a greater malady was fixed. When the mind is at ease, the body has leisure to be delicate; but the tempest in his mind did take all feeling else from his senses, but of that which beat at his heart. And he spoke of filial ingratitude, and said it was all one as if the mouth should tear the hand for lifting food to it; for parents were hands and food and everything to children.

But the good Caius still persisting in his entreaties that the king would not stay out in the open air, at last persuaded him to enter a little wretched hovel which stood upon the heath, where the fool first entering suddenly ran back terrified, saying that he had seen a spirit. But upon examination this spirit proved to be nothing more than a poor Bedlam beggar, who had crept into this deserted hovel for shelter, and with his

wild talk frightened the fool—one of those poor lunatics who are either mad, or feign to be so, the better to extort charity from the compassionate country people; who go about the country, calling themselves poor Tom and poor Turlygood, saying, "Who gives anything to poor Tom?" sticking pins and nails and sprigs of rosemary into their arms to make them bleed; and with such horrible actions, partly by prayers and partly with lunatic curses, they move or terrify the ignorant country-folks into giving them alms. This poor fellow was such a one; and the king seeing him in so wretched a plight, with nothing but a blanket about his loins to cover his nakedness, could not be persuaded but that the fellow was some father who had given all away to his daughters, and brought himself to that pass; for nothing, he thought, could bring a man to such wretchedness but the having unkind daughters.

And from this and many such wild speeches which he uttered, the good Caius plainly perceived that he was not in his perfect mind, but that his daughters' ill usage had really made him go mad. And now the loyalty of this worthy Earl of Kent showed itself in more essential services than he had hitherto found opportunity to perform. For with the assistance of some of the king's attendants who remained loyal, he had the person of his royal master removed at daybreak to the castle of Dover, where his own friends and influence, as Earl of Kent, chiefly lay; and himself embarking for France, hastened to the court of Cordelia, and did there in such moving terms represent the pitiful condition of her royal father, and set out in such lively colours the inhumanity of her sisters, that this good and loving child, with many tears, besought the king her husband that he would give her leave to embark for England with a sufficient power to subdue these daughters and their husbands, and restore the king her father to his throne; which being granted, she set forth, and with a royal army landed at Dover.

Lear having by some chance escaped from the guardians which the good Earl of Kent had put over him to take care of him in his lunacy, was found by some of Cordelia's train

wandering about the fields near Dover, in a pitiable condition, stark mad and singing aloud to himself, with a crown upon his head which he had made of straw and nettles and other wild weeds that he had picked up in the corn-fields. By the advice of the physicians, Cordelia, though earnestly desirous of seeing her father, was prevailed upon to put off the meeting, till, by sleep and the operation of herbs which they gave him, he should be restored to greater composure. By the aid of these skilful physicians, to whom Cordelia promised all her gold and jewels for the recovery of the old king, Lear was soon in a condition to see his daughter.

A tender sight it was to see the meeting between this father and daughter; to see the struggles between the joy of this poor old king at beholding again his once darling child, and the shame at receiving such filial kindness from her whom he had cast off for so small a fault in his displeasure; both these passions struggling with the remains of his malady, which in his half-crazed brain sometimes made him that he scarce remembered where he was, or who it was that so kindly kissed him and spoke to him; and then he would beg the standers-by not to laugh at him if he were mistaken in thinking this lady to be his daughter Cordelia. And then to see him fall on his knees to beg pardon of his child; and she, good lady, kneeling all the while to ask a blessing of him, and telling him that it did not become him to kneel, but it was her duty, for she was his child, his true and very child Cordelia. And she kissed him, as she said, to kiss away all her sisters' unkindness, and said that they might be ashamed of themselves to turn their old kind father, with his white beard, out into the cold air, when her enemy's dog, though it had bit her (as she prettily expressed it), should have stayed by her fire such a night as that, and warmed himself. And she told her father how she had come from France with purpose to bring him assistance; and he said that she must forget and forgive, for he was old and foolish, and did not know what he did; but that, to be sure, she had great cause not to love him, but her sisters had none. And Cordelia said that she had no cause, no more than they had.

So we will leave this old king in the protection of this dutiful and loving child, where, by the help of sleep and medicine, she and her physicians at length succeeded in winding up the untuned and jarring senses which the cruelty of his other daughters had so violently shaken. Let us return to say a word or two about those cruel daughters.

These monsters of ingratitude, who had been so false to their own father, could not be expected to prove more faithful to their own husbands. They soon grew tired of paying even the appearance of duty and affection, and in an open way showed they had fixed their loves upon another. It happened that the object of their guilty loves was the same. It was Edmund, a natural son of the late Earl of Gloucester, who by his treacheries had succeeded in disinheriting his brother Edgar, the lawful heir, from his earldom, and by his wicked practices was now earl himself: a wicked man, and a fit object for the love of such wicked creatures as Gonerill and Regan. It falling out about this time that the Duke of Cornwall, Regan's husband, died, Regan immediately declared her intention of wedding this Earl of Gloucester, which rousing the jealousy of her sister, to whom as well as to Regan this wicked earl had at sundry times professed love, Gonerill found means to make away with her sister by poison; but being detected in her practices, and imprisoned by her husband, the Duke of Albany, for this deed, and for her guilty passion for the earl which had come to his ears, she, in a fit of disappointed love and rage, shortly put an end to her own life. Thus the justice of Heaven at last overtook these wicked daughters.

While the eyes of all men were upon this event, admiring the justice displayed in their deserved deaths, the same eyes were suddenly taken off from this sight to admire at the mysterious ways of the same Power in the melancholy fate of the young and virtuous daughter, the lady Cordelia, whose good deeds did seem to deserve a more fortunate conclusion; but it is an awful truth that innocence and piety are not always successful in this world. The forces which Gonerill and Regan had sent out, under the command of the bad Earl of Gloucester, were vic-

torious, and Cordelia, by the practices of this wicked earl, who did not like that any should stand between him and the throne, ended her life in prison. Thus Heaven took this innocent lady to itself in her young years, after showing her to the world an illustrious example of filial duty. Lear did not long survive this kind child.

Before he died, the good Earl of Kent, who had still attended his old master's steps from the first of his daughters' ill usage to this sad period of his decay, tried to make him understand that it was he who had followed him under the name of Caius, but Lear's care-crazed brain at that time could not comprehend how that could be, or how Kent and Caius could be the same person; so Kent thought it needless to trouble him with explanations at such a time; and Lear soon after expiring, this faithful servant to the king, between age and grief for his old master's vexations, soon followed him to the grave.

How the judgment of Heaven overtook the bad Earl of Gloucester, whose treasons were discovered, and himself slain in single combat with his brother the lawful earl, and how Goneril's husband, the Duke of Albany, who was innocent of the death of Cordelia, and had never encouraged his lady in her wicked proceedings against her father, ascended the throne of Britain after the death of Lear, is needless here to narrate, Lear and his three daughters being dead, whose adventures alone concern our story.

TIMON OF ATHENS.

IMON, a lord of Athens in the enjoyment of a princely fortune, affected a humour of liberality which knew no limits. His almost infinite wealth could not flow in so fast, but he poured it out faster upon all sorts and degrees of people. Not the poor only tasted of his bounty, but great lords did not disdain to rank themselves among his dependants and followers. His table was resorted to by all the luxurious feasters, and his house was open to all comers and goers at Athens. His large wealth combined with his free and prodigal nature to subdue all hearts to his love; men of all minds and dispositions tendered their services to lord Timon, from the glass-faced flatterer, whose face reflects as in a mirror the present humour of his patron, to the rough and unbending cynic, who affecting a contempt of men's persons, and an indifference to worldly things, yet could not stand out against the gracious manners and munificent soul of lord Timon, but would come (against his nature) to partake of his royal entertainments, and return most rich in his own estimation if he had received a nod or a salutation from Timon.

If a poet had composed a work which wanted a recommendatory introduction to the world, he had no more to do but to dedicate it to lord Timon, and the poem was sure of sale, besides a present purse from the patron, and daily access to his house and table. If a painter had a picture to dispose of, he had only to take it to lord Timon, and pretend to consult his taste as to the merits of it; nothing more was wanting to persuade the liberal-hearted lord to buy it. If a jeweller had a stone of price, or a mercer rich costly stuffs, which for their costliness lay upon his hands, lord Timon's house was a ready mart always open, where they might get off their wares or

their jewellery at any price; and the good-natured lord would thank them into the bargain, as if they had done him a piece of courtesy in letting him have the refusal of such precious commodities. So that by this means his house was thronged with superfluous purchases, of no use but to swell uneasy and ostentatious pomp; and his person was still more inconveniently beset with a crowd of these idle visitors, lying poets, painters, sharking tradesmen, lords, ladies, needy courtiers, and expectants, who continually filled his lobbies, raining their fulsome flatteries in whispers in his ears, sacrificing to him with adulation as to a God, making sacred the very stirrup by which he mounted his horse, and seeming as though they drank the free air but through his permission and bounty.

Some of these daily dependants were young men of birth, who (their means not answering to their extravagance) had been put in prison by creditors, and redeemed thence by lord Timon; these young prodigals thenceforward fastened upon his lordship, as if by common sympathy he were necessarily endeared to all such spendthrifts and loose livers, who, not being able to follow him in his wealth, found it easier to copy him in prodigality and copious spending of what was not their own. One of these flesh-flies was Ventidius, for whose debts unjustly contracted Timon but lately had paid down the sum of five talents.

But among this confluence, this great flood of visitors, none were more conspicuous than the makers of presents and givers of gifts. It was fortunate for these men, if Timon took a fancy to a dog or a horse, or any piece of cheap furniture which was theirs. The thing so praised, whatever it was, was sure to be sent the next morning with the compliments of the giver for lord Timon's acceptance, and apologies for the unworthiness of the gift; and this dog or horse, or whatever it might be, did not fail to produce from Timon's bounty, who would not be outdone in gifts, perhaps twenty dogs or horses, certainly presents of far richer worth, as these pretended donors knew well enough, and that their false presents were but the putting out of so much money at large and speedy

interest. In this way lord Lucius had lately sent to Timon a present of four milk-white horses trapped in silver, which this cunning lord had observed Timon upon some occasion to commend; and another lord, Lucullus, had bestowed upon him in the same pretended way of free gift a brace of grey-hounds, whose make and fleetness Timon had been heard to admire; these presents the easy-hearted lord accepted without suspicion of the dishonest views of the presenters; and the givers of course were rewarded with some rich return, a diamond or some jewel of twenty times the value of their false and mercenary donation.

Sometimes these creatures would go to work in a more direct way, and with gross and palpable artifice, which yet the credulous Timon was too blind to see, would affect to admire and praise something that Timon possessed, a bargain that he had bought, or some late purchase, which was sure to draw from this yielding and soft-hearted lord a gift of the thing commended, for no service in the world done for it but the easy expense of a little cheap and obvious flattery. In this way Timon but the other day had given to one of these mean lords the bay courser which he himself rode upon, because his lordship had been pleased to say that it was a handsome beast and went well; and Timon knew that no man ever justly praised what he did not wish to possess. For lord Timon weighed his friends' affection with his own, and so fond was he of bestowing, that he could have dealt kingdoms to these supposed friends, and never have been weary.

Not that Timon's wealth all went to enrich these wicked flatterers; he could do noble and praiseworthy actions; and when a servant of his once loved the daughter of a rich Athenian, but could not hope to obtain her by reason that in wealth and rank the maid was so far above him, lord Timon freely bestowed upon his servant three Athenian talents, to make his fortune equal with the dowry which the father of the young maid demanded of him who should be her husband. But for the most part, knaves and parasites had the command of his fortune, false friends whom he did not know to be such,

but, because they flocked around his person, he thought they must needs love him; and because they smiled and flattered him, he thought surely that his conduct was approved by all the wise and good. And when he was feasting in the midst of all these flatterers and mock friends, when they were eating him up, and draining his fortunes dry with large draughts of richest wines drunk to his health and prosperity, he could not perceive the difference of a friend from a flatterer, but to his deluded eyes (made proud with the sight) it seemed a precious comfort to have so many like brothers commanding one another's fortunes (though it was his own fortune which paid all the costs), and with joy they would run over at the spectacle of such, as it appeared to him, truly festive and fraternal meeting.

But while he thus outwent the very heart of kindness, and poured out his bounty, as if Plutus, the god of gold, had been but his steward; while thus he proceeded without care or stop, so senseless of expense that he would neither inquire how he could maintain it, nor cease his wild flow of riot; his riches, which were not infinite, must needs melt away before a prodigality which knew no limits. But who should tell him so? his flatterers? they had an interest in shutting his eyes. In vain did his honest steward Flavius try to represent to him his condition, laying his accounts before him, begging of him, praying of him, with an importunity that on any other occasion would have been unmannerly in a servant, beseeching him with tears to look into the state of his affairs. Timon would still put him off, and turn the discourse to something else; for nothing is so deaf to remonstrance as riches turned to poverty, nothing is so unwilling to believe its situation, nothing so incredulous to its own true state, and hard to give credit to a reverse. Often had this good steward, this honest creature, when all the rooms of Timon's great house had been choked up with riotous feeders at his master's cost, when the floors have wept with drunken spilling of wine, and every apartment has blazed with lights and resounded with music and feasting, often had he retired by himself to some solitary

spot, and wept faster than the wine ran from the wasteful casks within, to see the mad bounty of his lord, and to think when the means were gone which brought him praises from all sorts of people, how quickly the breath would be gone of which the praise was made; praises won in feasting would be lost in fasting, and at one cloud of winter-showers these flies would disappear.

But now the time was come that Timon could shut his ears no longer to the representations of this faithful steward. Money must be had; and when he ordered Flavius to sell some of his land for that purpose, Flavius informed him, what he had in vain endeavoured at several times before to make him listen to, that most of his land was already sold or forfeited, and that all he possessed at present was not enough to pay the one-half of what he owed. Struck with wonder at this representation, Timon hastily replied, "My lands extend from Athens to Lacedemon". "O, my good lord," said Flavius, "the world is but a world, and has bounds; were it all yours to give it in a breath, how quickly were it gone!"

Timon consoled himself that no villainous bounty had yet come from him, that if he had given his wealth away unwisely, it had not been bestowed to feed his vices, but to cherish his friends; and he bade the kind-hearted steward (who was weeping) to take comfort in the assurance that his master could never lack means, while he had so many noble friends; and this infatuated lord persuaded himself that he had nothing to do but to send and borrow, to use every man's fortune (that had ever tasted his bounty) in this extremity, as freely as his own. Then with a cheerful look, as if confident of the trial, he severally dispatched messengers to lord Lucius, to lords Lucullus and Sempronius, men upon whom he had lavished his gifts in past times without measure or moderation, and to Ventidius—whom he had lately released out of prison by paying his debts, and who by the death of his father was now come into the possession of an ample fortune, and well enabled to requite Timon's courtesy—to request of Ventidius the return of those five talents which he had paid for him, and

of each of those noble lords the loan of fifty talents, nothing doubting that their gratitude would supply his wants (if he needed it) to the amount of five hundred times fifty talents.

Lucullus was the first applied to. This mean lord had been dreaming overnight of a silver bason and cup, and when Timon's servant was announced, his sordid mind suggested to him that this was surely a making out of his dream, and that Timon had sent him such a present; but when he understood the truth of the matter, and that Timon wanted money, the quality of his faint and watery friendship showed itself, for with many protestations he vowed to the servant that he had long foreseen the ruin of his master's affairs, and many a time had he come to dinner to tell him of it, and had come again to supper to try to persuade him to spend less, but he would take no counsel nor warning by his coming: and true it was that he had been a constant attender (as he said) at Timon's feasts, as he had in greater things tasted his bounty, but that he ever came with that intent, or gave good counsel or reproof to Timon, was a base unworthy lie, which he suitably followed up with meanly offering the servant a bribe, to go home to his master and tell him that he had not found Lucullus at home.

As little success had the messenger who was sent to lord Lucius. This lying lord, who was full of Timon's meat, and enriched almost to bursting with Timon's costly presents, when he found the wind changed, and the fountain of so much bounty suddenly stopped, at first could hardly believe it; but on its being confirmed, he affected great regret that he should not have it in his power to serve lord Timon, for unfortunately (which was a base falsehood) he had made a great purchase the day before, which had quite disfurnished him of the means at present, the more beast he, he called himself, to put it out of his power to serve so good a friend; and he counted it one of his greatest afflictions that his ability should fail him to pleasure such an honourable gentleman.

Who can call any man friend that dips in the same dish with him? just of this metal is every flatterer. In the recollection of everybody Timon had been a father to this Lucius,

had kept up his credit with his purse; Timon's money had gone to pay the wages of his servants, to pay the hire of the labourers who had sweat to build the fine houses which Lucius's pride had made necessary to him: yet, oh! the monster which man makes himself when he proves ungrateful! this Lucius now denied to Timon a sum, which, in respect of what Timon had bestowed on him, was less than charitable men afford to beggars.

Sempronius, and every one of these mercenary lords to whom Timon applied in their turn, returned the same evasive answer or direct denial; even Ventidius, the redeemed and now rich Ventidius, refused to assist him with the loan of those five talents which Timon had not lent but generously given him in his distress.

Now was Timon as much avoided in his poverty as he had been courted and resorted to in his riches. Now the same tongues which had been loudest in his praises, extolling him as bountiful, liberal, and open-handed, were not ashamed to censure that very bounty as folly, that liberality as profuseness, though it had shown itself folly in nothing so truly as in the selection of such unworthy creatures as themselves for its objects. Now was Timon's princely mansion forsaken, and become a shunned and hated place, a place for men to pass by, not a place as formerly where every passenger must stop and taste of his wine and good cheer; now, instead of being thronged with feasting and tumultuous guests, it was beset with impatient and clamorous creditors, usurers, extortioners, fierce and intolerable in their demands, pleading bonds, interest, mortgages, iron-hearted men that would take no denial nor putting off, that Timon's house was now his jail, which he could not pass, nor go in nor out for them; one demanding his due of fifty talents, another bringing in a bill of five thousand crowns, which if he would tell out his blood by drops, and pay them so, he had not enough in his body to discharge, drop by drop.

In this desperate and irremediable state (as it seemed) of his affairs, the eyes of all men were suddenly surprised at a

new and incredible lustre which this setting sun put forth. Once more lord Timon proclaimed a feast, to which he invited his accustomed guests, lords, ladies, all that was great or fashionable in Athens. Lords Lucius and Lucullus came, Ventidius, Sempronius, and the rest. Who more sorry now than these fawning wretches, when they found (as they thought) that lord Timon's poverty was all pretence, and had been only put on to make trial of their loves, to think that they should not have seen through the artifice at the time, and have had the cheap credit of obliging his lordship? yet who more glad to find the fountain of that noble bounty, which they had thought dried up, still fresh and running? They came dissembling, protesting, expressing deepest sorrow and shame, that when his lordship sent to them, they should have been so unfortunate as to want the present means to oblige so honourable a friend. But Timon begged them not to give such trifles a thought, for he had altogether forgotten it. And these base fawning lords, though they had denied him money in his adversity, yet could not refuse their presence at this new blaze of his returning prosperity. For the swallow follows not summer more willingly than men of these dispositions follow the good fortunes of the great, nor more willingly leaves winter than these shrink from the first appearance of a reverse; such summer birds are men. But now with music and state the banquet of smoking dishes was served up; and when the guests had a little done admiring whence the bankrupt Timon could find means to furnish so costly a feast, some doubting whether the scene which they saw was real, as scarce trusting their own eyes; at a signal given, the dishes were uncovered, and Timon's drift appeared: instead of those varieties and far-fetched dainties which they expected, that Timon's epicurean table in past times had so liberally presented, now appeared under the covers of these dishes a preparation more suitable to Timon's poverty, nothing but a little smoke and lukewarm water, fit feast for this knot of mouth-friends, whose professions were indeed smoke, and their hearts lukewarm and slippery as the water with which

Timon welcomed his astonished guests, bidding them, "Uncover, dogs, and lap"; and before they could recover their surprise, sprinkling it in their faces, that they might have enough, and throwing dishes and all after them, who now ran huddling out, lords, ladies, with their caps snatched up in haste, a splendid confusion, Timon pursuing them, still calling them what they were, "smooth smiling parasites, destroyers under the mask of courtesy, affable wolves, meek bears, fools of fortune, feast friends, time-flies". They, crowding out to avoid him, left the house more willingly than they had entered it; some losing their gowns and caps, and some their jewels in the hurry, all glad to escape out of the presence of such a mad lord, and from the ridicule of his mock banquet.

This was the last feast which ever Timon made, and in it he took farewell of Athens and the society of men; for, after that, he betook himself to the woods, turning his back upon the hated city and upon all mankind, wishing the walls of that detestable city might sink, and the houses fall upon their owners, wishing all plagues which infest humanity, war, outrage, poverty, diseases, might fasten upon its inhabitants, praying the just Gods to confound all Athenians, both young and old, high and low; so wishing, he went to the woods, where he said he should find the unkindest beast much kinder than mankind. He stripped himself naked, that he might retain no fashion of a man, and dug a cave to live in, and lived solitary in the manner of a beast, eating the wild roots, and drinking water, flying from the face of his kind, and choosing rather to herd with wild beasts, as more harmless and friendly than man.

What a change from lord Timon the rich, lord Timon the delight of mankind, to Timon the naked, Timon the man-hater! Where were his flatterers now? Where were his attendants and retinue? Would the bleak air, that boisterous servitor, be his chamberlain, to put his shirt on warm? Would those stiff trees that had outlived the eagle, turn young and airy pages to him, to skip on his errands when he bade them? Would the cold brook, when it was iced with winter, ad-

minister to him his warm broths and caudles when sick of an overnight's surfeit? Or would the creatures that lived in those wild woods come and lick his hand and flatter him?

Here on a day, when he was digging for roots, his poor sustenance, his spade struck against something heavy, which proved to be gold, a great heap which some miser had probably buried in a time of alarm, thinking to have come again, and taken it from its prison, but died before the opportunity had arrived, without making any man privy to the concealment; so it lay, doing neither good nor harm, in the bowels of the earth, its mother, as if it had never come from thence, till the accidental striking of Timon's spade against it once more brought it to light.

Here was a mass of treasure which, if Timon had retained his old mind, was enough to have purchased him friends and flatterers again; but Timon was sick of the false world, and the sight of gold was poisonous to his eyes; and he would have restored it to the earth, but that, thinking of the infinite calamities which by means of gold happen to mankind, how the lucre of it causes robberies, oppression, injustice, briberies, violence, and murder, among men, he had a pleasure in imagining (such a rooted hatred did he bear to his species) that out of this heap, which in digging he had discovered, might arise some mischief to plague mankind. And some soldiers passing through the woods near to his cave at that instant, which proved to be a part of the troops of the Athenian captain Alcibiades, who upon some disgust taken against the senators of Athens (the Athenians were ever noted to be a thankless and ungrateful people, giving disgust to their generals and best friends) was marching at the head of the same triumphant army which he had formerly headed in their defence, to war against them: Timon, who liked their business well, bestowed upon their captain the gold to pay his soldiers, requiring no other service from him, than that he should with his conquering army lay Athens level with the ground, and burn, slay, kill all her inhabitants; not sparing the old men for their white beards, for (he said) they were

usurers, nor the young children for their seeming innocent smiles, for those (he said) would live, if they grew up, to be traitors; but to steel his eyes and ears against any sights or sounds that might awaken compassion; and not to let the cries of virgins, babes, or mothers, hinder him from making one universal massacre of the city, but to confound them all in his conquest; and when he had conquered, he prayed that the gods would confound him also, the conqueror: so thoroughly did Timon hate Athens, Athenians, and all mankind.

While he lived in this forlorn state, leading a life more brutal than human, he was suddenly surprised one day with the appearance of a man standing in an admiring posture at the door of his cave. It was Flavius, the honest steward, whom love and zealous affection to his master had led to seek him out at his wretched dwelling, and to offer his services; and the first sight of his master, the once noble Timon, in that abject condition, naked as he was born, living in the manner of a beast among beasts, looking like his own sad ruins and a monument of decay, so affected this good servant, that he stood speechless, wrapped up in horror, and confounded. And when he found utterance at last to his words, they were so choked with tears, that Timon had much ado to know him again, or to make out who it was that had come (so contrary to the experience he had had of mankind) to offer him service in extremity. And being in the form and shape of a man, he suspected him for a traitor, and his tears for false; but the good servant by so many tokens confirmed the truth of his fidelity, and made it clear that nothing but love and zealous duty to his once dear master had brought him there, that Timon was forced to confess that the world contained one honest man; yet, being in the shape and form of a man, he could not look upon his man's face without abhorrence, or hear words uttered from his man's lips without loathing; and this singly honest man was forced to depart, because he was a man, and because, with a heart more gentle and compassionate than is usual to man, he bore man's detested form and outward feature.

But greater visitants than a poor steward were about to interrupt the savage quiet of Timon's solitude. For now the day was come when the ungrateful lords of Athens sorely repented the injustice which they had done to the noble Timon. For Alcibiades, like an incensed wild boar, was raging at the walls of their city, and with his hot siege threatened to lay fair Athens in the dust. And now the memory of lord Timon's former prowess and military conduct came fresh into their forgetful minds, for Timon had been their general in past times, and a valiant and expert soldier, who alone of all the Athenians was deemed able to cope with a besieging army such as then threatened them, or to drive back the furious approaches of Alcibiades.

A deputation of the senators was chosen in this emergency to wait upon Timon. To him they come in their extremity, to whom, when he was in extremity, they had shown but small regard; as if they presumed upon his gratitude whom they had disobliged, and had derived a claim to his courtesy from their own most discourteous and unpiteous treatment.

Now they earnestly beseech him, implore him with tears, to return and save that city, from which their ingratitude had so lately driven him; now they offer him riches, power, dignities, satisfaction for past injuries, and public honours, and the public love; their persons, lives, and fortunes, to be at his disposal, if he will but come back and save them. But Timon the naked, Timon the man-hater, was no longer lord Timon, the lord of bounty, the flower of valour, their defence in war, their ornament in peace. If Alcibiades killed his countrymen, Timon cared not. If he sacked fair Athens, and slew her old men and her infants, Timon would rejoice. So he told them; and that there was not a knife in the unruly camp which he did not prize above the reverendest throat in Athens.

This was all the answer he vouchsafed to the weeping, disappointed senators; only at parting he bade them commend him to his countrymen, and tell them, that to ease them of their griefs and anxieties, and to prevent the consequences

of fierce Alcibiades' wrath, there was yet a way left, which he would teach them, for he had yet so much affection left for his dear countrymen as to be willing to do them a kindness before his death. These words a little revived the senators, who hoped that his kindness for their city was returning. Then Timon told them that he had a tree, which grew near his cave, which he should shortly have occasion to cut down, and he invited all his friends in Athens, high or low, of what degree soever, who wished to shun affliction, to come and take a taste of his tree before he cut it down; meaning, that they might come and hang themselves on it, and escape affliction that way.

And this was the last courtesy, of all his noble bounties, which Timon showed to mankind, and this the last sight of him which his countrymen had: for not many days after, a poor soldier, passing by the sea-beach, which was at a little distance from the woods which Timon frequented, found a tomb on the verge of the sea, with an inscription upon it, purporting that it was the grave of Timon the man-hater, who "While he lived, did hate all living men, and dying wished a plague might consume all caitiffs left!"

Whether he finished his life by violence, or whether mere distaste of life and the loathing he had for mankind brought Timon to his conclusion, was not clear, yet all men admired the fitness of his epitaph, and the consistency of his end; dying, as he had lived, a hater of mankind: and some there were who fancied a conceit in the very choice which he made of the sea-beach for his place of burial, where the vast sea might weep for ever upon his grave, as in contempt of the transient and shallow tears of hypocritical and deceitful mankind.

MACBETH.

HEN Duncan the Meek reigned king of Scotland, there lived a great thane, or lord, called Macbeth. This Macbeth was a near kinsman to the king, and in great esteem at court for his valour and conduct in the wars, an example of which he had lately given in defeating a rebel army, assisted by the troops of Norway, in terrible numbers.

The two Scottish generals, Macbeth and Banquo, returning victorious from this great battle, their way lay over a blasted heath, where they were stopped by the strange appearance of three figures like women, except that they had beards, and their withered skins and wild attire made them look not like any earthly creatures. Macbeth first addressed them, when they, seemingly offended, laid each one her choppy finger upon her skinny lips, in token of silence, and the first of them saluted Macbeth with the title of Thane of Glamis. The general was not a little startled to find himself known by such creatures, but how much more, when the second of them followed up that salute by giving him the title of Thane of Cawdor, to which honour he had no pretensions; and again the third bid him "All hail! king that shall be hereafter!" Such a prophetic greeting might well amaze him, who knew that while the king's sons lived he could not hope to succeed to the throne. Then, turning to Banquo, they pronounced him, in a sort of riddling terms, to be *lesser than Macbeth and greater! not so happy, but much happier!* and prophesied that though he should never reign, yet his sons after him should be kings in Scotland. They then turned into air and vanished, by which the generals knew them to be the weird sisters, or witches.

While they stood pondering on the strangeness of this adventure, there arrived certain messengers from the king, who

were empowered by him to confer upon Macbeth the dignity of Thane of Cawdor. An event so miraculously corresponding with the prediction of the witches astonished Macbeth, and he stood wrapped in amazement, unable to make reply to the messengers; and in that point of time swelling hopes arose in his mind that the prediction of the third witch might in like manner have its accomplishment, and that he should one day reign king in Scotland.

Turning to Banquo, he said, "Do you not hope that your children shall be kings, when what the witches promised to me has so wonderfully come to pass?" "That hope," answered the general, "might enkindle you to aim at the throne; but oftentimes these ministers of darkness tell us truths in little things to betray us into deeds of greatest consequence."

But the wicked suggestions of the witches had sunk too deep into the mind of Macbeth to allow him to attend to the warnings of the good Banquo. From that time he bent all his thoughts how to compass the throne of Scotland.

Macbeth had a wife, to whom he communicated the strange prediction of the weird sisters, and its partial accomplishment. She was a bad, ambitious woman, and so as her husband and herself could arrive at greatness, she cared not much by what means. She spurred on the reluctant purpose of Macbeth, who felt compunction at the thoughts of blood, and did not cease to represent the murder of the king as a step absolutely necessary to the fulfilment of the flattering prophecy.

It happened at this time that the king, who out of his royal condescension would oftentimes visit his principal nobility upon gracious terms, came to Macbeth's house, attended by his two sons, Malcolm and Donalbain, and a numerous train of thanes and attendants, the more to honour Macbeth for the triumphal success of his wars.

The castle of Macbeth was pleasantly situated, and the air about it was sweet and wholesome, which appeared by the nests which the martlet or swallow had built under all the jutting friezes and buttresses of the building, wherever it found a place of advantage; for where those birds most breed and

haunt, the air is observed to be delicate. The king entered well pleased with the place, and not less so with the attentions and respect of his honoured hostess, Lady Macbeth, who had the art of covering treacherous purposes with smiles, and could look like the innocent flower, while she was indeed the serpent under it.

The king, being tired with his journey, went early to bed, and in his state-room two grooms of his chamber, as was the custom, slept beside him. He had been unusually pleased with his reception, and had made presents before he retired to his principal officers, and among the rest had sent a rich diamond to Lady Macbeth, greeting her by the name of his most kind hostess.

Now was the middle of night, when over half the world nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse men's minds asleep, and none but the wolf and the murderer is abroad. This was the time when Lady Macbeth waked to plot the murder of the king. She would not have undertaken a deed so abhorrent to her sex, but that she feared her husband's nature, that it was too full of the milk of human kindness to do a contrived murder. She knew him to be ambitious, but withal to be scrupulous, and not yet prepared for that height of crime which commonly in the end accompanies inordinate ambition. She had won him to consent to the murder, but she doubted his resolution, and she feared that the natural tenderness of his disposition (more humane than her own) would come between and defeat the purpose. So with her own hands, armed with a dagger, she approached the king's bed, having taken care to ply the grooms of his chamber so with wine that they slept intoxicated, and careless of their charge. There lay Duncan in a sound sleep after the fatigues of his journey, and as she viewed him earnestly, there was something in his face, as he slept, which resembled her own father, and she had not the courage to proceed.

She returned to confer with her husband. His resolution had begun to stagger. He considered that there were strong reasons against the deed. In the first place, he was not only a

subject, but a near kinsman to the king; and he had been his host and entertainer that day, whose duty, by the laws of hospitality, it was to shut the door against his murderers, not bear the knife himself. Then he considered how just and merciful a king this Duncan had been, how clear of offence to his subjects, how loving to his nobility, and in particular to him; that such kings are the peculiar care of Heaven, and their subjects doubly bound to revenge their deaths; besides, by the favours of the king, Macbeth stood high in the opinion of all sorts of men, and how would those honours be stained by the reputation of so foul a murder!

In these conflicts of the mind, Lady Macbeth found her husband, inclining to the better part, and resolving to proceed no further. But she, being a woman not easily shaken from her evil purpose, began to pour in at his ears words which infused a portion of her own spirit into his mind, assigning reason upon reason why he should not shrink from what he had undertaken; how easy the deed was, how soon it would be over, and how the action of one short night would give to all their nights and days to come a sovereign sway and royalty! Then she threw contempt on his change of purpose, and accused him of fickleness and cowardice, and declared that she had given suck, and knew how tender it was to love the babe that fondled her, but she would, while it was smiling in her face, have plucked it from her breast and dashed its brains out if she had so sworn to do it, as he had sworn to perform that murder. Then she added, how practicable it was to lay the guilt of the deed upon the drunken, sleepy grooms. And with the valour of her tongue she so chastised his sluggish resolutions, that he once more summoned up courage to the bloody business.

So, taking the dagger in his hand, he softly stole in the dark to the room where Duncan lay; and as he went, he thought he saw another dagger in the air, with the handle towards him, and on the blade and at the point of it drops of blood; but when he tried to grasp at it, it was nothing but air, a mere phantasm proceeding from his own hot and oppressed brain and the business he had in hand.

Getting rid of this fear he entered the king's room, whom he despatched with one stroke of his dagger. Just as he had done the murder one of the grooms who slept in the chamber laughed in his sleep, and the other cried "Murder," which woke them both; but they said a short prayer. One of them said, "God bless us!" and the other answered, "Amen," and addressed themselves to sleep again. Macbeth, who stood listening to them, tried to say "Amen" when the fellow said "God bless us!" but though he had most need of a blessing, the word stuck in his throat, and he could not pronounce it.

Again he thought he heard a voice which cried, "Sleep no more! Macbeth doth murder sleep, the innocent sleep that nourishes life!" Still it cried, "Sleep no more!" to all the house. "Glamis hath murdered sleep, and therefore Cawdor shall sleep no more, Macbeth shall sleep no more!"

With such horrible imaginations Macbeth returned to his listening wife, who began to think he had failed of his purpose, and that the deed was somehow frustrated. He came in so distracted a state that she reproached him with his want of firmness, and sent him to wash his hands of the blood which stained them, while she took his dagger with purpose to stain the cheeks of the grooms with blood, to make it seem their guilt.

Morning came, and with it the discovery of the murder, which could not be concealed; and though Macbeth and his lady made great show of grief, and the proofs against the grooms (the dagger being produced against them and their faces smeared with blood) were sufficiently strong, yet the entire suspicion fell upon Macbeth, whose inducements to such a deed were so much more forcible than such poor silly grooms could be supposed to have; and Duncan's two sons fled. Malcolm, the eldest, sought for refuge in the English court; and the youngest, Donalbain, made his escape to Ireland.

The king's sons, who should have succeeded him, having thus vacated the throne, Macbeth, as next heir, was crowned king, and thus the prediction of the weird sisters was literally accomplished.

Though placed so high, Macbeth and his queen could not forget the prophecy of the weird sisters that, though Macbeth should be king, yet not his children, but the children of Banquo should be kings after him. The thought of this, and that they had defiled their hands with blood and done so great crimes only to place the posterity of Banquo upon the throne, so rankled within them, that they determined to put to death both Banquo and his son, to make void the predictions of the weird sisters, which in their own case had been so remarkably brought to pass.

For this purpose they made a great supper, to which they invited all the chief thanes, and among the rest, with marks of particular respect, Banquo and his son Fleance were invited. The way by which Banquo was to pass to the palace at night was beset by murderers appointed by Macbeth, who stabbed Banquo; but in the scuffle Fleance escaped. From that Fleance descended a race of monarchs who afterwards filled the Scottish throne, ending with James the Sixth of Scotland and the First of England, under whom the two crowns of England and Scotland were united.

At supper the queen, whose manners were in the highest degree affable and royal, played the hostess with a gracefulness and attention which conciliated every one present, and Macbeth discoursed freely with his thanes and nobles, saying that all that was honourable in the country was under his roof if he had but his good friend Banquo present, whom yet he hoped he should rather have to chide for neglect than to lament for any mischance. Just at these words the ghost of Banquo, whom he had caused to be murdered, entered the room and placed himself on the chair which Macbeth was about to occupy. Though Macbeth was a bold man, and one who could have faced death without trembling, at this horrible sight his cheeks turned white with fear, and he stood quite unmanned with his eyes fixed upon the ghost. His queen and all the nobles, who saw nothing, but perceived him gazing, as they thought, upon an empty chair, took it for a fit of distraction, and she reproached him, whispering that it was but the same fancy which had made

him see the dagger in the air when he was about to kill Duncan. But Macbeth continued to see the ghost and gave no heed to all they could say, while he addressed it with distracted words, yet so significant, that his queen, fearing the dreadful secret would be disclosed, in great haste dismissed the guests, excusing the infirmity of Macbeth as a disorder he was often troubled with.

To such dreadful fancies Macbeth was subject. His queen and he had their sleeps afflicted with terrible dreams, and the blood of Banquo troubled them not more than the escape of Fleance, whom now they looked upon as father to a line of kings who should keep their posterity out of the throne. With these miserable thoughts they found no peace, and Macbeth determined once more to seek out the weird sisters, and know from them the worst.

He sought them in a cave upon the heath where they, who knew by foresight of his coming, were engaged in preparing their dreadful charms by which they conjured up infernal spirits to reveal to them futurity. Their horrid ingredients were toads, bats, and serpents, the eye of a newt, and the tongue of a dog, the leg of a lizard, and the wing of the night-owl, the scale of a dragon, the tooth of a wolf, the maw of the ravenous salt sea shark, the mummy of a witch, the root of the poisonous hemlock (this to have effect must be digged in the dark), the gall of a goat, and the liver of a Jew, with slips of the yew-tree that roots itself in graves, and the finger of a dead child; all these were set on to boil in a great kettle or caldron which, as fast as it grew too hot, was cooled with a baboon's blood. To these they poured in the blood of a sow that had eaten her young, and they threw into the flame the grease that had sweaten from a murderer's gibbet. By these charms they bound the infernal spirits to answer their questions.

It was demanded of Macbeth whether he would have his doubts resolved by them or by their masters, the spirits. He, nothing daunted by the dreadful ceremonies which he saw, boldly answered, "Where are they—let me see them?" And they called the spirits, which were three. And the first arose in the likeness of an armed head, and he called Macbeth by

name and bid him beware of the Thane of Fife, for which caution Macbeth thanked him, for Macbeth had entertained a jealousy of Macduff, the Thane of Fife.

And the second spirit arose in the likeness of a bloody child, and he called Macbeth by name, and bid him have no fear, but laugh to scorn the power of man, for none of woman born should have power to hurt him; and he advised him to be fierce, bold, and resolute. "Then live, Macduff!" cried the king; "what need I fear of thee? But yet I will make assurance doubly sure. Thou shalt not live, that I may tell pale-hearted Fear it lies, and sleep in spite of thunder."

That spirit being dismissed, a third arose in the form of a child crowned, with a tree in his hand. He called Macbeth by name, and comforted him against conspiracies, saying that he should never be vanquished until the wood of Birnam to Dunsinane Hill should come against him. "Sweet bodements, good!" cried Macbeth; "who can unfix the forest, and move it from its earth-bound roots? I see I shall live the usual period of man's life, and not be cut off by a violent death. But my heart throbs to know one thing. Tell me, if your art can tell so much, if Banquo's issue shall ever reign in this kingdom?" Here the caldron sunk into the ground, and a noise of music was heard, and eight shadows, like kings, passed by Macbeth, and Banquo last, who bore a glass which showed the figures of many more, and Banquo all bloody smiled upon Macbeth, and pointed to them, by which Macbeth knew that these were the posterity of Banquo, who should reign after him in Scotland; and the witches, with a sound of soft music and with dancing, making a show of duty and welcome to Macbeth, vanished, and from this time the thoughts of Macbeth were all sanguinary and dreadful.

The first thing he heard when he got out of the witches' cave was that Macduff, Thane of Fife, had fled to England to join the army which was forming against him under Malcolm, the eldest son of the late king, with intent to displace Macbeth and set Malcolm, the right heir, upon the throne. Macbeth, stung with rage, set upon the castle of Macduff, and put his wife and

children, whom the thane had left behind, to the sword, and extended the slaughter to all who claimed the least relationship to Macduff.

These and such like deeds alienated the minds of all his chief nobility from him. Such as could fled to join with Malcolm and Macduff, who were now approaching with a powerful army which they had raised in England, and the rest secretly wished success to their arms, though, for fear of Macbeth, they could take no active part. His recruits went on slowly. Everybody hated the tyrant, nobody loved or honoured him, but all suspected him, and he began to envy the condition of Duncan, whom he had murdered, who slept soundly in his grave, against whom treason had done its worst; steel nor poison, domestic malice nor foreign levies could hurt him any longer.

While these things were acting, the queen, who had been the sole partner in his wickedness, in whose society he could sometimes seek a momentary repose from those terrible dreams which afflicted them both nightly, died, it is supposed, by her own hands, unable to bear the remorse of guilt and public hate; by which event he was left alone, without a soul to love or care for him, or a friend to whom he could confide his wicked purposes.

He grew careless of life, and wished for death; but the near approach of Malcolm's army roused in him what remained of his ancient courage, and he determined to die, as he expressed it, "with armour on his back." Besides this, the hollow promises of the witches had filled him with false confidence, and he remembered the sayings of the spirits, that none of woman born was to hurt him, and that he was never to be vanquished till Birnam wood should come to Dunsinane, which he thought could never be. So he shut himself up in his castle, whose impregnable strength was such as defied a siege; here he sullenly awaited the approach of Malcolm, when upon a day there came a messenger to him, pale and shaking with fear, almost unable to report that which he had seen; for he averred that, as he had stood upon his watch on the hill, he looked towards Birnam, and to his thinking the wood began to

move! "Liar and slave!" cried Macbeth; "if thou speakest false, thou shalt hang alive upon the next tree, till famine end thee. If thy tale be true, I care not if thou dost as much by me;" for Macbeth now began to faint in resolution, and to doubt the equivocal speeches of the spirits. He was not to fear till Birnam wood should come to Dunsinane; and now a wood did move! "However," said he, "if this which he avouches be true, let us arm and out. There is no flying hence, nor staying here. I begin to be weary of the sun, and wish my life at an end." With these desperate speeches he sallied forth upon the besiegers, who had now come up to the castle.

The strange appearance which had given the messenger an idea of a wood moving is easily solved. When the besieging army marched through the wood of Birnam, Malcolm, like a skilful general, instructed his soldiers to hew down every one a bough and bear it before him, by way of concealing the true numbers of his host. This marching of the soldiers with boughs had at a distance the appearance which had frightened the messenger. Thus were the words of the spirit brought to pass, in a sense different from that in which Macbeth had understood them, and one great hold of his confidence was gone.

And now a severe skirmishing took place, in which Macbeth, though feebly supported by those who called themselves his friends, but in reality hated the tyrant and inclined to the party of Malcolm and Macduff, yet fought with the extreme of rage and valour, cutting to pieces all who were opposed to him, till he came to where Macduff was fighting. Seeing Macduff, and remembering the caution of the spirit who had counselled him to avoid Macduff above all men, he would have turned, but Macduff, who had been seeking him through the whole fight, opposed his turning, and a fierce contest ensued, Macduff giving him many foul reproaches for the murder of his wife and children. Macbeth, whose soul was charged enough with blood of that family already, would still have declined the combat, but Macduff still urged him to it, calling him tyrant, murderer, and villain.

Then Macbeth remembered the words of the spirit, how none of woman born should hurt him, and, smiling confidently, he said to Macduff, "Thou losest thy labour, Macduff. As easily thou mayest impress the air with thy sword as make me vulnerable. I bear a charmed life, which must not yield to one of woman born."

"Despair thy charm," said Macduff, "and let that lying spirit whom thou hast served tell thee that Macduff was never born of woman, never, that is, as the ordinary manner of men is to be born.

"Accursed be the tongue which tells me so," said the trembling Macbeth, who felt his last hold of confidence give way, "and let never man in future believe the lying equivocations of witches and juggling spirits, who deceive us in words which have double senses, and while they keep their promise literally, disappoint our hopes with a different meaning. I will not fight with thee."

"Then live!" said the scornful Macduff; "we will have a show of thee, as men show monsters, and a painted board, on which shall be written, 'Here men may see the tyrant!'"

"Never," said Macbeth, whose courage returned with despair; "I will not live to kiss the ground before young Malcolm's feet, and to be baited with the curses of the rabble. Though Birnam wood be come to Dunsinane, and thou opposed to me who wast never born of woman, yet will I try the last." With these frantic words he threw himself upon Macduff, who, after a severe struggle, in the end overcame him, and cutting off his head, made a present of it to the young and lawful king, Malcolm, who took upon him the government which, by the machinations of the usurper, he had so long been deprived of, and ascended the throne of Duncan the Meek amid the acclamations of the nobles and the people.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

HYLOCK, the Jew, lived at Venice; he was a usurer, who had amassed an immense fortune by lending money at great interest to Christian merchants. Shylock, being a hardhearted man, exacted the payment of the money he lent with such severity that he was much disliked by all good men, and particularly by Antonio, a young merchant of Venice; and Shylock as much hated Antonio, because he used to lend money to people in distress, and would never take any interest for the money he lent; therefore there was great enmity between this covetous Jew and the generous merchant Antonio. Whenever Antonio met Shylock on the Rialto (or Exchange) he used to reproach him with his usuries and hard dealings, which the Jew would bear with seeming patience, while he secretly meditated revenge.

Antonio was the kindest man that lived, the best conditioned, and had the most unwearied spirit in doing courtesies; indeed, he was one in whom the ancient Roman honour more appeared than in any that drew breath in Italy. He was greatly beloved by all his fellow-citizens; but the friend who was nearest and dearest to his heart was Bassanio, a noble Venetian, who, having but a small patrimony, had nearly exhausted his little fortune by living in too expensive a manner for his slender means, as young men of high rank with small fortunes are too apt to do. Whenever Bassanio wanted money, Antonio assisted him, and it seemed as if they had but one heart and one purse between them.

One day Bassanio came to Antonio, and told him that he wished to repair his fortune by a wealthy marriage with a lady whom he dearly loved, whose father, that was lately dead, had left her sole heiress to a large estate: and that in her father's

lifetime he used to visit at her house, when he thought he had observed this lady had sometimes from her eyes sent speechless messages that seemed to say he would be no unwelcome suitor; but not having money to furnish himself with an appearance befitting the lover of so rich an heiress, he besought Antonio to add to the many favours he had shown him by lending him three thousand ducats.

Antonio had no money by him at that time to lend his friend; but expecting soon to have some ships come home laden with merchandise, he said he would go to Shylock the rich money-lender, and borrow the money upon the credit of those ships.

Antonio and Bassanio went together to Shylock, and Antonio asked the Jew to lend him three thousand ducats upon an interest he should require to be paid out of the merchandise contained in his ships at sea. On this Shylock thought within himself, "If I can once catch him on the hip, I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him. He hates our Jewish nation; he lends out money gratis; and among the merchants he rails at me and my well-earned bargains, which he calls interest. Cursed be my tribe if I forgive him!" Antonio, finding he was musing within himself and did not answer, and being impatient for the money, said, "Shylock, do you hear—will you lend the money?" To this question the Jew replied: "Signior Antonio, on the Rialto many a time and often you have railed at me about my monies and my usuries, and I have borne it with a patient shrug, for sufferance is the badge of all our tribe; and then you have called me unbeliever, cut-throat dog, and spit upon my Jewish garments, and spurned at me with your foot, as if I was a cur. Well, then, it now appears you need my help; and you come to me and say, '*Shylock, lend me monies.*' Has a dog money? Is it possible a cur should lend three thousand ducats? Shall I bend low and say, Fair sir, you spit upon me on Wednesday last, another time you called me dog, and for these courtesies I am to lend you monies?" Antonio replied: "I am as like to call you so again, to spit on you again, and spurn you too. If you will lend me this money, lend it not to me as to a friend, but rather lend it to me as to an enemy, that if I break

you may with better face exact the penalty." "Why, look you," said Shylock, "how you storm! I would be friends with you and have your love. I will forget the shames you have put upon me. I will supply your wants and take no interest for my money." This seemingly kind offer greatly surprised Antonio; and then Shylock, still pretending kindness, and that all he did was to gain Antonio's love, again said he would lend him the three thousand ducats, and take no interest for his money; only Antonio should go with him to a lawyer and there sign in merry sport a bond that if he did not repay the money by a certain day he would forfeit a pound of flesh, to be cut off from any part of his body that Shylock pleased.

"Content," said Antonio; "I will sign to this bond, and say there is much kindness in the Jew."

Bassanio said Antonio should not sign to such a bond for him; and still Antonio insisted that he would sign it, for that before the day of payment came his ships would return laden with many times the value of the money.

Shylock, hearing this debate, exclaimed: "O, Father Abraham, what suspicious people these Christians are! Their own hard dealings teach them to suspect the thoughts of others. I pray you tell me this, Bassanio: If he should break this day, what should I gain by the execution of the forfeiture? A pound of man's flesh, taken from a man, is not so estimable, nor profitable neither, as the flesh of mutton or of beef. I say, to buy his favour I offer this friendship. If he will take it, so; if not, adieu."

At last, against the advice of Bassanio, who, notwithstanding all the Jew had said of his kind intentions, did not like his friend should run the hazard of this shocking penalty for his sake, Antonio signed the bond, thinking it really was, as the Jew said, merely in sport.

The rich heiress that Bassanio wished to marry lived near Venice, at a place called Belmont; her name was Portia, and in the graces of her person and her mind she was nothing inferior to that Portia of whom we read, who was Cato's daughter, and the wife of Brutus.

Bassanio, being so kindly supplied with money by his friend Antonio, at the hazard of his life, set out for Belmont with a splendid train, and attended by a gentleman of the name of Gratiano.

Bassanio proving successful in his suit, Portia in a short time consented to accept of him for a husband.

Bassanio confessed to Portia that he had no fortune, and that his high birth and noble ancestry were all that he could boast of. She, who loved him for his worthy qualities, and had riches enough not to regard wealth in a husband, answered with a graceful modesty that she would wish herself a thousand times more fair, and ten thousand times more rich, to be more worthy of him; and then the accomplished Portia prettily dispraised herself, and said she was an unlessoned girl, unschooled, unpractised, yet not so old but that she could learn, and that she would commit her gentle spirit to be directed and governed by him in all things; and she said, "Myself and what is mine to you and yours is now converted. But yesterday, Bassanio, I was the lady of this fair mansion, queen of myself, and mistress over these servants; and now this house, these servants, and myself are yours, my lord; I give them with this ring," presenting a ring to Bassanio.

Bassanio was so overpowered with gratitude and wonder at the gracious manner in which the rich and noble Portia accepted of a man of his humble fortunes, that he could not express his joy and reverence to the dear lady who so honoured him by anything but broken words of love and thankfulness; and taking the ring, he vowed never to part with it.

Gratiano and Nerissa, Portia's waiting-maid, were in attendance upon their lord and lady when Portia so gracefully promised to become the obedient wife of Bassanio; and Gratiano, wishing Bassanio and the generous lady joy, desired permission to be married at the same time.

"With all my heart, Gratiano," said Bassanio, "if you can get a wife."

Gratiano then said that he loved the Lady Portia's fair waiting gentlewoman, Nerissa, and that she had promised to

be his wife if her lady married Bassanio. Portia asked Nerissa if this was true. Nerissa replied, "Madam, it is so, if you approve of it." Portia willingly consenting, Bassanio pleasantly said, "Then our wedding-feast shall be much honoured by your marriage, Gratiano."

The happiness of these lovers was sadly crossed at this moment by the entrance of a messenger who brought a letter from Antonio containing fearful tidings. When Bassanio read Antonio's letter Portia feared it was to tell him of the death of some dear friend, he looked so pale; and inquiring what was the news which had so distressed him he said, "Oh, sweet Portia, here are a few of the unpleasantest words that ever blotted paper. Gentle lady, when I first imparted my love to you I freely told you all the wealth I had ran in my veins, but I should have told you that I had less than nothing, being in debt." Bassanio then told Portia what has been here related of his borrowing the money of Antonio, and of Antonio's procuring it of Shylock the Jew, and of the bond by which Antonio had engaged to forfeit a pound of flesh if it was not repaid by a certain day; and then Bassanio read Antonio's letter, the words of which were—"Sweet Bassanio, my ships are all lost, my bond to the Jew is forfeited, and since in paying it is impossible I should live, I could wish to see you at my death; notwithstanding, use your pleasure; if your love for me do not persuade you to come, let not my letter." "Oh, my dear love," said Portia, "despatch the business and be gone; you shall have gold to pay the money twenty times over before this kind friend shall lose a hair by my Bassanio's fault, and as you are so dearly bought I will dearly love you." Portia then said she would be married to Bassanio before he set out, to give him a legal right to her money; and that same day they were married, and Gratiano was also married to Nerissa, and Bassanio and Gratiano, the instant they were married, set out in great haste for Venice, where Bassanio found Antonio in prison.

The day of payment being past, the cruel Jew would not accept of the money which Bassanio offered him, but insisted

upon having a pound of Antonio's flesh. A day was appointed to try this shocking cause before the Duke of Venice, and Bassanio awaited in dreadful suspense the event of the trial.

When Portia parted with her husband she spoke cheeringly to him and bade him bring his dear friend along with him when he returned; yet she feared it would go hard with Antonio, and when she was left alone, she began to think and consider within herself if she could by any means be instrumental in saving the life of her dear Bassanio's friend; and notwithstanding, when she wished to honour her Bassanio, she had said to him with such a meek and wife-like grace that she would submit in all things to be governed by his superior wisdom, yet, being now called forth into action by the peril of her honoured husband's friend, she did nothing doubt her own powers, and by the sole guidance of her own true and perfect judgment, at once resolved to go herself to Venice and speak in Antonio's defence.

Portia had a relation who was a counsellor in the law; to this gentleman, whose name was Bellario, she wrote, and stating the case to him desired his opinion, and that with his advice he would also send her the dress worn by a counsellor. When the messenger returned he brought letters from Bellario of advice how to proceed, and also everything necessary for her equipment.

Portia dressed herself and her maid Nerissa in men's apparel, and putting on the robes of a counsellor, she took Nerissa along with her as her clerk; and setting out immediately, they arrived at Venice on the very day of the trial. The cause was just going to be heard before the duke and senators of Venice in the senate-house, when Portia entered this high court of justice and presented a letter from Bellario, in which that learned counsellor wrote to the duke, saying he would have come himself to plead for Antonio, but that he was prevented by sickness, and he requested that the learned young doctor Balthasar (so he called Portia) might be permitted to plead in his stead. This the duke granted, much wondering at the

youthful appearance of the stranger, who was prettily disguised by her counsellor's robes and her large wig.

And now began this important trial. Portia looked around her, and she saw the merciless Jew; and she saw Bassanio, but he knew her not in her disguise. He was standing beside Antonio in an agony of distress and fear for his friend.

The importance of the arduous task Portia had engaged in gave this tender lady courage, and she boldly proceeded in the duty she had undertaken to perform; and first of all she addressed herself to Shylock; and allowing that he had a right by the Venetian law to have the forfeit expressed in the bond, she spoke so sweetly of the noble quality of mercy, as would have softened any heart but the unfeeling Shylock's; saying, that it dropped as the gentle rain from heaven upon the place beneath; and how mercy was a double blessing, it blessed him that gave, and him that received it; and how it became monarchs better than their crowns, being an attribute of God himself, and that earthly power came nearest to God's, in proportion as mercy tempered justice; and she bid Shylock remember that as we all pray for mercy, that same prayer should teach us to show mercy. Shylock only answered her by desiring to have the penalty forfeited in the bond. "Is he not able to pay the money?" asked Portia. Bassanio then offered the Jew the payment of the three thousand ducats as many times over as he should desire, which Shylock refusing, and still insisting upon having a pound of Antonio's flesh, Bassanio begged the learned young counsellor would endeavour to wrest the law a little to save Antonio's life. But Portia gravely answered that laws once established must never be altered. Shylock hearing Portia say that the law might not be altered, it seemed to him that she was pleading in his favour, and he said, "A Daniel is come to judgment! O wise young judge, how I do honour you! How much older are you than your looks!"

Portia now desired Shylock to let her look at the bond, and when she had read it, she said, "This bond is forfeited, and by this the Jew may lawfully claim a pound of flesh, to be by him

cut off nearest Antonio's heart. Then she said to Shylock, "Be merciful; take the money, and bid me tear the bond." But no mercy would the cruel Shylock show; and he said, "By my soul, I swear there is no power in the tongue of man to alter me." "Why then, Antonio," said Portia, "you must prepare your bosom for the knife;" and while Shylock was sharpening a long knife with great eagerness to cut off the pound of flesh, Portia said to Antonio, "Have you anything to say?" Antonio, with a calm resignation, replied that he had but little to say, for that he had prepared his mind for death. Then he said to Bassanio, "Give me your hand, Bassanio! Fare you well! Grieve not that I am fallen into this misfortune for you. Commend me to your honourable wife, and tell her how I have loved you!" Bassanio, in the deepest affliction, replied, "Antonio, I am married to a wife who is as dear to me as life itself; but life itself, my wife, and all the world, are not esteemed with me above your life: I would lose all, I would sacrifice all to this fiend here, to deliver you."

Portia hearing this, though the kind-hearted lady was not at all offended with her husband for expressing the love he owed to so true a friend as Antonio in these strong terms, yet could not help answering, "Your wife would give you little thanks if she were present to hear you make this offer." And then Gratiano, who loved to copy what his lord did, thought he must make a speech like Bassanio's, and he said, in Nerissa's hearing, who was writing in her clerk's dress by the side of Portia, "I have a wife, whom I protest I love; I wish she were in heaven, if she could but entreat some power there to change the cruel temper of this currish Jew." "It is well you wish this behind her back, else you would have but an unquiet house," said Nerissa.

Shylock now cried out impatiently, "We trifle time; I pray pronounce the sentence." And now all was awful expectation in the court, and every heart was full of grief for Antonio.

Portia asked if the scales were ready to weigh the flesh; and she said to the Jew, "Shylock, you must have some surgeon by, lest he bleed to death." Shylock, whose whole

intent was that Antonio should bleed to death, said, "It is not so named in the bond." Portio replied, "It is not so named in the bond, but what of that? It were good you did so much for charity." To this all the answer Shylock would make was, "I cannot find it; it is not in the bond." "Then," said Portia, "a pound of Antonio's flesh is thine. The law allows it, and the court awards it. And you may cut this flesh from off his breast. The law allows it, and the court awards it." Again Shylock exclaimed, "O wise and upright judge! A Daniel is come to judgment!" And then he sharpened his long knife again, and looking eagerly on Antonio, he said, "Come, prepare!"

"Tarry a little, Jew," said Portia; "there is something else. This bond here gives you no drop of blood; the words expressly are, 'a pound of flesh.' If in the cutting of the pound of flesh you shed one drop of Christian blood, your land and goods are by the law to be confiscated to the State of Venice." Now, as it was utterly impossible for Shylock to cut off the pound of flesh without shedding some of Antonio's blood, this wise discovery of Portia's, that it was flesh and not blood that was named in the bond, saved the life of Antonio; and all admiring the wonderful sagacity of the young counsellor who had so happily thought of this expedient, plaudits resounded from every part of the senate-house; and Gratiano exclaimed, in the words which Shylock had used, "O wise and upright judge! mark, Jew, a Daniel is come to judgment!"

Shylock, finding himself defeated in his cruel intent, said with a disappointed look, that he would take the money; and Bassanio, rejoiced beyond measure at Antonio's unexpected deliverance, cried out, "Here is the money!" But Portia stopped him, saying, "Softly, there is no haste; the Jew shall have nothing but the penalty; therefore prepare, Shylock, to cut off the flesh, but mind you shed no blood, nor do not cut off more nor less than just a pound; be it more or less by one poor scruple, nay, if the scale turn but by the weight of a single hair, you are condemned by the laws of Venice to die, and all your wealth is forfeited to the senate." "Give me my money,

and let me go," said Shylock." "I have it ready," said Bassanio; "here it is."

Shylock was going to take the money, when Portia again stopped him, saying, "Tarry, Jew; I have yet another hold upon you. By the laws of Venice your wealth is forfeited to the State for having conspired against the life of one of its citizens, and your life lies at the mercy of the duke; therefore down on your knees and ask him to pardon you."

The duke then said to Shylock, "That you may see the difference of our Christian spirit, I pardon you your life before you ask it; half your wealth belongs to Antonio, the other half comes to the State."

The generous Antonio then said that he would give up his share of Shylock's wealth if Shylock would sign a deed to make it over at his death to his daughter and her husband; for Antonio knew that the Jew had an only daughter, who had lately married against his consent to a young Christian, named Lorenzo, a friend of Antonio's, which had so offended Shylock that he had disinherited her.

The Jew agreed to this, and being thus disappointed in his revenge and despoiled of his riches, he said, "I am ill. Let me go home; send the deed after me and I will sign over half my riches to my daughter." "Get thee gone, then," said the duke, "and sign it; and if you repent your cruelty and turn Christian the State will forgive you the fine of the other half of your riches."

The duke now released Antonio and dismissed the court. He then highly praised the wisdom and ingenuity of the young counsellor, and invited him home to dinner. Portia, who meant to return to Belmont before her husband, replied, "I humbly thank your grace, but I must away directly." The duke said he was sorry he had not leisure to stay and dine with him, and turning to Antonio he added, "Reward this gentleman; for in my mind you are much indebted to him."

The duke and his senators left the court; and then Bassanio said to Portia, "Most worthy gentleman, I and my friend Antonio have by your wisdom been this day acquitted of

grievous penalties, and I beg you will accept of three thousand ducats due unto the Jew." "And we shall stand indebted to you over and above," said Antonio, "in love and service evermore."

Portia could not be prevailed upon to accept the money, but upon Bassanio still pressing her to accept of some reward, she said, "Give me your gloves; I will wear them for your sake," and then Bassanio, taking off his gloves, she espied the ring which she had given him upon his finger; now it was the ring the wily lady wanted to get from him to make a merry jest when she saw Bassanio again that made her ask him for his gloves, and she said when she saw the ring, "And for your love, I will take this ring from you." Bassanio was sadly distressed that the counsellor should ask him for the only thing he could not part with, and he replied in great confusion that he could not give him that ring because it was his wife's gift, and he had vowed never to part with it; but that he would give him the most valuable ring in Venice, and find it out by proclamation. On this Portia affected to be affronted, and left the court saying, "You teach me, sir, how a beggar should be answered."

"Dear Bassanio," said Antonio, "let him have the ring; let my love and the great service he has done for me be valued against your wife's displeasure." Bassanio, ashamed to appear so ungrateful, yielded, and sent Gratiano after Portia with the ring; and then the *clerk* Nerissa, who had also given Gratiano a ring, she begged his ring, and Gratiano (not choosing to be outdone in generosity by his lord) gave it to her. And there was laughing among these ladies, to think, when they got home, how they would tax their husbands with giving away their rings, and swear that they had given them as a present to some woman.

Portia, when she returned, was in that happy temper of mind which never fails to attend the consciousness of having performed a good action; her cheerful spirits enjoyed everything she saw; the moon never seemed to shine so bright before, and when that pleasant moon was hid behind a cloud, then a light

which she saw from her house at Belmont as well pleased her charmed fancy, and she said to Nerissa—"That light we see is burning in my hall; how far that little candle throws its beams, so shines a good deed in a naughty world;" and hearing the sound of music from her house, she said—"Methinks that music sounds much sweeter than by day."

And now Portia and Nerissa entered the house, and dressing themselves in their own apparel, they awaited the arrival of their husbands, who soon followed them with Antonio; and Bassanio, presenting his dear friend to the Lady Portia, the congratulations and welcomings of that lady were hardly over when they perceived Nerissa and her husband quarrelling in a corner of the room. "A quarrel already?" said Portia. "What is the matter?" Gratiano replied—"Lady, it is about a paltry gilt ring that Nerissa gave me, with words upon it like the poetry on a cutler's knife: *Love me, and leave me not.*"

"What does the poetry or the value of the ring signify?" said Nerissa. "You swore to me, when I gave it to you, that you would keep it till the hour of death; and now you say you gave it to the lawyer's clerk. I know you gave it to a woman." "By this hand," replied Gratiano, "I gave it to a youth, a kind of boy, a little scrubbed boy no higher than yourself; he was clerk to the young counsellor, that by his wise pleading saved Antonio's life; this prating boy begged it for a fee, and I could not for my life deny him." Portia said—"You were to blame, Gratiano, to part with your wife's first gift. I gave my lord Bassanio a ring, and I am sure he would not part with it for all the world." Gratiano, in excuse for his fault, now said—"My lord Bassanio gave his ring away to the counsellor, and then the boy, his clerk, that took some pains in writing, he begged my ring."

Portia, hearing this, seemed very angry, and reproached Bassanio for giving away her ring; and she said Nerissa had taught her what to believe, and that she knew some woman had the ring. Bassanio was very unhappy to have so offended his dear lady, and he said with great earnestness—"No, by my honour, no woman had it, but a civil doctor, who refused three

thousand ducats of me, and begged the ring, which when I denied him he went displeased away. What could I do, sweet Portia? I was so beset with shame for my seeming ingratitude that I was forced to send the ring after him. Pardon me, good lady; had you been there I think you would have begged the ring of me to give the worthy doctor."

"Ah!" said Antonio, "I am the unhappy cause of these quarrels."

Portia bid Antonio not to grieve at that, for that he was welcome notwithstanding; and then Antonio said, "I once did lend my body for Bassanio's sake; and but for him to whom your husband gave the ring I should have now been dead. I dare be bound again, my soul upon the forfeit, your lord will never more break his faith with you." "Then you shall be his surety," said Portia; "give him this ring and bid him keep it better than the other."

When Bassanio looked at this ring he was strangely surprised to find it was the same he gave away; and then Portia told him how she was the young counsellor, and Nerissa was her clerk; and Bassanio found, to his unspeakable wonder and delight, that it was by the noble courage and wisdom of his wife that Antonio's life was saved.

And Portia again welcomed Antonio, and gave him letters which by some chance had fallen into her hands, which contained an account of Antonio's ships, that were supposed lost, being safely arrived in the harbour. So these tragical beginnings of this rich merchant's story were all forgotten in the unexpected good fortune which ensued; and there was leisure to laugh at the comical adventure of the rings, and the husbands that did not know their own wives; Gratiano merely vowing, in a sort of rhyming speech, that

> ——while he lived, he'd fear no other thing
> So sore, as keeping safe Nerissa's ring.

THE COMEDY OF ERRORS.

HE States of Syracuse and Ephesus being at variance, there was a cruel law made at Ephesus, ordaining that if any merchant of Syracuse was seen in the city of Ephesus, he was to be put to death, unless he could pay a thousand marks for the ransom of his life.

Ægeon, an old merchant of Syracuse, was discovered in the streets of Ephesus, and brought before the duke, either to pay this heavy fine, or to receive sentence of death.

Ægeon had no money to pay the fine, and the duke, before he pronounced the sentence of death upon him, desired him to relate the history of his life, and to tell for what cause he had ventured to come to the city of Ephesus, which it was death for any Syracusan merchant to enter.

Ægeon said that he did not fear to die, for sorrow had made him weary of his life, but that a heavier task could not have been imposed upon him than to relate the events of his unfortunate life. He then began his own history in the following words:—

"I was born at Syracuse, and brought up to the profession of a merchant. I married a lady with whom I lived very happily, but being obliged to go to Epidamnium, I was detained there by my business six months, and then, finding I should be obliged to stay some time longer, I sent for my wife, who, as soon as she arrived, presented me with two sons, and what was very strange, they were both so exactly alike that it was impossible to distinguish the one from the other. At the same time that my wife became the mother of these twin boys, a poor woman in the inn where my wife lodged was likewise blessed with two sons, and these twins were as much like each other as my two sons were. The parents of these

children being exceeding poor, I bought the two boys and brought them up to attend upon my sons.

"My sons were very fine children, and my wife was not a little proud of two such boys; and she daily wishing to return home, I unwillingly agreed, and in an evil hour we got on shipboard; for we had not sailed above a league from Epidamnium before a dreadful storm arose, which continued with such violence, that the sailors, seeing no chance of saving the ship, crowded into the boat to save their own lives, leaving us alone in the ship, which we every moment expected would be destroyed by the fury of the storm.

"The incessant weeping of my wife and the piteous complaints of the pretty babes, who, not knowing what to fear, wept for fashion because they saw their mother weep, filled me with terror for them, though I did not for myself fear death; and all my thoughts were bent to contrive means for their safety. I tied my youngest son to the end of a small spare mast, such as seafaring men provide against storms, at the other end I bound the youngest of the twin slaves, and at the same time I directed my wife how to fasten the other children in like manner to another mast. She thus having the care of the two eldest children and I of the two younger, we bound ourselves separately to these masts with the children, and but for this contrivance we had all been lost, for the ship split on a mighty rock and was dashed in pieces, and we, clinging to these slender masts, were supported above the water, where I, having the care of two children, was unable to assist my wife, who with the other children was soon separated from me; but while they were yet in my sight they were taken up by a boat of fishermen from Corinth, as I supposed, and seeing them in safety I had no care but to struggle with the wild sea waves to preserve my dear son and the youngest slave. At length we in our turn were taken up by a ship, and the sailors knowing me, gave us kind welcome and assistance, and landed us in safety at Syracuse; but from that sad hour I have never known what became of my wife and eldest child.

"My youngest son, and now my only care, when he was

eighteen years of age, began to be inquisitive after his mother and his brother, and often importuned me that he might take his attendant the young slave, who had also lost his brother, and go in search of them. At length I unwillingly gave consent, for though I anxiously desired to hear tidings of my wife and eldest son, yet in sending my younger one to find them I hazarded the loss of him also. It is now seven years since my son left me; five years have I passed in travelling through the world in search of him. I have been in farthest Greece, and through the bounds of Asia, and coasting homewards I landed here in Ephesus, being unwilling to leave any place unsought that harbours men; but this day must end the story of my life, and happy should I think myself in my death if I were sure my wife and sons were living."

Here the hapless Ægeon ended the account of his misfortunes; and the duke, pitying this unfortunate father who had brought upon himself this great peril by his love for his lost son, said, if it were not against the laws, which his oath and dignity did not permit him to alter, he would freely pardon him; yet, instead of dooming him to instant death, as the strict letter of the law required, he would give him that day to try if he could beg or borrow the money to pay the fine.

This day of grace did seem no great favour to Ægeon, for not knowing any man in Ephesus, there seemed to him but little chance that any stranger would lend or give him a thousand marks to pay the fine; and helpless and hopeless of any relief, he retired from the presence of the duke in the custody of a jailer.

Ægeon supposed he knew no person in Ephesus; but at the very time he was in danger of losing his life through the careful search he was making after his youngest son, that son and his eldest son also were both in the city of Ephesus.

Ægeon's sons, besides being exactly alike in face and person, were both named alike, being both called Antipholis, and the two twin slaves were also both named Dromio. Ægeon's youngest son, Antipholis of Syracuse, he whom the old man had come to Ephesus to seek, happened to arrive at Ephesus with

his slave Dromio that very same day that Ægeon did; and he being also a merchant of Syracuse, he would have been in the same danger that his father was, but by good fortune he met a friend who told him the peril an old merchant of Syracuse was in, and advised him to pass for a merchant of Epidamnium; this Antipholis agreed to do, and he was sorry to hear one of his own countrymen was in this danger, but he little thought this old merchant was his own father.

The oldest son of Ægeon (who must be called Antipholis of Ephesus, to distinguish him from his brother Antipholis of Syracuse) had lived at Ephesus twenty years, and being a rich man was well able to have paid the money for the ransom of his father's life; but Antipholis knew nothing of his father, being so young when he was taken out of the sea with his mother by the fishermen, that he only remembered he had been so preserved, but he had no recollection of either his father or his mother; the fishermen who took up this Antipholis and his mother and the young slave Dromio, having carried the two children away from her (to the great grief of that unhappy lady), intending to sell them.

Antipholis and Dromio were sold by them to Duke Menaphon, a famous warrior, who was uncle to the Duke of Ephesus, and he carried the boys to Ephesus, when he went to visit the duke his nephew.

The Duke of Ephesus taking a fancy to young Antipholis, when he grew up, made him an officer in his army, in which he distinguished himself by his great bravery in the wars, where he saved the life of his patron the duke, who rewarded his merit by marrying him to Adriana, a rich lady of Ephesus; with whom he was living (his slave Dromio still attending him) at the time his father came there.

Antipholis of Syracuse, when he parted with his friend, who advised him to say that he came from Epidamnium, gave his slave Dromio some money to carry to the inn where he intended to dine, and in the meantime he said he would walk about and view the city, and observe the manners of the people.

Dromio was a pleasant fellow, and when Antipholis was dull

and melancholy, he used to divert himself with the odd humours and merry jests of his slave, so that the freedoms of speech he allowed in Dromio were greater than is usual between masters and their servants.

When Antipholis of Syracuse had sent Dromio away, he stood awhile thinking over his solitary wanderings in search of his mother and his brother, of whom in no place where he landed could he hear the least tidings; and he said sorrowfully to himself, "I am like a drop of water in the ocean, which, seeking to find his fellow drop, loseth itself in the wide sea. So I unhappily, to find a mother and a brother, do lose myself."

While he was thus meditating on his weary travels, which had hitherto been so useless, Dromio, as he thought, returned. Antipholis, wondering that he came back so soon, asked him where he had left the money. Now it was not his own Dromio, but the twin-brother that lived with Antipholis of Ephesus, that he spoke to. The two Dromios and the two Antipholises were still as much alike as Ægeon had said they were in their infancy; therefore no wonder Antipholis thought it was his own slave returned, and asked him why he came back so soon. Dromio replied, "My mistress sent me to bid you come to dinner. The capon burns, and the pig falls from the spit, and the meat will be all cold if you do not come home." "These jests are out of season," said Antipholis: "where did you leave the money?" Dromio still answering that his mistress had sent him to fetch Antipholis to dinner; "What mistress?" said Antipholis. "Why, your worship's wife, sir," replied Dromio. Antipholis having no wife, he was very angry with Dromio, and said, "Because I familiarly sometimes chat with you, you presume to jest with me in this free manner. I am not in a sportive humour now: where is the money? We being strangers here, how dare you trust so great a charge from your own custody?" Dromio hearing his master, as he thought him, talk of their being strangers, supposing Antipholis was jesting, replied merrily, "I pray you, sir, jest as you sit at dinner; I had no charge but to fetch you home to dine with my mistress and her sister." Now Antipholis lost

all patience, and beat Dromio, who ran home, and told his mistress that his master had refused to come to dinner, and said that he had no wife.

Adriana, the wife of Antipholis of Ephesus, was very angry when she heard that her husband said he had no wife; for she was of a jealous temper, and she said her husband meant that he loved another lady better than herself; and she began to fret, and say unkind words of jealousy and reproach of her husband; and her sister Luciana, who lived with her, tried in vain to persuade her out of her groundless suspicions.

Antipholis of Syracuse went to the inn, and found Dromio with the money in safety there, and seeing his own Dromio, he was going again to chide him for his free jests, when Adriana came up to him, and not doubting but it was her husband she saw, she began to reproach him for looking strange upon her (as well he might, never having seen this angry lady before); and then she told him how well he loved her before they were married, and that now he loved some other lady instead of her. "How comes it now, my husband," said she, "oh how comes it that I have lost your love?" "Plead you to me, fair dame?" said the astonished Antipholis. It was in vain he told her he was not her husband, and that he had been in Ephesus but two hours; she insisted on his going home with her, and Antipholis at last, being unable to get away, went with her to his brother's house, and dined with Adriana and her sister, the one calling him husband, and the other brother, he, all amazed, thinking he must have been married to her in his sleep, or that he was sleeping now. And Dromio, who followed them, was no less surprised, for the cook-maid, who was his brother's wife, also claimed him for her husband.

While Antipholis of Syracuse was dining with his brother's wife, his brother, the real husband, returned home to dinner with his slave Dromio; but the servants would not open the door, because their mistress had ordered them not to admit any company; and when they repeatedly knocked, and said they were Antipholis and Dromio, the maids laughed at them, and said that Antipholis was at dinner with their mistress, and

Dromio was in the kitchen; and though they almost knocked the door down, they could not gain admittance, and at last Antipholis went away very angry, and strangely surprised at hearing a gentleman was dining with his wife.

When Antipholis of Syracuse had finished his dinner, he was so perplexed at the lady still persisting in calling him husband, and at hearing that Dromio had also been claimed by the cook-maid, that he left the house as soon as he could find any pretence to get away; for though he was very much pleased with Luciana, the sister, yet the jealous tempered Adriana he disliked very much; nor was Dromio at all better satisfied with his fair wife in the kitchen; therefore both master and man were glad to get away from their new wives as fast as they could.

The moment Antipholis of Syracuse had left the house he was met by a goldsmith, who mistaking him, as Adriana had done, for Antipholis of Ephesus, gave him a gold chain, calling him by his name; and when Antipholis would have refused the chain, saying it did not belong to him, the goldsmith replied he made it by his own orders; and went away, leaving the chain in the hand of Antipholis, who ordered his man Dromio to get his things on board a ship, not choosing to stay in a place any longer where he met with such strange adventures that he surely thought himself bewitched.

The goldsmith who had given the chain to the wrong Antipholis was arrested immediately after for a sum of money he owed; and Antipholis, the married brother, to whom the goldsmith thought he had given the chain, happened to come to the place where the officer was arresting the goldsmith, who, when he saw Antipholis, asked him to pay for the gold chain he had just delivered to him, the price amounting to nearly the same sum as that for which he had been arrested. Antipholis denying the having received the chain, and the goldsmith persisting to declare that he had but a few minutes before given it to him, they disputed the matter a long time, both thinking they were right, for Antipholis knew the goldsmith never gave him the chain, and, so like were the two brothers, the goldsmith was

as certain he had delivered the chain into his hands, till at last the officer took the goldsmith away to prison for the debt he owed, and at the same time the goldsmith made the officer arrest Antipholis for the price of the chain; so that, at the conclusion of their dispute, Antipholis and the merchant were both taken away to prison together.

As Antipholis was going to prison he met Dromio of Syracuse, his brother's slave, and mistaking him for his own, he ordered him to go to Adriana, his wife, and tell her to send the money for which he was arrested. Dromio, wondering that his master should send him back to the strange house where he dined, and from which he had just before been in such haste to depart, did not dare to reply, though he came to tell his master the ship was ready to sail; for he saw Antipholis was in no humour to be jested with. Therefore he went away, grumbling within himself that he must return to Adriana's house, "where," said he, "Dowsabel claims me for a husband; but I must go, for servants must obey their master's commands."

Adriana gave him the money, and as Dromio was returning, he met Antipholis of Syracuse, who was still in amaze at the surprising adventures he met with; for his brother, being well known in Ephesus, there was hardly a man he met in the streets but saluted him as an old acquaintance: some offered him money which they said was owing to him, some invited him to come and see them, and some gave him thanks for kindnesses they said he had done them, all mistaking him for his brother. A tailor showed him some silks he had bought for him, and insisted upon taking measure of him for some clothes.

Antipholis began to think he was among a nation of sorcerers and witches, and Dromio did not at all relieve his master from his bewildered thoughts, by asking him how he got free from the officer who was carrying him to prison, and giving him the purse of gold which Adriana had sent to pay the debt with. This talk of Dromio's of the arrest and of a prison, and of the money he had brought from Adriana, perfectly confounded Antipholis, and he said, "This fellow Dromio is certainly distracted, and we wander here in

illusions;" and quite terrified at his own confused thoughts, he cried out, "Some blessed power deliver us from this strange place!"

And now another stranger came up to him, and she was a lady, and she too called him Antipholis, and told him he had dined with her that day, and asked him for a gold chain which she said he had promised to give her. Antipholis now lost all patience, and calling her a sorceress, he denied that he had ever promised her a chain or dined with her, or had ever seen her face before that moment. The lady persisted in affirming he had dined with her and had promised her a chain, which Antipholis still denying, she farther said that she had given him a valuable ring, and if he would not give her the gold chain she insisted upon having her own ring again. On this Antipholis became quite frantic, and again calling her sorceress and witch, and denying all knowledge of her and her ring, ran away from her, leaving her astonished at his words and his wild looks, for nothing to her appeared more certain than that he had dined with her, and that she had given him a ring in consequence of his promising to make her a present of a gold chain. But this lady had fallen into the same mistake the others had done, for she had taken him for his brother; the married Antipholis had done all the things she taxed this Antipholis with.

When the married Antipholis was denied entrance into his own house (those within supposing him to be already there), he had gone away very angry, believing it to be one of his wife's jealous freaks, to which she was very subject, and remembering that she had often falsely accused him of visiting other ladies, he, to be revenged on her for shutting him out of his own house, determined to go and dine with this lady, and she receiving him with great civility, and his wife having so highly offended him, Antipholis promised to give her a gold chain, which he had intended as a present for his wife; it was the same chain which the goldsmith by mistake had given to his brother. The lady liked so well the thoughts of having a fine gold chain, that she gave the married Antipholis a ring,

which when, as she supposed (taking his brother for him), he denied, and said he did not know her, and left her in such a wild passion, she began to think he was certainly out of his senses; and presently she resolved to go and tell Adriana that her husband was mad. And while she was telling it to Adriana he came, attended by the jailer (who allowed him to come home to get the money to pay the debt), for the purse of money which Adriana had sent by Dromio, and he had delivered to the other Antipholis.

Adriana believed the story the lady told her of her husband's madness must be true, when he reproached her for shutting him out of his own house; and remembering how he had protested all dinner-time that he was not her husband, and had never been in Ephesus till that day, she had no doubt that he was mad; she therefore paid the jailer the money, and having discharged him, she ordered her servants to bind her husband with ropes, and had him conveyed into a dark room, and sent for a doctor to come and cure him of his madness; Antipholis all the while hotly exclaiming against this false accusation, which the exact likeness he bore to his brother had brought upon him. But his rage only the more confirmed them in the belief that he was mad; and Dromio persisting in the same story, they bound him also, and took him away along with his master.

Soon after Adriana had put her husband into confinement, a servant came to tell her that Antipholis and Dromio must have broken loose from their keepers, for that they were both walking at liberty in the next street. On hearing this, Adriana ran out to fetch him home, taking some people with her to secure her husband again, and her sister went along with her. When they came to the gates of a convent in the neighbourhood, there they saw Antipholis and Dromio, as they thought, being again deceived by the likeness of the twin brothers.

Antipholis of Syracuse was still beset with the perplexities this likeness had brought upon him. The chain which the goldsmith had given him was about his neck, and the goldsmith was reproaching him for denying that he had it, and refusing

to pay for it, and Antipholis was protesting that the goldsmith freely gave him the chain in the morning, and that from that hour he had never seen the goldsmith again.

And now Adriana came up to him, and claimed him as her lunatic husband, who had escaped from his keepers, and the men she brought with her were going to lay violent hands on Antipholis and Dromio; but they ran into the convent, and Antipholis begged the abbess to give him shelter in her house.

And now came out the lady abbess herself to inquire into the cause of this disturbance. She was a grave and venerable lady, and wise to judge of what she saw, and she would not too hastily give up the men who had sought protection in her house; so she strictly questioned the wife about the story she told of her husband's madness, and she said—"What is the cause of this sudden distemper of your husband's? Has he lost his wealth at sea? Or is it the death of some dear friend that has disturbed his mind?" Adriana replied that no such things as these had been the cause. "Perhaps," said the abbess, "he has fixed his affections on some other lady than you, his wife, and that has driven him into this state." Adriana said she had long thought the love of some other lady was the cause of his frequent absences from home. Now it was not his love for another but the teasing jealousy of his wife's temper that often obliged Antipholis to leave his home, and (the abbess suspecting this from the vehemence of Adriana's manner) to learn the truth, she said—"You should have reprehended him for this." "Why, so I did," replied Adriana. "Ay," said the abbess, "but perhaps not enough." Adriana, willing to convince the abbess that she had said enough to Antipholis on this subject, replied—"It was the constant subject of our conversation; in bed I would not let him sleep for speaking of it. At table I would not let him eat for speaking of it. When I was alone with him I talked of nothing else, and in company I gave him frequent hints of it. Still all my talk was how vile and bad it was in him to love any lady better than me."

The lady abbess, having drawn this full confession from the jealous Adriana, now said, "And therefore comes it that your

husband is mad. The venomous clamour of a jealous woman is more deadly poisonous than a mad dog's tooth. It seems his sleep was hindered by your railing; no wonder that his head is light; and his meat was sauced with your upbraidings; unquiet meals make ill digestions, and that has thrown him into this fever. You say his sports were disturbed by your brawls; being debarred from the enjoyment of society and recreation, what could ensue but dull melancholy and comfortless despair? The consequence is, then, that your jealous fits have made your husband mad."

Luciana would have excused her sister, saying, she always reprehended her husband mildly, and she said to her sister, "Why do you hear these rebukes without answering them?" But the abbess had made her so plainly perceive her fault that she could only answer, "She has betrayed me to my own reproof."

Adriana, though ashamed of her own conduct, still insisted on having her husband delivered up to her; but the abbess would suffer no person to enter her house, nor would she deliver up this unhappy man to the care of the jealous wife, determining herself to use gentle means for his recovery, and she retired into her house again and ordered her gates to be shut against them.

During the course of this eventful day, in which so many errors had happened from the likeness the twin brothers bore to each other, old Ægeon's day of grace was passing away, it being now near sunset; and at sunset he was doomed to die if he could not pay the money.

The place of his execution was near this convent, and here he arrived just as the abbess retired into the convent, the duke attending in person, that if any offered to pay the money he might be present to pardon him.

Adriana stopped this melancholy procession and cried out to the duke for justice, telling him that the abbess had refused to deliver up her lunatic husband to her care. While she was speaking, her real husband and his servant Dromio, who had got loose, came before the duke to demand justice, complaining that his wife had confined him on a false charge of lunacy, and telling in

what manner he had broken his bands and eluded the vigilance of his keepers. Adriana was strangely surprised to see her husband when she thought he had been within the convent.

Ægeon, seeing his son, concluded this was the son who had left him to go in search of his mother and his brother, and he felt secure that this dear son would readily pay the money demanded for his ransom. He therefore spoke to Antipholis in words of fatherly affection, with joyful hope that he should now be released. But to the utter astonishment of Ægeon, his son denied all knowledge of him, as well he might, for this Antipholis had never seen his father since they were separated in the storm in his infancy; but while the poor old Ægeon was in vain endeavouring to make his son acknowledge him, thinking surely that either his griefs and the anxieties he had suffered had so strangely altered him that his son did not know him, or else that he was ashamed to acknowledge his father in his misery—in the midst of this perplexity the lady abbess and the other Antipholis and Dromio came out, and the wondering Adriana saw two husbands and two Dromios standing before her.

And now these riddling errors, which had so perplexed them all, were clearly made out. When the duke saw the two Antipholises and the two Dromios both so exactly alike, he at once conjectured aright of these seeming mysteries, for he remembered the story Ægeon had told him in the morning; and, he said, these men must be the two sons of Ægeon and their twin slaves.

But now an unlooked-for joy indeed completed the history of Ægeon; and the tale he had in the morning told in sorrow and under sentence of death before the setting sun went down was brought to a happy conclusion, for the venerable lady abbess made herself known to be the long-lost wife of Ægeon and the fond mother of the two Antipholises.

When the fishermen took the eldest Antipholis and Dromio away from her, she entered a nunnery, and by her wise and virtuous conduct she was at length made lady abbess of this convent, and in discharging the rights of hospitality to an

unhappy stranger she had unknowingly protected her own son.

Joyful congratulations and affectionate greetings between these long-separated parents and their children made them for awhile forget that Ægeon was yet under sentence of death; but when they were become a little calm, Antipholis of Ephesus offered the duke the ransom money for his father's life; but the duke freely pardoned Ægeon, and would not take the money. And the duke went with the abbess and her newly-found husband and children into the convent to hear this happy family discourse at leisure of the blessed ending of their adverse fortunes. And the two Dromios' humble joy must not be forgotten; they had their congratulations and greetings too, and each Dromio pleasantly complimented his brother on his good looks, being well pleased to see his own person (as in a glass) show so handsome in his brother.

Adriana had so well profited by the good counsel of her mother-in-law that she never after cherished unjust suspicions, or was jealous of her husband.

Antipholis of Syracuse married the fair Luciana, the sister of his brother's wife; and the good old Ægeon, with his wife and sons, lived at Ephesus many years. Nor did the unravelling of these perplexities so entirely remove every ground of mistake for the future, but that sometimes, to remind them of adventures past, comical blunders would happen, and the one Antipholis, and the one Dromio, be mistaken for the other, making altogether a pleasant and diverting Comedy of Errors.

HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK.

ERTRUDE, Queen of Denmark, becoming a widow by the sudden death of King Hamlet, in less than two months after his death married his brother Claudius, which was noted by all people at the time for a strange act of indiscretion, or unfeelingness, or worse; for this Claudius did noways resemble her late husband in the qualities of his person or his mind, but was as contemptible in outward appearance as he was base and unworthy in disposition; and suspicions did not fail to arise in the minds of some that he had privately made away with his brother, the late king, with the view of marrying his widow, and ascending the throne of Denmark, to the exclusion of young Hamlet, the son of the buried king, and lawful successor to the throne.

But upon no one did this unadvised action of the queen make such impression as upon this young prince, who loved and venerated the memory of his dead father almost to idolatry, and being of a nice sense of honour, and a most exquisite practiser of propriety himself, did sorely take to heart this unworthy conduct of his mother Gertrude, insomuch that, between grief for his father's death and shame for his mother's marriage, this young prince was overclouded with a deep melancholy, and lost all his mirth and all his good looks; all his customary pleasure in books forsook him, his princely exercises and sports, proper to his youth, were no longer acceptable; he grew weary of the world, which seemed to him an unweeded garden, where all the wholesome flowers were choked up, and nothing but weeds could thrive. Not that the prospect of exclusion from the throne, his lawful inheritance, weighed so much upon his spirits, though that to a young and high-minded prince was a bitter wound and a sore indignity;

but what so galled him, and took away all his cheerful spirits, was, that his mother had shown herself so forgetful to his father's memory; and such a father! who had been to her so loving and gentle a husband; and then she always appeared as loving and obedient a wife to him, and would hang upon him as if her affection grew to him; and now within two months, or, as it seemed to young Hamlet, less than two months, she had married again, married his uncle, her dead husband's brother; in itself a highly improper and unlawful marriage from the nearness of relationship, but made much more so by the indecent haste with which it was concluded, and the unkingly character of the man whom she had chosen to be the partner of her throne. This it was which, more than the loss of ten kingdoms, dashed the spirits, and brought a cloud over the mind of this honourable young prince.

In vain was all that his mother Gertrude or the king could do or contrive to divert him; he still appeared in court in a suit of deep black, as mourning for the king his father's death, which mode of dress he had never laid aside, not even in compliment to his mother upon the day she was married, nor could he be brought to join in any of the festivities or rejoicings of that (as appeared to him) disgraceful day.

What mostly troubled him was an uncertainty about the manner of his father's death. It was given out by Claudius that a serpent had stung him, but young Hamlet had shrewd suspicions that Claudius himself was the serpent; in plain English, that he had murdered him for his crown, and that the serpent who stung his father did now sit on his throne.

How far he was right in this conjecture, and what he ought to think of his mother—how far she was privy to this murder, and whether by her consent or knowledge, or without, it came to pass—were the doubts which continually harassed and distracted him.

A rumour had reached the ear of young Hamlet that an apparition, exactly resembling the dead king his father, had been seen by the soldiers upon watch on the platform before the palace at midnight for two or three nights successively.

The figure came constantly clad in the same suit of armour, from head to foot, which the dead king was known to have worn, and they who saw it (Hamlet's bosom friend, Horatio, was one) agreed in their testimony as to the manner and time of its appearance; that it came just as the clock struck twelve, that it looked pale, with a face more of sorrow than of anger, that its beard was grisly, and the colour a *sable silvered*, as they had seen it in his lifetime, that it made no answer when they spoke to it, yet once they thought it lifted up its head and addressed itself to motion as if it were about to speak, but in that moment the morning cock crew, and it shrunk in haste away and vanished out of their sight.

The young prince, strangely amazed at their relation, which was too consistent and agreeing with itself to disbelieve, concluded that it was his father's ghost which they had seen, and determined to take his watch with the soldiers that night, that he might have a chance of seeing it; for he reasoned with himself that such an appearance did not come for nothing, but that the ghost had something to impart, and though it had been silent hitherto, yet it would speak to him. And he waited with impatience for the coming of night.

When night came he took his stand with Horatio and Marcellus, one of the guard, upon the platform where this apparition was accustomed to walk, and it being a cold night, and the air unusually raw and nipping, Hamlet and Horatio and their companion fell into some talk about the coldness of the night, which was suddenly broken off by Horatio announcing that the ghost was coming.

At the sight of his father's spirit Hamlet was struck with a sudden surprise and fear. He at first called upon the angels and heavenly ministers to defend them, for he knew not whether it were a good spirit or bad, whether it came for good or for evil; but he gradually assumed more courage, and his father (as it seemed to him) looked upon him so piteously, and as it were desiring to have conversation with him, and did in all respects appear so like himself as he was when he lived,

that Hamlet could not help addressing him. He called him by his name Hamlet, king, father, and conjured him that he would tell the reason why he had left his grave, where they had seen him quietly bestowed, to come again and visit the earth and the moonlight, and besought him that he would let them know if there was anything which they could do to give peace to his spirit. And the ghost beckoned to Hamlet, that he should go with him to some more removed place, where they might be alone, and Horatio and Marcellus would have dissuaded the young prince from following it, for they feared lest it should be some evil spirit, who would tempt him to the neighbouring sea, or to the top of some dreadful cliff, and there put on some horrible shape which might deprive the prince of his reason. But their counsels and entreaties could not alter Hamlet's determination, who cared too little about life to fear the losing of it; and as to his soul, he said, what could the spirit do to that, being a thing immortal as itself? And he felt as hardy as a lion; and bursting from them, who did all they could to hold him, he followed whithersoever the spirit led him.

And when they were alone together, the spirit broke silence, and told him that he was the ghost of Hamlet, his father, who had been cruelly murdered, and he told the manner of it; that it was done by his own brother Claudius, Hamlet's uncle, as Hamlet had already but too much suspected, for the hope of succeeding to his wife and crown. That as he was sleeping in his garden, his custom always in the afternoon, this treasonous brother stole upon him in his sleep, and poured the juice of poisonous henbane into his ears, which has such an antipathy to the life of man, that swift as quicksilver it courses through all the veins of the body, baking up the blood, and spreading a crust-like leprosy all over the skin; thus sleeping, by a brother's hand he was cut off at once from his crown, his queen, and his life: and he adjured Hamlet, if he did ever his dear father love, that he would revenge his foul murder. And the ghost lamented to his son that his mother should so fall off from truth as to prove false to the wedded love of her first husband, and to marry his murderer; but he cautioned Hamlet,

howsoever he proceeded in his revenge against his wicked uncle, by no means to act any violence against the person of his mother, but to leave her to Heaven, and to the stings and thorns of conscience. And Hamlet promised to observe the ghost's direction in all things, and the ghost vanished.

And when Hamlet was left alone, he took up a solemn resolution, that all he had in his memory, all that he had ever learned by books or observation, should be instantly forgotten by him, and nothing live in his brain but the memory of what the ghost had told him and enjoined him to do. And Hamlet related the particulars of the conversation which had passed to none but his dear friend Horatio; and he enjoined both to him and Marcellus the strictest secrecy as to what they had seen that night.

The terror which the sight of the ghost had left upon the senses of Hamlet, he being weak and dispirited before, almost unhinged his mind, and drove him beside his reason. And he, fearing that it would continue to have this effect, which might subject him to observation, and set his uncle upon his guard, if he suspected that he was meditating anything against him, or that Hamlet really knew more of his father's death than he professed, took up a strange resolution, from that time to counterfeit as if he were really and truly mad; thinking that he would be less an object of suspicion when his uncle should believe him incapable of any serious project, and that his real perturbation of mind would be best covered and pass concealed under a disguise of pretended lunacy.

From this time Hamlet affected a certain wildness and strangeness in his apparel, his speech, and behaviour, and did so excellently counterfeit the madman, that the king and queen were both deceived, and not thinking his grief for his father's death a sufficient cause to produce such a distemper—for they knew not of the appearance of the ghost—they concluded that his malady was love, and they thought they had found out the object.

Before Hamlet fell into the melancholy way which has been related, he had dearly loved a fair maid called Ophelia, the

daughter of Polonius, the king's chief councillor in affairs of state. He had sent her letters and rings, and made many tenders of his affection to her, and importuned her with love in honourable fashion; and she had given belief to his vows and importunities. But the melancholy which he fell into latterly had made him neglect her, and from the time he conceived the project of counterfeiting madness, he affected to treat her with unkindness, and a sort of rudeness; but she, good lady, rather than reproach him with being false to her, persuaded herself that it was nothing but the disease in his mind, and no settled unkindness, which had made him less observant of her than formerly; and she compared the faculties of his once noble mind and excellent understanding, impaired as they were with the deep melancholy that oppressed him, to sweet bells which in themselves are capable of most excellent music, but when jangled out of tune, or rudely handled, produce only a harsh and unpleasing sound.

Though the rough business which Hamlet had in hand, the revenging of his father's death upon his murderer, did not suit with the playful state of courtship, or admit of the society of so idle a passion as love now seemed to him, yet it could not hinder but that soft thoughts of his Ophelia would come between; and in one of these moments, when he thought that his treatment of this gentle lady had been unreasonably harsh, he wrote her a letter full of wild starts of passion, and extravagant terms, such as agreed with his supposed madness, but mixed with some gentle touches of affection, which could not but show to this honoured lady, that a deep love for her yet lay at the bottom of his heart. He bade her to doubt the stars were fire, and to doubt the sun did move, to doubt truth to be a liar, but never to doubt that he loved, with more of such extravagant phrases. This letter Ophelia dutifully showed to her father, and the old man thought himself bound to communicate it to the king and queen, who from that time supposed that the true cause of Hamlet's madness was love. And the queen wished that the good beauties of Ophelia might be the happy cause of his wildness, for so she hoped that her

virtues might happily restore him to his accustomed way again, to both their honours.

But Hamlet's malady lay deeper than she supposed, or than could be so cured. His father's ghost, which he had seen, still haunted his imagination, and the sacred injunction to revenge his murder gave him no rest till it was accomplished. Every hour of delay seemed to him a sin, and a violation of his father's commands. Yet how to compass the death of the king, surrounded as he constantly was with his guards, was no easy matter. Or if it had been, the presence of the queen, Hamlet's mother, who was generally with the king, was a restraint upon his purpose, which he could not break through. Besides, the very circumstance that the usurper was his mother's husband filled him with some remorse, and still blunted the edge of his purpose. The mere act of putting a fellow-creature to death was in itself odious and terrible to a disposition naturally so gentle as Hamlet's was. His very melancholy, and the dejection of spirits he had so long been in, produced an irresoluteness and wavering of purpose which kept him from proceeding to extremities. Moreover, he could not help having some scruples upon his mind, whether the spirit which he had seen was indeed his father, or whether it might not be the evil one, who he had heard has power to take any form he pleases, and who might have assumed his father's shape only to take advantage of his weakness and his melancholy, to drive him to the doing of so desperate an act as murder. And he determined that he would have more certain grounds to go upon than a vision, or apparition, which might be a delusion.

While he was in this irresolute mind, there came to the court certain players, in whom Hamlet formerly used to take delight, and particularly to hear one of them speak a tragical speech, describing the death of old Priam, King of Troy, with the grief of Hecuba, his queen. Hamlet welcomed his old friends, the players, and remembering how that speech had formerly given him pleasure, requested the player to repeat it, which he did in so lively a manner, setting forth the cruel murder of the feeble old king, with the destruction of his people and city by fire, and

the mad grief of the old queen, running barefoot up and down the palace, with a poor clout upon that head where a crown had been, and with nothing but a blanket upon her loins, snatched up in haste, where she had worn a royal robe; that not only it drew tears from all that stood by, who thought they saw the real scene, so lively was it represented, but even the player himself delivered it with a broken voice and real tears. This put Hamlet upon thinking, if that player could so work himself up to passion by a mere fictitious speech, to weep for one that he had never seen, for Hecuba, that had been dead so many hundred years; how dull was he, who, having a real motive and cue for passion, a real king and a dear father murdered, was yet so little moved, that his revenge all this while had seemed to have slept in dull and muddy forgetfulness! And while he meditated on actors and acting, and the powerful effects which a good play represented to the life has upon the spectator, he remembered the instance of some murderer, who, seeing a murder on the stage, was by the mere force of the scene and resemblance of circumstances so affected that on the spot he confessed the crime which he had committed. And he determined that these players should play something like the murder of his father before his uncle, and he would watch narrowly what effect it might have upon him, and from his looks he would be able to gather with more certainty if he were the murderer or not. To this effect he ordered a play to be prepared, to the representation of which he invited the king and queen.

The story of the play was of a murder done in Vienna upon a duke. The duke's name was Gonzago, his wife Baptista. The play showed how one Lucianus, a near relation to the duke, poisoned him in his garden for his estate, and how the murderer in a short time after got the love of Gonzago's wife.

At the representation of this play the king, who did not know the trap which was laid for him, was present with his queen and the whole court, Hamlet sitting attentively near him to observe his looks. The play began with a conversation between Gonzago and his wife, in which the lady made many protesta-

tions of love and of never marrying a second husband if she should outlive Gonzago, wishing she might be accursed if ever she took a second husband, and adding that no woman ever did so but those wicked women who kill their first husbands. Hamlet observed the king, his uncle, change colour at this expression, and that it was as bad as wormwood both to him and to the queen. But when Lucianus, according to the story, came to poison Gonzago sleeping in the garden, the strong resemblance which it bore to his own wicked act upon the late king, his brother, whom he had poisoned in his garden, so struck upon the conscience of this usurper that he was unable to sit out the rest of the play, but on a sudden calling for lights to his chamber, and affecting or partly feeling a sudden sickness, he abruptly left the theatre. The king being departed the play was given over. Now Hamlet had seen enough to feel satisfied that the words of the ghost were true and no illusion; and in a fit of gaiety, like that which comes over a man who suddenly has some great doubt or scruple resolved, he swore to Horatio that he would take the ghost's word for a thousand pounds. But before he could make up his resolution as to what measures of revenge he should take, now he was certainly informed that his uncle was his father's murderer, he was sent for by the queen, his mother, to a private conference in her closet.

It was by desire of the king that the queen sent for Hamlet, that she might signify to her son how much his late behaviour had displeased them both; and the king, wishing to know all that passed at that conference, and thinking that the too partial report of a mother might let slip some part of Hamlet's words, which it might much import the king to know, Polonius, the old councillor of state, was ordered to plant himself behind the hangings in the queen's closet, where he might unseen hear all that passed. This artifice was particularly adapted to the disposition of Polonius, who was a man grown old in crooked maxims and policies of state, and delighted to get at the knowledge of matters in an indirect and cunning way.

Hamlet being come to his mother, she began to tax him in the roundest way with his actions and behaviour, and she told him

that he had given great offence to *his father*, meaning the king, his uncle, whom, because he had married her, she called Hamlet's father. Hamlet, sorely indignant that she should give so dear and honoured a name as father seemed to him to a wretch who was indeed no better than the murderer of his true father, with some sharpness replied, "Mother, *you* have much offended *my father*." The queen said that was but an idle answer. "As good as the question deserved," said Hamlet. The queen asked him if he had forgotten who it was he was speaking to? "Alas!" replied Hamlet, "I wish I could forget. You are the queen, your husband's brother's wife, and you are my mother; I wish you were not what you are." "Nay, then," said the queen, "if you show me so little respect, I will send those to you that can speak," and was going to send the king or Polonius to him. But Hamlet would not let her go, now he had her alone, till he had tried if his words could not bring her to some sense of her wicked life; and, taking her by the wrist, he held her fast, and made her sit down. She, affrighted at his earnest manner, and fearful lest in his lunacy he should do her a mischief, cried out; and a voice was heard from behind the hangings, "Help, help the queen!" which, Hamlet hearing, and verily thinking it was the king himself there concealed, he drew his sword, and stabbed at the place where the voice came from, as he would have stabbed a rat that run there, till the voice ceasing, he concluded the person to be dead. But when he dragged forth the body, it was not the king, but Polonius, the old officious councillor, that had planted himself as a spy behind the hangings. "O me!" exclaimed the queen, "what a rash and bloody deed you have done!" "A bloody deed, mother," replied Hamlet, "but not so bad as yours, who killed a king, and married his brother." Hamlet had gone too far to leave off here. He was now in the humour to speak plainly to his mother, and he pursued it. And though the faults of parents are to be tenderly treated by their children, yet in the case of great crimes the son may have leave to speak even to his own mother with some harshness, so as that harshness is meant for her good, and to turn her from her wicked ways, and not

done for the purpose of upbraiding. And now this virtuous prince did in moving terms represent to the queen the heinousness of her offence, in being so forgetful of the dead king, his father, as in so short a space of time to marry with his brother and reputed murderer; such an act as, after the vows which she had sworn to her first husband, was enough to make all vows of women suspected, and all virtue to be accounted hypocrisy, wedding contracts to be less than gamesters' oaths, and religion to be a mockery and a mere form of words. He said she had done such a deed, that the heavens blushed at it, and the earth was sick of her because of it. And he showed her two pictures, the one of the late king, her first husband, and the other of the present king, her second husband, and he bade her mark the difference: what a grace was on the brow of his father, how like a god he looked! the curls of Apollo, the forehead of Jupiter, the eye of Mars, and a posture like to Mercury newly alighted on some heaven-kissing hill! this man *had been* her husband. And then he showed her whom she had got in his stead; how like a blight or a mildew he looked, for so he had blasted his wholesome brother. And the queen was sore ashamed that he should so turn her eyes inward upon her soul, which she now saw so black and deformed. And he asked her how she could continue to live with this man, and be a wife to him who had murdered her first husband, and got the crown by as false means as a thief— And just as he spoke, the ghost of his father, such as he was in his lifetime, and such as he had lately seen it, entered the room, and Hamlet, in great terror, asked what it would have; and the ghost said that it came to remind him of the revenge he had promised, which Hamlet seemed to have forgot; and the ghost bade him speak to his mother, for the grief and terror she was in would else kill her. It then vanished, and was seen by none but Hamlet, neither could he by pointing to where it stood, or by any description, make his mother perceive it, who was terribly frightened all this while to hear him conversing, as it seemed to her, with nothing; and she imputed it to the disorder of his mind. But Hamlet begged her not to flatter her wicked soul in such a

manner as to think that it was his madness, and not her own offences, which had brought his father's spirit again on the earth. And he bade her feel his pulse, how temperately it beat, not like a madman's. And he begged of her with tears to confess herself to Heaven for what was past, and for the future to avoid the company of the king, and be no more as a wife to him; and when she should show herself a mother to him, by respecting his father's memory, he would ask a blessing of her as a son. And she promising to observe his directions, the conference ended.

And now Hamlet was at leisure to consider who it was that, in his unfortunate rashness, he had killed, and when he came to see that it was Polonius, the father of the lady Ophelia, whom he so dearly loved, he drew apart the dead body, and, his spirits being a little quieter, he wept for what he had done.

This unfortunate death of Polonius gave the king a pretence for sending Hamlet out of the kingdom. He would willingly have put him to death, fearing him as dangerous, but he dreaded the people, who loved Hamlet; and the queen, who, with all her faults, doted upon the prince, her son. So this subtle king, under pretence of providing for Hamlet's safety, that he might not be called to account for Polonius's death, caused him to be conveyed on board a ship bound for England, under the care of two courtiers, by whom he despatched letters to the English Court, which at that time was in subjection and paid tribute to Denmark, requiring, for special reasons there pretended, that Hamlet should be put to death as soon as he landed on English ground. Hamlet, suspecting some treachery, in the night time secretly got at the letters, and skilfully erasing his own name, he in the stead of it put in the names of those two courtiers who had the charge of him to be put to death; then sealing up the letters he put them into their place again. Soon after the ship was attacked by pirates, and a sea-fight commenced, in the course of which Hamlet, desirous to show his valour, with sword in hand singly boarded the enemy's vessel, while his own ship, in a cowardly manner, bore away, and, leaving him to his fate, the two courtiers made the

best of their way to England, charged with those letters the sense of which Hamlet had altered to their own deserved destruction.

The pirates, who had the prince in their power, showed themselves gentle enemies; and knowing whom they had got prisoner, in the hope that the prince might do them a good turn at court in recompense for any favour they might show him, they set Hamlet on shore at the nearest port in Denmark. From that place Hamlet wrote to the king acquainting him with the strange chance which had brought him back to his own country, and saying that on the next day he should present himself before his majesty. When he got home a sad spectacle offered itself the first thing to his eyes.

This was the funeral of the young and beautiful Ophelia, his once dear mistress. The wits of this young lady had begun to turn over since her poor father's death. That he should die a violent death, and by the hands of the prince whom she loved, so affected this tender young maid, that in a little time she grew perfectly distracted, and would go about giving flowers away to the ladies of the court, and saying that they were for her father's burial, singing songs about love and about death, and sometimes such as had no meaning at all, as if she had no memory of what happened to her. There was a willow which grew slanting over a brook, and reflected its leaves in the stream. To this brook she came one day when she was unwatched, with garlands she had been making, mixed up of daisies and nettles, flowers and weeds together, and clambering up to hang her garland upon the boughs of the willow, a bough broke and precipitated this fair young maid, garland and all that she had gathered, into the water, where her clothes bore her up for a while, during which she chanted scraps of old tunes, like one insensible to her own distress, or as if she were a creature natural to that element; but long it was not before her garments, heavy with the wet, pulled her in from her melodious singing to a muddy and miserable death. It was the funeral of this fair maid which her brother Laertes was celebrating, the king and queen and whole court being present,

when Hamlet arrived. He knew not what all this show imported, but stood on one side, not inclining to interrupt the ceremony. He saw the flowers strewed upon her grave, as the custom was in maiden burials, which the queen herself threw in; and as she threw them, she said, "Sweets to the sweet! I thought to have decked thy bride-bed, sweet maid, not to have strewed thy grave. Thou shouldst have been my Hamlet's wife." And he heard her brother wish that violets might spring from her grave; and he saw him leap into the grave all frantic with grief, and bid the attendants pile mountains of earth upon him, that he might be buried with her. And Hamlet's love for this fair maid came back to him, and he could not bear that a brother should show so much transport of grief, for he thought that he loved Ophelia better than forty thousand brothers. Then discovering himself, he leaped into the grave where Laertes was, all as frantic or more frantic than he, and Laertes, knowing him to be Hamlet, who had been the cause of his father's and his sister's death, grappled him by the throat as an enemy, till the attendants parted them; and Hamlet, after the funeral, excused his hasty act in throwing himself into the grave as if to brave Laertes, but he said he could not bear that any one should seem to outgo him in grief for the death of the fair Ophelia. And for the time these two noble youths seemed reconciled.

But out of the grief and anger of Laertes for the death of his father and Ophelia, the king, Hamlet's wicked uncle, contrived destruction for Hamlet. He set on Laertes, under cover of peace and reconciliation, to challenge Hamlet to a friendly trial of skill at fencing, which Hamlet accepting, a day was appointed to try the match. At this match all the court was present, and Laertes, by direction of the king, prepared a poisoned weapon. Upon this match great wagers were laid by the courtiers, as both Hamlet and Laertes were known to excel at this sword-play; and Hamlet, taking up the foils, chose one, not at all suspecting the treachery of Laertes, or being careful to examine Laertes' weapon, who, instead of a foil or blunted sword, which the laws of fencing require, made

use of one with a point and poisoned. At first Laertes did but play with Hamlet, and suffered him to gain some advantages, which the dissembling king magnified and extolled beyond measure, drinking to Hamlet's success, and wagering rich bets upon the issue; but after a few passes, Laertes, growing warm, made a deadly thrust at Hamlet with his poisoned weapon, and gave him a mortal blow. Hamlet, incensed, but not knowing the whole of the treachery, in the scuffle exchanged his own innocent weapon for Laertes' deadly one, and with a thrust of Laertes' own sword repaid Laertes home, who was thus justly caught in his own treachery. In this instant the queen shrieked out that she was poisoned. She had inadvertently drunk out of a bowl which the king had prepared for Hamlet, in case that, being warm in fencing, he should call for drink; into this the treacherous king had infused a deadly poison, to make sure of Hamlet, if Laertes had failed. He had forgotten to warn the queen of the bowl, which she drank of, and immediately died, exclaiming with her last breath that she was poisoned. Hamlet, suspecting some treachery, ordered the doors to be shut, while he sought it out. Laertes told him to seek no further, for he was the traitor; and feeling his life go away with the wound which Hamlet had given him, he made confession of the treachery he had used, and how he had fallen a victim to it; and he told Hamlet of the envenomed point, and said that Hamlet had not half an hour to live, for no medicine could cure him; and begging forgiveness of Hamlet, he died, with his last words accusing the king of being the contriver of the mischief. When Hamlet saw his end draw near, there being yet some venom left upon the sword, he suddenly turned upon his false uncle, and thrust the point of it to his heart, fulfilling the promise which he had made to his father's spirit, whose injunction was now accomplished, and his foul murder revenged upon the murderer. Then Hamlet, feeling his breath fail and life departing, turned to his dear friend Horatio, who had been spectator of this fatal tragedy, and with his dying breath requested him that he

would live to tell his story to the world (for Horatio had made a motion as if he would slay himself to accompany the prince in death); and Horatio promised that he would make a true report, as one that was privy to all the circumstances. And, thus satisfied, the noble heart of Hamlet cracked; and Horatio and the bystanders with many tears commended the spirit of their sweet prince to the guardianship of angels. For Hamlet was a loving and a gentle prince, and greatly beloved for his many noble and prince-like qualities; and if he had lived, would no doubt have proved a most royal and complete king to Denmark.

THE TEMPEST.

HERE was a certain island in the sea, the only inhabitants of which were an old man, whose name was Prospero, and his daughter Miranda, a very beautiful young lady. She came to this island so young that she had no memory of having seen any other human face than her father's.

They lived in a cave or cell made out of a rock; it was divided into several apartments, one of which Prospero called his study; there he kept his books, which chiefly treated of magic, a study at that time much affected by all learned men; and the knowledge of this art he found very useful to him, for being thrown by a strange chance upon this island, which had been enchanted by a witch called Sycorax, who died there a short time before his arrival, Prospero, by virtue of his art, released many good spirits that Sycorax had imprisoned in the bodies of large trees, because they had refused to execute her wicked commands. These gentle spirits were ever after obedient to the will of Prospero. Of these Ariel was the chief.

The lively little sprite Ariel had nothing mischievous in his nature, except that he took rather too much pleasure in tormenting an ugly monster called Caliban, for he owed him a grudge because he was the son of his old enemy Sycorax. This Caliban Prospero found in the woods a strange misshapen thing, far less human in form than an ape; he took him home to his cell and taught him to speak, and Prospero would have been very kind to him, but the bad nature which Caliban inherited from his mother Sycorax would not let him learn anything good or useful; therefore he was employed like a slave to fetch wood, and do the most laborious offices; and Ariel had the charge of compelling him to these services.

When Caliban was lazy and neglected his work, Ariel (who was invisible to all eyes but Prospero's) would come slyly and pinch him, and sometimes tumble him down in the mire; and then Ariel, in the likeness of an ape, would make mouths at him. Then swiftly changing his shape, in the likeness of a hedgehog he would lie tumbling in Caliban's way, who feared the hedgehog's sharp quills would prick his bare feet. With a variety of such-like vexatious tricks Ariel would often torment him, whenever Caliban neglected the work which Prospero commanded him to do.

Having these powerful spirits obedient to his will, Prospero could by their means command the winds and the waves of the sea. By his orders they raised a violent storm, in the midst of which, and struggling with the wild sea-waves that every moment threatened to swallow it up, he showed his daughter a fine large ship, which he told her was full of living beings like themselves. "O my dear father," said she, "if by your art you have raised this dreadful storm, have pity on their sad distress. See! the vessel will be dashed to pieces. Poor souls! they will all perish. If I had power I would sink the sea beneath the earth rather than the good ship should be destroyed with all the precious souls within her."

"Be not so amazed, daughter Miranda," said Prospero; "there is no harm done. I have so ordered it that no person in the ship shall receive any hurt. What I have done has been in care of you, my dear child. You are ignorant who you are or where you came from, and you know no more of me but that I am your father, and live in this poor cave. Can you remember a time before you came to this cell? I think you cannot, for you were not then three years of age."

"Certainly I can, sir," replied Miranda.

"By what?" asked Prospero; "by any other house or person? Tell me what you can remember, my child."

Miranda said, "It seems to me like the recollection of a dream. But had I not once four or five women who attended upon me?"

Prospero answered, "You had, and more. How is it that

this still lives in your mind? Do you remember how you came here?"

"No, sir," said Miranda, "I remember nothing more."

"Twelve years ago, Miranda," continued Prospero, "I was Duke of Milan, and you were a princess and my only heir. I had a younger brother whose name was Antonio, to whom I trusted everything; and as I was fond of retirement and deep study, I commonly left the management of my state affairs to your uncle, my false brother (for so indeed he proved). I, neglecting all worldly ends, buried among my books, did dedicate my whole time to the bettering of my mind. My brother Antonio, being thus in possession of my power, began to think himself the duke indeed. The opportunity I gave him of making himself popular among my subjects awakened in his bad nature a proud ambition to deprive me of my dukedom: this he soon effected with the aid of the King of Naples, a powerful prince, who was my enemy."

"Wherefore," said Miranda, "did they not that hour destroy us?"

"My child," answered her father, "they durst not, so dear was the love that my people bore me. Antonio carried us on board a ship, and when we were some leagues out at sea he forced us into a small boat, without either tackle, sail, or mast; there he left us, as he thought, to perish. But a kind lord of my court, one Gonzalo, who loved me, had privately placed in the boat water, provisions, apparel, and some books which I prize above my dukedom."

"O my father," said Miranda, "what a trouble must I have been to you then!"

"No, my love," said Prospero, "you were a little cherub that did preserve me. Your innocent smiles made me to bear up against my misfortunes. Our food lasted till we landed on this desert island, since when my chief delight has been in teaching you, Miranda, and well have you profited by my instructions."

"Heaven thank you, my dear father," said Miranda. "Now pray tell me, sir, your reason for raising this sea storm."

"Know then," said her father, "that by means of this storm my enemies, the King of Naples and my cruel brother, are cast ashore upon this island."

Having so said, Prospero gently touched his daughter with his magic wand, and she fell fast asleep; for the spirit Ariel just then presented himself before his master to give an account of the tempest, and how he had disposed of the ship's company; and though the spirits were always invisible to Miranda, Prospero did not choose she should hear him holding converse (as would seem to her) with the empty air.

"Well, my brave spirit," said Prospero to Ariel, "how have you performed your task?"

Ariel gave a lively description of the storm, and of the terror of the mariners, and how the king's son, Ferdinand, was the first who leaped into the sea, and his father thought he saw this dear son swallowed up by the waves and lost. "But he is safe," said Ariel, "in a corner of the isle, sitting with his arms folded, sadly lamenting the loss of the king, his father, whom he concludes drowned. Not a hair of his head is injured, and his princely garments, though drenched in the sea-waves, look fresher than before."

"That's my delicate Ariel," said Prospero. "Bring him hither; my daughter must see this young prince. Where is the king and my brother?"

"I left them," answered Ariel, "searching for Ferdinand, whom they have little hopes of finding, thinking they saw him perish. Of the ship's crew not one is missing, though each one thinks himself the only one saved; and the ship, though invisible to them, is safe in the harbour."

"Ariel," said Prospero, "thy charge is faithfully performed, but there is more work yet."

"Is there more work?" said Ariel. "Let me remind you, master, you have promised me my liberty. I pray, remember I have done you worthy service, told you no lies, made no mistakes, served you without grudge or grumbling."

"How now?" said Prospero. "You do not recollect what a torment I freed you from. Have you forgotten the wicked

witch Sycorax, who with age and envy was almost bent double? Where was she born? Speak; tell me."

"Sir, in Algiers," said Ariel.

"Oh, was she so?" said Prospero. "I must recount what you have been, which I find you do not remember. This bad witch Sycorax, for her witchcrafts, too terrible to enter human hearing, was banished from Algiers, and here left by the sailors, and because you were a spirit too delicate to execute her wicked commands, she shut you up in a tree, where I found you howling. This torment, remember, I did free you from."

"Pardon me, dear master," said Ariel, ashamed to seem ungrateful; "I will obey your commands."

"Do so," said Prospero, "and I will set you free." He then gave orders what farther he would have him do, and away went Ariel, first to where he had left Ferdinand, and found him still sitting on the grass in the same melancholy posture.

"O, my young gentleman," said Ariel, when he saw him, "I will soon move you. You must be brought, I find, for the Lady Miranda to have a sight of your pretty person. Come, sir, follow me." He then began singing,

"Full fathom five thy father lies:
Of his bones are coral made;
Those are pearls that were his eyes:
Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:
Hark, now I hear them, ding-dong bell."

This strange news of his lost father soon roused the prince from the stupid fit into which he had fallen. He followed in amazement the sound of Ariel's voice till it led him to Prospero and Miranda, who were seated under the shade of a large tree. Now, Miranda had never seen a man before except her own father.

"Miranda," said Prospero, "tell me what you are looking at yonder."

"O, father," said Miranda, in a strange surprise, "surely that is a spirit. Lord! how it looks about! Believe me, sir, it is a beautiful creature. Is it not a spirit?"

"No, girl," answered her father; "it eats, and sleeps, and has senses such as we have. This young man you see was in the ship. He is somewhat altered by grief, or you might call him a handsome person. He has lost his companions, and is wandering about to find them."

Miranda, who thought all men had grave faces and grey beards like her father, was delighted with the appearance of this beautiful young prince; and Ferdinand, seeing such a lovely lady in this desert place, and from the strange sounds he had heard expected nothing but wonders, thought he was upon an enchanted island, and that Miranda was the goddess of the place, and as such he began to address her.

She timidly answered she was no goddess, but a simple maid, and was going to give an account of herself, when Prospero interrupted her. He was well pleased to find they admired each other, for he plainly perceived they had (as we say) fallen in love at first sight; but to try Ferdinand's constancy, he resolved to throw some difficulties in their way; therefore advancing forward, he addressed the prince with a stern air, telling him he came to the island as a spy, to take it from him who was the lord of it. "Follow me," said he, "I will tie you neck and feet together. You shall drink sea-water; shell-fish, withered roots, and husks of acorns shall be your food." "No," said Ferdinand, "I will resist such entertainment till I see a more powerful enemy," and drew his sword, but Prospero, waving his magic wand, fixed him to the spot where he stood, so that he had no power to move.

Miranda hung upon her father, saying, "Why are you so ungentle? Have pity, sir, I will be his surety. This is the second man I ever saw, and to me he seems a true one."

"Silence," said her father, "one word more will make me chide you, girl! What! an advocate for an impostor! You think there are no more such fine men, having seen only him and Caliban. I tell you, foolish girl, most men as far excel this as he does Caliban." This he said to prove his daughter's constancy; and she replied, "My affections are most humble. I have no wish to see a goodlier man."

"Come on, young man," said Prospero to the prince, "you have no power to disobey me."

"I have not indeed," answered Ferdinand; and not knowing it was by magic he was deprived of all power of resistance, he was astonished to find he was so strangely compelled to follow Prospero: looking back on Miranda as long as he could see her, he said, as he went after Prospero into the cave, "My spirits are all bound up, as if I were in a dream; but this man's threats, and the weakness which I feel, would seem light to me if from my prison I might once a day behold this fair maid."

Prospero kept Ferdinand not long confined within the cell: he soon brought out his prisoner, and set him a severe task to perform, taking care to let his daughter know the hard labour he had imposed on him, and then pretending to go into his study, he secretly watched them both.

Prospero had commanded Ferdinand to pile up some heavy logs of wood. King's sons not being much used to laborious work, Miranda soon after found her lover almost dying with fatigue. "Alas!" said she, "do not work so hard; my father is at his studies, he is safe for these three hours: pray rest yourself."

"O, my dear lady," said Ferdinand, "I dare not. I must finish my task before I take my rest."

"If you will sit down," said Miranda, "I will carry your logs the while." But this Ferdinand would by no means agree to. Instead of a help Miranda became a hindrance, for they began a long conversation, so that the business of log-carrying went on very slowly.

Prospero, who had enjoined Ferdinand this task merely as a trial of his love, was not at his books as his daughter supposed, but was standing by them invisible, to overhear what they said.

Ferdinand inquired her name, which she told him, saying it was against her father's express command she did so.

Prospero only smiled at this first instance of his daughter's disobedience, for having by his magic art caused his daughter to fall in love so suddenly, he was not angry that she showed her love by forgetting to obey his commands. And he listened well

pleased to a long speech of Ferdinand's, in which he professed to love her above all the ladies he ever saw.

In answer to his praises of her beauty, which he said exceeded all the women in the world, she replied, "I do not remember the face of any woman, nor have I seen any more men than you, my good friend, and my dear father. How features are abroad, I know not; but believe me, sir, I would not wish any companion in the world but you, nor can my imagination form any shape but yours that I could like. But, sir, I fear I talk to you too freely, and my father's precepts I forget."

At this Prospero smiled and nodded his head, as much as to say, "This goes on exactly as I could wish; my girl will be Queen of Naples."

And then Ferdinand, in another fine long speech (for young princes speak in courtly phrases), told the innocent Miranda he was heir to the crown of Naples, and that she should be his queen.

"Ah! sir," said she, "I am a fool to weep at what I am glad of. I will answer you in plain and holy innocence. I am your wife if you will marry me."

Prospero prevented Ferdinand's thanks by appearing visible before them.

"Fear nothing, my child," said he, "I have overheard and approve of all you have said. And, Ferdinand, if I have too severely used you, I will make you rich amends by giving you my daughter. All your vexations were but my trials of your love, and you have nobly stood the test. Then as my gift, which your true love has worthily purchased, take my daughter, and do not smile that I boast she is above all praise." He then, telling them that he had business which required his presence, desired they would sit down and talk together till he returned; and this command Miranda seemed not at all disposed to disobey.

When Prospero left them, he called his spirit Ariel, who quickly appeared before him, eager to relate what he had done with Prospero's brother and the King of Naples. Ariel said he had left them almost out of their senses with fear at the

strange things he had caused them to see and hear. When fatigued with wandering about and famished for want of food, he had suddenly set before them a delicious banquet, and then, just as they were going to eat, he appeared visible before them, in the shape of a harpy, a voracious monster with wings, and the feast vanished away. Then, to their utter amazement, this seeming harpy spoke to them, reminding them of their cruelty in driving Prospero from his dukedom, and leaving him and his infant daughter to perish in the sea, saying that for this cause these terrors were suffered to afflict them.

The King of Naples and Antonio, the false brother, repented the injustice they had done to Prospero; and Ariel told his master he was certain their penitence was sincere, and that he, though a spirit, could not but pity them.

"Then bring them hither, Ariel," said Prospero; "if you, who are but a spirit, feel for their distress, shall not I, who am a human being like themselves, have compassion on them? Bring them quickly, my dainty Ariel."

Ariel soon returned with the king, Antonio, and old Gonzalo in their train, who had followed him wondering at the wild music he played in the air to draw them on to his master's presence. This Gonzalo was the same who had so kindly provided Prospero formerly with books and provisions, when his wicked brother left him, as he thought, to perish in an open boat in the sea.

Grief and terror had so stupefied their senses that they did not know Prospero. He first discovered himself to the good old Gonzalo, calling him the preserver of his life, and then his brother and the king knew that he was the injured Prospero.

Antonio, with tears and sad words of sorrow and true repentance, implored his brother's forgiveness; and the king expressed his sincere remorse for having assisted Antonio to depose his brother; and Prospero forgave them, and upon their engaging to restore his dukedom, he said to the King of Naples, "I have a gift in store for you too," and opening a door, showed him his son Ferdinand playing at chess with Miranda.

Nothing could exceed the joy of the father and the son at this unexpected meeting, for they each thought the other drowned in the storm.

"O wonder!" said Miranda, "what noble creatures these are! it must surely be a brave world that has such people in it."

The King of Naples was almost as much astonished at the beauty and excellent graces of the young Miranda as his son had been. "Who is this maid?" said he; "she seems the goddess that has parted us and brought us thus together." "No, sir," answered Ferdinand, smiling to find his father had fallen into the same mistake that he had done when he first saw Miranda, "she is a mortal, but by immortal Providence she is mine; I chose her when I could not ask you, my father, for your consent, not thinking you were alive. She is the daughter to this Prospero, who is the famous Duke of Milan, of whose renown I have heard so much, but never saw him till now; of him I have received a new life; he has made himself to me a second father, giving me this dear lady."

"Then I must be her father," said the king; "but oh! how oddly will it sound, that I must ask my child's forgiveness."

"No more of that," said Prospero; "let us not remember our troubles past, since they so happily have ended." And then Prospero embraced his brother, and again assured him of his forgiveness, and said that a wise, overruling Providence had permitted that he should be driven from his poor dukedom of Milan, that his daughter might inherit the crown of Naples, for that by their meeting in this desert island it had happened that the king's son had loved Miranda.

These kind words which Prospero spoke, meaning to comfort his brother, so filled Antonio with shame and remorse that he wept and was unable to speak, and the kind old Gonzalo wept to see this joyful reconciliation, and prayed for blessings on the young couple.

Prospero now told them that their ship was safe in the harbour, and the sailors all on board her, and that he and his daughter would accompany them home the next morning. "In the meantime," said he, "partake of such refreshments as

my poor cave affords, and for your evening's entertainment I will relate the history of my life from my first landing in this desert island." He then called for Caliban to prepare some food and set the cave in order, and the company were astonished at the uncouth form and savage appearance of this ugly monster, who, Prospero said, was the only attendant he had to wait upon him.

Before Prospero left the island he dismissed Ariel from his service, to the great joy of that lively little spirit, who, though he had been a faithful servant to his master, was always longing to enjoy his free liberty, to wander uncontrolled in the air like a wild bird, under green trees, among pleasant fruits and sweet-smelling flowers. "My quaint Ariel," said Prospero to the little sprite when he made him free, "I shall miss you; yet you shall have your freedom." "Thank you, my dear master," said Ariel; "but give me leave to attend your ship home with prosperous gales before you bid farewell to the assistance of your faithful spirit, and then, master, when I am free how merrily I shall live!" Here Ariel sung this pretty song—

"Where the bee sucks, there suck I;
In a cowslip's bell I lie:
There I couch when owls do cry.
On the bat's back I do fly
After summer merrily.
Merrily, merrily, shall I live now
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough."

Prospero then buried deep in the earth his magical books and wand, for he was resolved never more to make use of the magic art. And having thus overcome his enemies, and being reconciled to his brother and the King of Naples, nothing now remained to complete his happiness but to revisit his native land, to take possession of his dukedom, and to witness the happy nuptials of his daughter Miranda and Prince Ferdinand, which the king said should be instantly celebrated with great splendour on their return to Naples, at which place, under the safe convoy of the spirit Ariel, they after a pleasant voyage soon arrived.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

DURING the time that France was divided into provinces (or dukedoms as they were called) there reigned in one of these provinces an usurper, who had deposed and banished his elder brother, the lawful duke.

The duke, who was thus driven from his dominions, retired with a few faithful followers to the forest of Arden; and here the good duke lived with his loving friends, who had put themselves into a voluntary exile for his sake, while their land and revenues enriched the false usurper; and custom soon made the life of careless ease they led here more sweet to them than the pomp and uneasy splendour of a courtier's life. Here they lived like the old Robin Hood of England, and to this forest many noble youths daily resorted from the court, and did fleet the time carelessly, as they did who lived in the golden age. In the summer they lay along under the fine shade of the large forest trees, marking the playful sports of the wild deer; and so fond were they of these poor dappled fools, who seemed to be the native inhabitants of the forest, that it grieved them to be forced to kill them to supply themselves with venison for their food. When the cold winds of winter made the duke feel the change of his adverse fortune, he would endure it patiently and say, "These chilling winds which blow upon my body are true counsellors; they do not flatter, but represent truly to me my condition; and though they bite sharply, their tooth is nothing like so keen as that of unkindness and ingratitude. I find that, howsoever men speak against adversity, yet some sweet uses are to be extracted from it; like the jewel, precious for medicine, which is taken from the head of the venomous and despised toad." In this manner did the patient duke draw a useful moral from everything that he saw, and by the help of

this moralising turn, in that life of his, remote from public haunts, he could find tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything.

The banished duke had an only daughter, named Rosalind, whom the usurper, Duke Frederick, when he banished her father, still retained in his court as a companion for his own daughter Celia. A strict friendship subsisted between these ladies, which the disagreement between their fathers did not in the least interrupt, Celia striving by every kindness in her power to make amends to Rosalind for the injustice of her own father in deposing the father of Rosalind, and whenever the thoughts of her father's banishment, and her own dependence on the false usurper, made Rosalind melancholy, Celia's whole care was to comfort and console her.

One day, when Celia was talking in her usual kind manner to Rosalind, saying, "I pray you, Rosalind, my sweet cousin, be merry," a messenger entered from the duke, to tell them that if they wished to see a wrestling match, which was just going to begin, they must come instantly to the court before the palace; and Celia, thinking it would amuse Rosalind, agreed to go and see it.

In those times wrestling, which is only practised now by country clowns, was a favourite sport even in the courts of princes, and before fair ladies and princesses. To this wrestling match, therefore, Celia and Rosalind went. They found that it was likely to prove a very tragical sight, for a large and powerful man, who had long been practised in the art of wrestling, and had slain many men in contests of this kind, was just going to wrestle with a very young man, who, from his extreme youth and inexperience in the art, the beholders all thought would certainly be killed.

When the duke saw Celia and Rosalind, he said, "How now, daughter and niece, are you crept hither to see the wrestling? You will take little delight in it; there is such odds in the men. In pity to this young man, I would wish to persuade him from wrestling. Speak to him, ladies, and see if you can move him."

The ladies were well pleased to perform this humane office, and first Celia entreated the young stranger that he would desist from the attempt, and then Rosalind spoke so kindly to him, and with such feeling consideration for the danger he was about to undergo, that, instead of being persuaded by her gentle words to forego his purpose, all his thoughts were bent to distinguish himself by his courage in this lovely lady's eyes. He refused the request of Celia and Rosalind in such graceful and modest words that they felt still more concern for him. He concluded his refusal with saying, "I am sorry to deny such fair and excellent ladies anything. But let your fair eyes and gentle wishes go with me to my trial, wherein, if I be conquered, there is one shamed that was never gracious; if I am killed, there is one dead that is willing to die. I shall do my friends no wrong, for I have none to lament me; the world no injury, for in it I have nothing; for I only fill up a place in the world which may be better supplied when I have made it empty."

And now the wrestling match began. Celia wished the young stranger might not be hurt, but Rosalind felt most for him. The friendless state which he said he was in, and that he wished to die, made Rosalind think that he was, like herself, unfortunate, and she pitied him so much, and so deep an interest she took in his danger while he was wrestling, that she might almost be said at that moment to have fallen in love with him.

The kindness shown this unknown youth by these fair and noble ladies gave him courage and strength, so that he performed wonders, and in the end completely conquered his antagonist, who was so much hurt that for a while he was unable to speak or move.

The Duke Frederick was much pleased with the courage and skill shown by this young stranger, and desired to know his name and parentage, meaning to take him under his protection.

The stranger said his name was Orlando, and that he was the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Bois.

Sir Rowland de Bois, the father of Orlando, had been dead

some years; but when he was living he had been a true subject and dear friend of the banished duke; therefore, when Frederick heard Orlando was the son of his banished brother's friend, all his liking for this brave young man was changed into displeasure, and he left the place in very ill humour. Hating to hear the very name of any of his brother's friends, and yet still admiring the valour of the youth, he said as he went out that he wished Orlando had been the son of any other man.

Rosalind was delighted to hear that her new favourite was the son of her father's old friend, and she said to Celia, "My father loved Sir Rowland de Bois, and if I had known this young man was his son I would have added tears to my entreaties before he should have ventured."

The ladies then went up to him, and seeing him abashed by the sudden displeasure shown by the duke, they spoke kind and encouraging words to him; and Rosalind, when they were going away, turned back to speak some more civil things to the brave young son of her father's old friend; and taking a chain from off her neck, she said, "Gentleman, wear this for me. I am out of suits with fortune, or I would give you a more valuable present."

When the ladies were alone, Rosalind's talk being still of Orlando, Celia began to perceive her cousin had fallen in love with the handsome young wrestler, and she said to Rosalind, "Is it possible you should fall in love so suddenly?" Rosalind replied, "The duke, my father, loved his father dearly." "But," said Celia, "does it therefore follow that you should love his son dearly? for then I ought to hate him, for my father hated his father; yet I do not hate Orlando."

Frederick being enraged at the sight of Sir Rowland de Bois' son, which reminded him of the many friends the banished duke had among the nobility, and having been for some time displeased with his niece, because the people praised her for her virtues, and pitied her for her good father's sake, his malice suddenly broke out against her; and while Celia and Rosalind were talking of Orlando, Frederick entered the room, and with

looks full of anger ordered Rosalind instantly to leave the palace, and follow her father into banishment, telling Celia, who in vain pleaded for her, that he had only suffered Rosalind to stay upon her account. "I did not then," said Celia, "entreat you to let her stay, for I was too young at that time to value her; but now that I know her worth, and that we so long have slept together, rose at the same instant, learned, played, and eat together, I cannot live out of her company." Frederick replied, "She is too subtle for you; her smoothness, her very silence and her patience speak to the people, and they pity her. You are a fool to plead for her, for you will seem more bright and virtuous when she is gone; therefore open not your lips in her favour, for the doom which I have passed upon her is irrevocable."

When Celia found she could not prevail upon her father to let Rosalind remain with her, she generously resolved to accompany her; and, leaving her father's palace that night, she went along with her friend to seek Rosalind's father, the banished duke, in the forest of Arden.

Before they set out, Celia considered that it would be unsafe for two young ladies to travel in the rich clothes they then wore; she therefore proposed that they should disguise their rank by dressing themselves like country maids. Rosalind said it would be a still greater protection if one of them was to be dressed like a man; and so it was quickly agreed on between them, that as Rosalind was the taller, she should wear the dress of a young countryman, and Celia should be habited like a country lass, and that they should say they were brother and sister; and Rosalind said she would be called Ganymede, and Celia chose the name of Aliena.

In this disguise, and taking their money and jewels to defray their expenses, these fair princesses set out on their long travel, for the forest of Arden was a long way off, beyond the boundaries of the duke's dominions.

The Lady Rosalind (or Ganymede, as she must now be called) with her manly garb seemed to have put on a manly courage. The faithful friendship Celia had shown in accompanying

Rosalind so many weary miles made the new brother, in recompense for this true love, exert a cheerful spirit, as if he were indeed Ganymede, the rustic and stout-hearted brother of the gentle village maiden, Aliena.

When at last they came to the forest of Arden, they no longer found the convenient inns and good accommodations they had met with on the road, and being in want of food and rest, Ganymede, who had so merrily cheered his sister with pleasant speeches and happy remarks all the way, now owned to Aliena that he was so weary he could find in his heart to disgrace his man's apparel and cry like a woman, and Aliena declared she could go no further, and then again Ganymede tried to recollect that it was a man's duty to comfort and console a woman as the weaker vessel, and, to seem courageous to his new sister, he said—"Come, have a good heart, my sister Aliena; we are now at the end of our travel in the forest of Arden." But feigned manliness and forced courage would no longer support them, for though they were in the forest of Arden they knew not where to find the duke, and here the travel of these weary ladies might have come to a sad conclusion, for they might have lost themselves and have perished for want of food; but, providentially, as they were sitting on the grass, almost dying with fatigue and hopeless of any relief, a countryman chanced to pass that way, and Ganymede once more tried to speak with a manly boldness, saying, "Shepherd, if love or gold can in this desert place procure us entertainment, I pray you bring us where we may rest ourselves, for this young maid, my sister, is much fatigued with travelling, and faints for want of food."

The man replied that he was only servant to a shepherd, and that his master's house was just going to be sold, and therefore they would find but poor entertainment, but that if they would go with him they should be welcome to what there was. They followed the man, the near prospect of relief giving them fresh strength, and bought the house and sheep of the shepherd, and took the man who conducted them to the shepherd's house to wait on them, and being by this means so fortunately provided

with a neat cottage, and well supplied with provisions, they agreed to stay here till they could learn in what part of the forest the duke dwelt.

When they were rested, after the fatigue of their journey, they began to like their new way of life, and almost fancied themselves the shepherd and shepherdess they feigned to be; yet sometimes Ganymede remembered he had once been the same Lady Rosalind who had so dearly loved the brave Orlando, because he was the son of old Sir Rowland, her father's friend, and though Ganymede thought that Orlando was many miles distant, even so many weary miles as they had travelled, yet it soon appeared that Orlando was also in the forest of Arden, and in this manner this strange event came to pass.

Orlando was the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Bois, who, when he died, left him (Orlando being then very young) to the care of his eldest brother Oliver, charging Oliver, on his blessing, to give his brother a good education, and provide for him as became the dignity of their ancient house. Oliver proved an unworthy brother, and, disregarding the commands of his dying father, he never put his brother to school, but kept him at home untaught and entirely neglected. But in his nature and in the noble qualities of his mind Orlando so much resembled his excellent father that, without any advantages of education, he seemed like a youth who had been bred with the utmost care; and Oliver so envied the fine person and dignified manners of his untutored brother, that at last he wished to destroy him; and to effect this he set on people to persuade him to wrestle with the famous wrestler, who, as has been before related, had killed so many men. Now it was this cruel brother's neglect of him which made Orlando say he wished to die, being so friendless.

When, contrary to the wicked hopes he had formed, his brother proved victorious, his envy and malice knew no bounds, and he swore he would burn the chamber where Orlando slept. He was overheard making this vow by one that had been an old and faithful friend to their father, and that loved Orlando because he resembled Sir Rowland. This old man went out to

meet him when he returned from the duke's palace, and when he saw Orlando, the peril his dear young master was in made him break out into these passionate exclamations: "O, my gentle master, my sweet master; O, you memory of old Sir Rowland! why are you virtuous, why are you gentle, strong, and valiant, and why would you be so fond to overcome the famous wrestler? Your praise is come too swiftly home before you." Orlando, wondering what all this meant, asked him what was the matter. And then the old man told him how his wicked brother, envying the love all people bore him, and now hearing the fame he had gained by his victory in the duke's palace, intended to destroy him by setting fire to his chamber that night; and, in conclusion, advised him to escape the danger he was in by instant flight; and knowing Orlando had no money, Adam (for that was the good old man's name) had brought out with him his own little hoard, and he said, "I have five hundred crowns, the thrifty hire I saved under your father, and laid by to be provision for me when my old limbs should become unfit for service; take that, and He that doth the ravens feed be comfort to my age! Here is the gold; all this I give to you; let me be your servant; though I look old, I will do the service of a younger man in all your business and necessities." "O good old man!" said Orlando, "how well appears in you the constant service of the old world! You are not for the fashion of these times. We will go along together, and before your youthful wages are spent, I shall light upon some means for both our maintenance."

Together, then, this faithful servant and his loved master set out; and Orlando and Adam travelled on uncertain what course to pursue, till they came to the forest of Arden, and there they found themselves in the same distress for want of food that Ganymede and Aliena had been. They wandered on, seeking some human habitation, till they were almost spent with hunger and fatigue. Adam at last said, "O my dear master, I die for want of food, I can go no farther!" He then laid himself down, thinking to make that place his grave, and bade his dear master farewell. Orlando, seeing him in this

weak state, took his old servant up in his arms, and carried him under the shelter of some pleasant trees; and he said to him, "Cheerily, old Adam, rest your weary limbs here a while, and do not talk of dying!"

Orlando then searched about to find some food, and he happened to arrive at that part of the forest where the duke was, and he and his friends were just going to eat their dinner, this royal duke being seated on the grass, under no other canopy than the shady cover of some large trees.

Orlando, whom hunger had made desperate, drew his sword, intending to take their meat by force, and said, "Forbear, and eat no more; I must have your food!" The duke asked him if distress had made him so bold, or if he were a rude despiser of good manners? On this Orlando said he was dying with hunger, and then the duke told him he was welcome to sit down and eat with them. Orlando, hearing him speak so gently, put up his sword, and blushed with shame at the rude manner in which he had demanded their food. "Pardon me, I pray you," said he; "I thought that all things had been savage here, and therefore I put on the countenance of stern command; but whatever men you are that in this desert, under the shade of melancholy boughs, lose and neglect the creeping hours of time; if ever you have looked on better days; if ever you have been where bells have knolled to church; if you have ever sat at any good man's feast; if ever from your eyelids you have wiped a tear, and know what it is to pity or be pitied, may gentle speeches now move you to do me human courtesy!" The duke replied, "True it is that we are men (as you say) who have seen better days, and though we have now our habitation in this wild forest, we have lived in towns and cities, and have with holy bell been knolled to church, have sat at good men's feasts, and from our eyes have wiped the drops which sacred pity has engendered: therefore sit you down, and take of our refreshment as much as will minister to your wants." "There is a poor old man," answered Orlando, "who has limped after me many a weary step in pure love, oppressed at once with two sad infirmities, age and hunger;

till he be satisfied I must not touch a bit." "Go, find him out, and bring him hither," said the duke; "we will forbear to eat till you return." Then Orlando went like a doe to find its fawn and give it food, and presently returned bringing Adam in his arms; and the duke said, "Set down your venerable burden; you are both welcome:" and they fed the old man and cheered his heart, and he revived, and recovered his health and strength again.

The duke inquired who Orlando was, and when he found that he was the son of his old friend, Sir Rowland de Bois, he took him under his protection, and Orlando and his old servant lived with the duke in the forest.

Orlando arrived in the forest not many days after Ganymede and Aliena came there, and (as has been before related) bought the shepherd's cottage.

Ganymede and Aliena were strangely surprised to find the name of Rosalind carved on the trees, and love sonnets fastened to them, all addressed to Rosalind; and while they were wondering how this could be, they met Orlando, and they perceived the chain which Rosalind had given him about his neck.

Orlando little thought that Ganymede was the fair princess Rosalind, who, by her noble condescension and favour, had so won his heart that he passed his whole time in carving her name upon the trees, and writing sonnets in praise of her beauty; but being much pleased with the graceful air of this pretty shepherd youth, he entered into conversation with him, and he thought he saw a likeness in Ganymede to his beloved Rosalind, but that he had none of the dignified deportment of that noble lady; for Ganymede assumed the forward manners often seen in youths when they are between boys and men, and with much archness and humour talked to Orlando of a certain lover, "who," said he, "haunts our forest, and spoils our young trees with carving Rosalind upon their barks; and he hangs odes upon hawthorns, and elegies on brambles, all praising this same Rosalind. If I could find this lover, I would give him some good counsel that would soon cure him of his love."

Orlando confessed that he was the fond lover of whom he spoke, and asked Ganymede to give him the good counsel he talked of. The remedy Ganymede proposed, and the counsel he gave him, was that Orlando should come every day to the cottage where he and his sister Aliena dwelt: "And then," said Ganymede, "I will feign myself to be Rosalind, and you shall feign to court me in the same manner as you would do if I was Rosalind, and then I will imitate the fantastic ways of whimsical ladies to their lovers, till I make you ashamed of your love; and this is the way I propose to cure you." Orlando had no great faith in the remedy, yet he agreed to come every day to Ganymede's cottage, and feign a playful courtship; and every day Orlando visited Ganymede and Aliena, and Orlando called the shepherd Ganymede his Rosalind, and every day talked over all the fine words and flattering compliments, which young men delight to use when they court their mistresses. It does not appear, however, that Ganymede made any progress in curing Orlando of his love for Rosalind.

Though Orlando thought all this was but a sportive play (not dreaming that Ganymede was his very Rosalind), yet the opportunity it gave him of saying all the fond things he had in his heart pleased his fancy almost as well as it did Ganymede's, who enjoyed the secret jest in knowing these fine love speeches were all addressed to the right person.

In this manner many days passed pleasantly on with these young people; and the good-natured Aliena, seeing it made Ganymede happy, let him have his own way, and was diverted at the mock courtship, and did not care to remind Ganymede that the Lady Rosalind had not yet made herself known to the duke her father, whose place of resort in the forest they had learnt from Orlando. Ganymede met the duke one day, and had some talk with him, and the duke asked of what parentage he came. Ganymede answered that he came of as good a parentage as he did, which made the duke smile, for he did not suspect the pretty shepherd boy came of royal lineage. Then seeing the duke look well and happy, Ganymede was content to put off all further explanation for a few days longer.

One morning, as Orlando was going to visit Ganymede, he saw a man lying asleep on the ground, and a large green snake had twisted itself about his neck. The snake, seeing Orlando approach, glided away among the bushes. Orlando went nearer, and then he discovered a lioness lie couching, with her head on the ground, with a cat-like watch, waiting till the sleeping man awaked (for it is said that lions will prey on nothing that is dead or sleeping). It seemed as if Orlando was sent by Providence to free the man from the danger of the snake and lioness; but when Orlando looked in the man's face, he perceived that the sleeper, who was exposed to this double peril, was his own brother Oliver, who had so cruelly used him, and had threatened to destroy him by fire, and he was almost tempted to leave him a prey to the hungry lioness; but brotherly affection and the gentleness of his nature soon overcame his first anger against his brother, and he drew his sword and attacked the lioness, and slew her, and thus preserved his brother's life both from the venomous snake and from the furious lioness; but before Orlando could conquer the lioness, she had torn one of his arms with her sharp claws.

While Orlando was engaged with the lioness, Oliver awaked, and perceiving that his brother Orlando, whom he had so cruelly treated, was saving him from the fury of a wild beast at the risk of his own life, shame and remorse at once seized him, and he repented of his unworthy conduct, and besought with many tears his brother's pardon for the injuries he had done him. Orlando rejoiced to see him so penitent, and readily forgave him; they embraced each other, and from that hour Oliver loved Orlando with a true brotherly affection, though he had come to the forest bent on his destruction.

The wound in Orlando's arm having bled very much, he found himself too weak to go to visit Ganymede, and therefore he desired his brother to go and tell Ganymede, "whom," said Orlando, "I in sport do call my Rosalind," the accident which had befallen him.

Thither then Oliver went, and told to Ganymede and Aliena

how Orlando had saved his life; and when he had finished the story of Orlando's bravery, and his own providential escape, he owned to them that he was Orlando's brother, who had so cruelly used him; and then he told them of their reconciliation.

The sincere sorrow that Oliver expressed for his offences made such a lively impression on the kind heart of Aliena, that she instantly fell in love with him; and Oliver, observing how much she pitied the distress he told her he felt for his fault, he as suddenly fell in love with her. But while love was thus stealing into the hearts of Aliena and Oliver, he was no less busy with Ganymede, who, hearing of the danger Orlando had been in, and that he was wounded by the lioness, fainted; and when he recovered, he pretended that he had counterfeited the swoon in the imaginary character of Rosalind, and Ganymede said to Oliver, "Tell your brother Orlando how well I counterfeited a swoon." But Oliver saw by the paleness of his complexion that he did really faint, and, much wondering at the weakness of the young man, he said, "Well, if you did counterfeit, take a good heart, and counterfeit to be a man." "So I do," replied Ganymede, truly, "but I should have been a woman by right."

Oliver made this visit a very long one, and when at last he returned back to his brother, he had much news to tell him; for, besides the account of Ganymede's fainting at the hearing that Orlando was wounded, Oliver told him how he had fallen in love with the fair shepherdess Aliena, and that she had lent a favourable ear to his suit, even in this their first interview; and he talked to his brother, as of a thing almost settled, that he should marry Aliena, saying that he so well loved her that he would live here as a shepherd, and settle his estate and house at home upon Orlando.

"You have my consent," said Orlando. "Let your wedding be to-morrow, and I will invite the duke and his friends. Go and persuade your shepherdess to agree to this: she is now alone, for look, here comes her brother." Oliver went to Aliena; and Ganymede, whom Orlando had perceived approaching, came to inquire after the health of his wounded friend.

When Orlando and Ganymede began to talk over the sudden love which had taken place between Oliver and Aliena, Orlando said he had advised his brother to persuade his fair shepherdess to be married on the morrow, and then he added how much he could wish to be married on the same day to his Rosalind.

Ganymede, who well approved of this arrangement, said, that if Orlando really loved Rosalind as well as he professed to do, he should have his wish; for on the morrow he would engage to make Rosalind appear in her own person, and also that Rosalind should be willing to marry Orlando.

This seemingly wonderful event, which, as Ganymede was the Lady Rosalind, he could so easily perform, he pretended he would bring to pass by the aid of magic, which he said he had learnt of an uncle who was a famous magician.

The fond lover Orlando, half believing and half doubting what he heard, asked Ganymede if he spoke in sober meaning. "By my life I do," said Ganymede; "therefore put on your best clothes, and bid the duke and your friends to your wedding; for if you desire to be married to-morrow to Rosalind, she shall be here."

The next morning, Oliver having obtained the consent of Aliena, they came into the presence of the duke, and with them also came Orlando.

They being all assembled to celebrate this double marriage, and as yet only one of the brides appearing, there was much of wondering and conjecture, but they mostly thought that Ganymede was making a jest of Orlando.

The duke, hearing that it was his own daughter that was to be brought in this strange way, asked Orlando if he believed the shepherd boy could really do what he had promised; and while Orlando was answering that he knew not what to think, Ganymede entered and asked the duke, if he brought his daughter, whether he would consent to her marriage with Orlando. "That I would," said the duke, "if I had kingdoms to give with her." Ganymede then said to Orlando, "And you say you will marry her if I bring her here?" "That I would," said Orlando, "if I were king of many kingdoms."

Ganymede and Aliena then went out together, and Ganymede throwing off his male attire and being once more dressed in woman's apparel, quickly became Rosalind without the power of magic; and Aliena, changing her country garb for her own rich clothes, was with as little trouble transformed into the Lady Celia.

While they were gone, the duke said to Orlando that he thought the shepherd Ganymede very like his daughter Rosalind; and Orlando said he also had observed the resemblance.

They had no time to wonder how all this would end, for Rosalind and Celia in their own clothes entered; and, no longer pretending that it was by the power of magic that she came there, Rosalind threw herself on her knees before her father and begged his blessing. It seemed so wonderful to all present that she should so suddenly appear, that it might well have passed for magic; but Rosalind would no longer trifle with her father, but told him the story of her banishment, and of her dwelling in the forest as a shepherd boy, her cousin Celia passing as her sister.

The duke ratified the consent he had already given to the marriage; and Orlando and Rosalind, Oliver and Celia, were married at the same time. And though their wedding could not be celebrated in this wild forest with any of the parade or splendour usual on such occasions, yet a happier wedding-day was never passed: and while they were eating their venison under the cool shade of the trees, as if nothing should be wanting to complete the felicity of this good duke and the true lovers, an unexpected messenger arrived to tell the duke the joyful news that his dukedom was restored to him.

The usurper, enraged at the flight of his daughter Celia, and hearing that every day men of great worth resorted to the forest of Arden to join the lawful duke in his exile, much envying that his brother should be so highly respected in his adversity, put himself at the head of a large force and advanced to the forest, intending to seize his brother and put him, with all his faithful followers, to the sword; but, by a wonderful

interposition of Providence, this bad brother was converted from his evil intention: for, just as he entered the skirts of the wild forest, he was met by an old religious man, a hermit, with whom he had much talk, and who in the end completely turned his heart from his wicked design. Thenceforward he became a true penitent, and resolved, relinquishing his unjust dominion, to spend the remainder of his days in a religious house. The first act of his newly-conceived penitence was to send a messenger to his brother (as has been related) to offer to restore to him his dukedom, which he had usurped so long, and with it the lands and revenues of his friends, the faithful followers of his adversity.

This joyful news, as unexpected as it was welcome, came opportunely to heighten the festivity and rejoicings at the wedding of the princesses. Celia complimented her cousin on this good fortune which had happened to the duke, Rosalind's father, and wished her joy very sincerely, though she herself was no longer heir to the dukedom, but by this restoration which her father had made Rosalind was now the heir: so completely was the love of these two cousins unmixed with anything of jealousy or envy.

The duke had now an opportunity of rewarding those true friends who had stayed with him in his banishment, and these worthy followers, though they had patiently shared his adverse fortune, were very well pleased to return in peace and prosperity to the palace of their lawful duke.

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

HERE was a law in the city of Athens which gave to its citizens the power of compelling their daughters to marry whomsoever they pleased; for upon a daughter's refusing to marry the man her father had chosen to be her husband, the father was empowered by this law to cause her to be put to death; but, as fathers do not often desire the death of their own daughters, even though they do happen to prove a little refractory, this law was seldom or never put in execution, though perhaps the young ladies of that city were not unfrequently threatened by their parents with the terrors of it.

There was one instance, however, of an old man, whose name was Egeus, who actually did come before Theseus (at that time the reigning duke of Athens) to complain that his daughter Hermia, whom he had commanded to marry Demetrius, a young man of a noble Athenian family, refused to obey him, because she loved another young Athenian, named Lysander. Egeus demanded justice of Theseus, and desired that this cruel law might be put in force against his daughter.

Hermia pleaded in excuse for her disobedience that Demetrius had formerly professed love for her dear friend Helena, and that Helena loved Demetrius to distraction; but this honourable reason which Hermia gave for not obeying her father's command moved not the stern Egeus.

Theseus, though a great and merciful prince, had no power to alter the laws of his country; therefore he could only give Hermia four days to consider of it, and at the end of that time, if she still refused to marry Demetrius, she was to be put to death.

When Hermia was dismissed from the presence of the duke she went to her lover Lysander, and told him the peril she was in, and that she must either give up him and marry Demetrius or lose her life in four days.

Lysander was in great affliction at hearing these evil tidings; but recollecting that he had an aunt who lived at some distance from Athens, and that at the place where she lived the cruel law could not be put in force against Hermia (this law not extending beyond the boundaries of the city), he proposed to Hermia that she should steal out of her father's house that night and go with him to his aunt's house, where he would marry her. "I will meet you," said Lysander, "in the wood a few miles without the city; in that delightful wood where we have so often walked with Helena in the pleasant month of May."

To this proposal Hermia joyfully agreed, and she told no one of her intended flight but her friend Helena. Helena (as maidens will do foolish things for love) very ungenerously resolved to go and tell this to Demetrius, though she could hope no benefit from betraying her friend's secret but the poor pleasure of following her faithless lover to the wood; for she well knew that Demetrius would go thither in pursuit of Hermia.

The wood in which Lysander and Hermia proposed to meet was the favourite haunt of those little beings known by the name of *Fairies*.

Oberon the king, and Titania the queen, of the Fairies, with all their tiny train of followers, in this wood held their midnight revels.

Between this little king and queen of sprites there happened at this time a sad disagreement; they never met by moonlight in the shady walks of this pleasant wood but they were quarrelling, till all their fairy elves would creep into acorn-cups and hide themselves for fear.

The cause of this unhappy disagreement was Titania's refusing to give Oberon a little changeling boy, whose mother had been Titania's friend, and upon her death the fairy queen stole the child from its nurse, and brought him up in the woods.

The night on which the lovers were to meet in this wood, as Titania was walking with some of her maids of honour she met Oberon, attended by his train of fairy courtiers.

"Ill met by moonlight, proud Titania," said the fairy king. The queen replied, "What, jealous Oberon, is it you? Fairies, skip hence; I have forsworn his company." "Tarry, rash fairy," said Oberon; "am not I thy lord? Why does Titania cross her Oberon? Give me your little changeling boy to be my page."

"Set your heart at rest," answered the queen; "your whole fairy kingdom buys not the boy of me." She then left her lord in great anger. "Well, go your way," said Oberon; "before the morning dawns I will torment you for this injury."

Oberon then sent for Puck, his chief favourite and privy councillor.

Puck (or, as he was sometimes called, Robin Goodfellow) was a shrewd and knavish sprite, and used to play comical pranks in the neighbouring villages, sometimes getting into the dairies and skimming the milk, sometimes plunging his light and airy form into the butter-churn, and while he was dancing his fantastic shape in the churn, in vain the dairymaid would labour to change her cream into butter. Nor had the village swains any better success; whenever Puck chose to play his freaks in the brewing copper the ale was sure to be spoiled. When a few good neighbours were met to drink some comfortable ale together, Puck would jump into the bowl of ale in the likeness of a roasted crab, and when some old goody was going to drink he would bob against her lips, and spill the ale over her withered chin; and presently after, when the same old dame was gravely seating herself to tell her neighbours a sad and melancholy story, Puck would slip her three-legged stool from under her, and down toppled the poor old woman, and then the old gossips would hold their sides and laugh at her, and vow they never wasted a merrier hour.

"Come hither, Puck," said Oberon to this little merry wanderer of the night; "fetch me the flower which maids call

Love in Idleness; the juice of that little purple flower laid on the eyelids of those who sleep will make them, when they awake, dote on the first thing they see. Some of the juice of that flower I will drop on the eyelids of my Titania when she is asleep, and the first thing she looks upon when she opens her eyes she will fall in love with, even though it be a lion, or a bear, a meddling monkey, or a busy ape; and before I will take this charm from off her sight, which I can do with another charm I know of, I will make her give me that boy to be my page."

Puck, who loved mischief to his heart, was highly diverted with this intended frolic of his master, and ran to seek the flower; and while Oberon was waiting the return of Puck, he observed Demetrius and Helena enter the wood; he overheard Demetrius reproaching Helena for following him, and after many unkind words on his part, and gentle expostulations from Helena, reminding him of his former love and professions of true faith to her, he left her, as he said, to the mercy of the wild beasts, and she ran after him as swiftly as she could.

The fairy king, who was always friendly to true lovers, felt great compassion for Helena; and perhaps, as Lysander said they used to walk by moonlight in this pleasant wood, Oberon might have seen Helena in those happy times when she was beloved by Demetrius. However that might be, when Puck returned with the little purple flower, Oberon said to his favourite, "Take a part of this flower; there has been a sweet Athenian lady here, who is in love with a disdainful youth; if you find him sleeping, drop some of the love-juice in his eyes, but contrive to do it when she is near him, that the first thing he sees when he awakes may be this despised lady. You will know the man by the Athenian garments which he wears." Puck promised to manage this matter very dexterously; and then Oberon went, unperceived by Titania, to her bower, where she was preparing to go to rest. Her fairy bower was a bank where grew wild thyme, cowslips, and sweet violets under a canopy of woodbine, musk-roses, and eglantine. There Titania always slept some part of the night; her coverlet the enamelled

skin of a snake, which, though a small mantle, was wide enough to wrap a fairy in.

He found Titania giving orders to her fairies how they were to employ themselves while she slept. "Some of you," said her majesty, "must kill cankers in the musk-rose buds, and some wage war with the bats for their leathern wings, to make my small elves coats; and some of you keep watch that the clamorous owl that nightly hoots come not near me; but first sing me to sleep." Then they began to sing this song:

You spotted snakes with double tongue,
Thorny hedgehogs, be not seen;
Newts and blind-worms, do no wrong,
Come not near our Fairy Queen.
Philomel, with melody,
Sing in your sweet lullaby,
Lulla, lulla, lullaby; lulla, lulla, lullaby;
Never harm, nor spell, nor charm,
Come our lovely lady nigh;
So good night with lullaby.

When the fairies had sung their queen asleep with this pretty lullaby, they left her to perform the important services she had enjoined them. Oberon then softly drew near his Titania, and dropped some of the love-juice on her eyelids, saying:

What thou seest, when thou dost wake,
Do it for thy true love take.

But to return to Hermia, who made her escape out of her father's house that night, to avoid the death she was doomed to for refusing to marry Demetrius. When she entered the wood she found her dear Lysander waiting for her to conduct her to his aunt's house; but before they had passed half through the wood, Hermia was so much fatigued that Lysander, who was very careful of this dear lady, who had proved her affection for him even by hazarding her life for his sake, persuaded her to rest till morning on a bank of soft moss, and lying down himself on the ground at some little distance, they soon fell fast asleep. Here they were found by Puck, who, seeing a handsome young man asleep, and perceiving that his clothes

were made in the Athenian fashion, and that a pretty lady was sleeping near him, concluded that this must be the Athenian maid and her disdainful lover whom Oberon had sent him to seek; and he naturally enough conjectured that, as they were alone together, she must be the first thing he would see when he awoke; so, without more ado, he proceeded to pour some of the juice of the little purple flower into his eyes. But it so fell out that Helena came that way, and, instead of Hermia, was the first object Lysander beheld when he opened his eyes; and, strange to relate, so powerful was the love-charm, all his love for Hermia vanished away, and Lysander fell in love with Helena.

Had he first seen Hermia when he awoke, the blunder Puck committed would have been of no consequence, for he could not love that faithful lady too well; but for poor Lysander to be forced by a fairy love-charm to forget his own true Hermia, and to run after another lady, and leave Hermia asleep quite alone in a wood at midnight, was a sad chance indeed.

Thus this misfortune happened. Helena, as has been before related, endeavoured to keep pace with Demetrius when he ran away so rudely from her; but she could not continue this unequal race long, men being always better runners in a long race than ladies. Helena soon lost sight of Demetrius; and as she was wandering about, dejected and forlorn, she arrived at the place where Lysander was sleeping. "Ah!" said she, "this is Lysander lying on the ground: is he dead or asleep?" Then, gently touching him, she said, "Good sir, if you are alive, awake." Upon this Lysander opened his eyes, and (the love-charm beginning to work) immediately addressed her in terms of extravagant love and admiration, telling her she as much excelled Hermia in beauty as a dove does a raven, and that he would run through fire for her sweet sake, and many more such lover-like speeches. Helena, knowing Lysander was her friend Hermia's lover, and that he was solemnly engaged to marry her, was in the utmost rage when she heard herself addressed in this manner; for she thought (as well she might) that Lysander was making a jest of her. "Oh!" said she,

"why was I born to be mocked and scorned by every one? Is it not enough, is it not enough, young man, that I can never get a sweet look or a kind word from Demetrius, but you, sir, must pretend in this disdainful manner to court me? I thought, Lysander, you were a lord of more true gentleness." Saying these words in great anger, she ran away; and Lysander followed her, quite forgetful of his own Hermia, who was still asleep.

When Hermia awoke, she was in a sad fright at finding herself alone. She wandered about the wood, not knowing what was become of Lysander, or which way to go to seek for him. In the meantime Demetrius, not being able to find Hermia and his rival Lysander, and fatigued with his fruitless search, was observed by Oberon fast asleep. Oberon had learnt, by some questions he had asked of Puck, that he had applied the love-charm to the wrong person's eyes; and now, having found the person first intended, he touched the eyelids of the sleeping Demetrius with the love-juice, and he instantly awoke; and the first thing he saw being Helena, he, as Lysander had done before, began to address love-speeches to her; and just at that moment Lysander, followed by Hermia (for through Puck's unlucky mistake it was now become Hermia's turn to run after her lover), made his appearance; and then Lysander and Demetrius, both speaking together, made love to Helena, they being each one under the influence of the same potent charm.

The astonished Helena thought that Demetrius, Lysander, and her once dear friend Hermia, were all in a plot together to make a jest of her.

Hermia was as much surprised as Helena; she knew not why Lysander and Demetrius, who both before loved her, were now become the lovers of Helena, and to Hermia the matter seemed to be no jest.

The ladies, who before had always been the dearest of friends, now fell to high words together.

"Unkind Hermia," said Helena, "it is you have set Lysander on to vex me with mock praises, and your other lover Demetrius,

who used almost to spurn me with his foot, have you not bid him call me goddess, nymph, rare, precious, and celestial? He would not speak thus to me, whom he hates, if you did not set him on to make a jest of me. Unkind Hermia, to join with men in scorning your poor friend. Have you forgot our school-day friendship? How often, Hermia, have we two, sitting on one cushion, both singing one song, with our needles working the same flower, both on the same sampler wrought, growing up together in fashion of a double cherry, scarcely seeming parted? Hermia, it is not friendly in you, it is not maidenly, to join with men in scorning your poor friend."

"I am amazed at your passionate words," said Hermia. "I scorn you not; it seems you scorn me." "Ay, do," returned Helena; "persevere, counterfeit serious looks, and make mouths at me when I turn my back; then wink at each other, and hold the sweet jest up. If you had any pity, grace, or manners you would not use me thus."

While Helena and Hermia were speaking these angry words to each other, Demetrius and Lysander left them to fight together in the wood for the love of Helena.

When they found the gentlemen had left them, they departed and once more wandered weary in the wood in search of their lovers.

As soon as they were gone the fairy king, who, with little Puck, had been listening to their quarrels, said to him, "This is your negligence, Puck; or did you do this wilfully?" "Believe me, king of shadows," answered Puck, "it was a mistake; did not you tell me I should know the man by his Athenian garments? However, I am not sorry this has happened, for I think their jangling makes me excellent sport." "You heard," said Oberon, "that Demetrius and Lysander are gone to seek a convenient place to fight in. I command you to overhang the night with a thick fog, and lead these quarrelsome lovers so astray in the dark that they shall not be able to find each other. Counterfeit each of their voices to the other, and with bitter taunts provoke them to follow you, while they think it is their rival's tongue they hear. See you do this till

they are so weary that they can go no farther, and when you find they are asleep drop the juice of this other flower into Lysander's eyes, and when he awakes he will forget his new love for Helena, and return to his old passion for Hermia, and then the two fair ladies may each one be happy with the man she loves, and they will think all that has passed a vexatious dream. About this quickly, Puck, and I will go and see what sweet love my Titania has found."

Titania was still sleeping, and Oberon, seeing a clown near her who had lost his way in the wood, and was likewise asleep: "This fellow," said he, "shall be my Titania's true love," and, clapping an ass's head over the clown's, it seemed to fit him as well as if it had grown upon his own shoulders. Though Oberon fixed the ass's head on very gently, it awakened him, and rising up unconscious of what Oberon had done to him, he went towards the bower where the fairy queen slept.

"Ah! what angel is that I see?" said Titania, opening her eyes, and the juice of the little purple flower beginning to take effect: "Are you as wise as you are beautiful?"

"Why, mistress," said the clown, "if I have wit enough to find my way out of this wood, I have enough to serve my turn."

"Out of the wood do not desire to go," said the enamoured queen. "I am a spirit of no common rate. I love you. Go with me and I will give you fairies to attend upon you."

She then called four of her fairies. Their names were Pease-blossom, Cobweb, Moth, and Mustard-seed.

"Attend," said the queen, "upon this sweet gentleman: hop in his walks and gambol in his sight; feed him with grapes and apricots, and steal for him the honey-bags from the bees. Come, sit with me," said she to the clown, "and let me play with your amiable hairy cheeks, my beautiful ass! and kiss your fair large ears, my gentle joy!"

"Where is Pease-blossom?" said the ass-headed clown, not much regarding the fairy queen's courtship, but very proud of his new attendants.

"Here, sir," said little Pease-blossom.

"Scratch my head," said the clown. "Where is Cobweb?"

"Here, sir," said Cobweb.

"Good Mr. Cobweb," said the foolish clown, "kill me the red humble-bee on the top of that thistle yonder; and, good Mr. Cobweb, bring me the honey-bag. Do not fret yourself too much in the action, Mr. Cobweb, and take care the honey-bag break not; I should be sorry to have you overflown with a honey-bag. Where is Mustard-seed?"

"Here, sir," said Mustard-seed; "what is your will?"

"Nothing," said the clown, "good Mr. Mustard-seed, but to help Mr. Pease-blossom to scratch. I must go to a barber's, Mr. Mustard-seed, for methinks I am marvellous hairy about the face."

"My sweet love," said the queen, "what will you have to eat? I have a venturous fairy shall seek the squirrel's hoard and fetch you some new nuts."

"I had rather have a handful of dried peas," said the clown, who with his ass's head had got an ass's appetite. "But, I pray, let none of your people disturb me, for I have a mind to sleep."

"Sleep then," said the queen, "and I will wind you in my arms. O how I love you! How I dote upon you!"

When the fairy king saw the clown sleeping in the arms of his queen, he advanced within her sight, and reproached her with having lavished her favours upon an ass.

This she could not deny, as the clown was then sleeping within her arms, with his ass's head crowned by her with flowers.

When Oberon had teased her for some time, he again demanded the changeling-boy, which she, ashamed of being discovered by her lord with her new favourite, did not dare to refuse him.

Oberon having thus obtained the little boy he had so long wished for to be his page, took pity on the absurd situation into which, by his merry contrivance, he had brought his Titania, and threw some of the juice of the other flower into her eyes; and the fairy queen immediately recovered her senses,

and wondered at her late dotage, saying how she now loathed the sight of the strange monster.

Oberon likewise took the ass's head from off the clown, and left him to finish his nap with his own fool's head upon his shoulders.

Oberon and his Titania being now perfectly reconciled, he related to her the history of the lovers, and their midnight quarrels; and she agreed to go with him and see the end of their adventures.

The fairy king and queen found the lovers and their fair ladies at no great distance from each other, sleeping on a grass plot; for Puck, to make amends for his former mistake, had contrived, with the utmost diligence, to bring them all to the same spot, unknown to each other; and he had carefully removed the charm from off the eyes of Lysander with the antidote the fairy king gave to him.

Hermia first awoke, and finding her lost Lysander asleep so near her, was looking at him and wondering at his strange inconstancy. Lysander presently opening his eyes, and seeing his dear Hermia, recovered his reason which the fairy charm had before clouded, and with his reason, his love for Hermia; and they began to talk over the adventures of the night, doubting if these things had really happened, or if they had both been dreaming the same bewildering dream.

Helena and Demetrius were by this time awake; and a sweet sleep having quieted Helena's disturbed and angry spirits, she listened with delight to the professions of love which Demetrius still made to her, and which, to her surprise as well as pleasure, she began to perceive were sincere.

These fair night-wandering ladies, now no longer rivals, became once more true friends; all the unkind words which had passed were forgiven, and they calmly consulted together what was best to be done in their present situation. It was soon agreed that, as Demetrius had given up his pretensions to Hermia, he should endeavour to prevail upon her father to revoke the cruel sentence of death which had been passed against her. Demetrius was preparing to return to Athens for

this friendly purpose when they were surprised with the sight of Egeus, Hermia's father, who came to the wood in pursuit of his runaway daughter.

When Egeus understood that Demetrius would not now marry his daughter, he no longer opposed her marriage with Lysander, but gave his consent that they should be wedded on the fourth day from that time, being the same day on which Hermia had been condemned to lose her life; and on that same day Helena joyfully agreed to marry her beloved and now faithful Demetrius.

The fairy king and queen, who were invisible spectators of this reconciliation, and now saw the happy ending of the lovers' history brought about through the good offices of Oberon, received so much pleasure, that these kind spirits resolved to celebrate the approaching nuptials with sports and revels throughout their fairy kingdom.

And now, if any are offended with this story of fairies and their pranks, as judging it incredible and strange, they have only to think that they have been asleep and dreaming, and that all these adventures were visions which they saw in their sleep; and I hope none of my readers will be so unreasonable as to be offended with a pretty, harmless Midsummer Night's Dream.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

ATHERINE, the Shrew, was the eldest daughter of Baptista, a rich gentleman of Padua. She was a lady of such an ungovernable spirit and fiery temper, such a loud-tongued scold, that she was known in Padua by no other name than Katherine the Shrew. It seemed very unlikely, indeed impossible, that any gentleman would ever be found who would venture to marry this lady, and therefore Baptista was much blamed for deferring his consent to many excellent offers that were made to her gentle sister Bianca, putting off all Bianca's suitors with this excuse, that when the eldest sister was fairly off his hands, they should have free leave to address young Bianca.

It happened, however, that a gentleman, named Petruchio, came to Padua, purposely to look out for a wife, who, nothing discouraged by these reports of Katherine's temper, and hearing she was rich and handsome, resolved upon marrying this famous termagant, and taming her into a meek and manageable wife. And truly none was so fit to set about this herculean labour as Petruchio, whose spirit was as high as Katherine's, and he was a witty and most happy-tempered humorist, and withal so wise, and of such a true judgment, that he well knew how to feign a passionate and furious deportment, when his spirits were so calm that himself could have laughed merrily at his own angry feigning, for his natural temper was careless and easy; the boisterous airs he assumed when he became the husband of Katherine being but in sport, or more properly speaking, affected by his excellent discernment, as the only means to overcome in her own way the passionate ways of the furious Katherine.

A courting, then, Petruchio went to Katherine the Shrew; and first of all he applied to Baptista, her father, for leave to woo his *gentle daughter* Katherine, as Petruchio called her, saying archly, that having heard of her bashful modesty and mild behaviour, he had come from Verona to solicit her love. Her father, though he wished her married, was forced to confess Katherine would ill answer this character, it being soon apparent of what manner of gentleness she was composed, for her music-master rushed into the room to complain that the gentle Katherine, his pupil, had broken his head with her lute, for presuming to find fault with her performance; which, when Petruchio heard, he said, "It is a brave wench; I love her more than ever, and long to have some chat with her"; and hurrying the old gentleman for a positive answer, he said, "My business is in haste, signior Baptista, I cannot come every day to woo. You knew my father: he is dead, and has left me heir to all his lands and goods. Then tell me, if I get your daughter's love, what dowry you will give with her." Baptista thought his manner was somewhat blunt for a lover; but being glad to get Katherine married, he answered that he would give her twenty thousand crowns for her dowry, and half his estate at his death: so this odd match was quickly agreed on, and Baptista went to apprise his shrewish daughter of her lover's addresses, and sent her in to Petruchio to listen to his suit.

In the meantime Petruchio was settling with himself the mode of courtship he should pursue; and he said, "I will woo her with some spirit when she comes. If she rails at me, why then I will tell her she sings as sweetly as a nightingale; and if she frowns, I will say she looks as clear as roses newly washed with dew. If she will not speak a word, I will praise the eloquence of her language; and if she bids me leave her, I will give her thanks as if she bid me stay with her a week." Now the stately Katherine entered, and Petruchio first addressed her with "Good morrow, Kate, for that is your name, I hear". Katherine, not liking this plain salutation, said disdainfully, "They call me Katherine who do speak to

me". "You lie," replied the lover; "for you are called plain Kate, and bonny Kate, and sometimes Kate the Shrew: but, Kate, you are the prettiest Kate in Christendom, and therefore, Kate, hearing your mildness praised in every town, I am come to woo you for my wife."

A strange courtship they made of it. She in loud and angry terms showing him how justly she had gained the name of Shrew, while he still praised her sweet and courteous words, till at length, hearing her father coming, he said (intending to make as quick a wooing as possible), "Sweet Katherine, let us set this idle chat aside, for your father has consented that you shall be my wife, your dowry is agreed on, and whether you will or no, I will marry you".

And now Baptista entering, Petruchio told him his daughter had received him kindly, and that she had promised to be married the next Sunday. This Katherine denied, saying, she would rather see him hanged on Sunday, and reproached her father for wishing to wed her to such a mad-cap ruffian as Petruchio. Petruchio desired her father not to regard her angry words, for they had agreed she should seem reluctant before him, but that when they were alone he had found her very fond and loving; and he said to her, "Give me your hand, Kate; I will go to Venice to buy you fine apparel against our wedding-day. Provide the feast, father, and bid the wedding guests. I will be sure to bring rings, fine array, and rich clothes, that my Katherine may be fine; and kiss me, Kate, for we will be married on Sunday."

On the Sunday all the wedding guests were assembled, but they waited long before Petruchio came, and Katherine wept for vexation to think that Petruchio had only been making a jest of her. At last, however, he appeared; but he brought none of the bridal finery he had promised Katherine, nor was he dressed himself like a bridegroom, but in strange disordered attire, as if he meant to make a sport of the serious business he came about; and his servant and the very horses on which they rode were in like manner in mean and fantastic fashion habited.

Petruchio could not be persuaded to change his dress; he said, Katherine was to be married to him, and not to his clothes; and finding it was in vain to argue with him, to the church they went, he still behaving in the same mad way, for when the priest asked Petruchio if Katherine should be his wife, he swore so loud that she should, that, all amazed, the priest let fall his book, and as he stooped to take it up, this mad-brained bridegroom gave him such a cuff, that down fell the priest and his book again. And all the while they were being married he stamped and swore so, that the high-spirited Katherine trembled and shook with fear. After the ceremony was over, while they were yet in the church, he called for wine, and drank a loud health to the company, and threw a sop which was at the bottom of the glass full in the sexton's face, giving no other reason for this strange act, than that the sexton's beard grew thin and hungerly, and seemed to ask the sop as he was drinking. Never sure was there such a mad marriage; but Petruchio did but put this wildness on, the better to succeed in the plot he had formed to tame his shrewish wife.

Baptista had provided a sumptuous marriage feast, but when they returned from church, Petruchio, taking hold of Katherine, declared his intention of carrying his wife home instantly: and no remonstrance of his father-in-law, or angry words of the enraged Katherine, could make him change his purpose; he claimed a husband's right to dispose of his wife as he pleased, and away he hurried Katherine off: he seeming so daring and resolute that no one dared attempt to stop him.

Petruchio mounted his wife upon a miserable horse, lean and lank, which he had picked out for the purpose, and himself and his servant no better mounted; they journeyed on through rough and miry ways, and ever when this horse of Katherine's stumbled, he would storm and swear at the poor jaded beast, who could scarce crawl under his burthen, as if he had been the most passionate man alive.

At length, after a weary journey, during which Katherine had heard nothing but the wild ravings of Petruchio at the

servant and the horses, they arrived at his house. Petruchio welcomed her kindly to her home, but he resolved she should have neither rest nor food that night. The tables were spread, and supper soon served; but Petruchio, pretending to find fault with every dish, threw the meat about the floor, and ordered the servants to remove it away; and all this he did, as he said, in love for his Katherine, that she might not eat meat that was not well dressed. And when Katherine, weary and supperless, retired to rest, he found the same fault with the bed, throwing the pillows and bed-clothes about the room, so that she was forced to sit down in a chair, where if she chanced to drop asleep, she was presently awakened by the loud voice of her husband, storming at the servants for the ill-making of his wife's bridal-bed.

The next day Petruchio pursued the same course, still speaking kind words to Katherine, but when she attempted to eat, finding fault with everything that was set before her, throwing the breakfast on the floor as he had done the supper; and Katherine, the haughty Katherine, was fain to beg the servants would bring her secretly a morsel of food; but they being instructed by Petruchio, replied, they dared not give her anything unknown to their master. "Ah," said she, "did he marry me to famish me? Beggars that come to my father's door have food given them. But I, who never knew what it was to entreat for anything, am starved for want of food, giddy for want of sleep, with oaths kept waking, and with brawling fed; and that which vexes me more than all, he does it under the name of perfect love, pretending that if I sleep or eat, it were present death to me." Here the soliloquy was interrupted by the entrance of Petruchio: he, not meaning she should be quite starved, had brought her a small portion of meat, and he said to her, "How fares my sweet Kate? Here, love, you see how diligent I am, I have dressed your meat myself. I am sure this kindness merits thanks. What, not a word? Nay, then you love not the meat, and all the pains I have taken is to no purpose." He then ordered the servant to take the dish away. Extreme hunger, which

had abated the pride of Katherine, made her say, though angered to the heart, "I pray you let it stand". But this was not all Petruchio intended to bring her to, and he replied, "The poorest service is repaid with thanks, and so shall mine before you touch the meat". On this Katherine brought out a reluctant "I thank you, sir". And now he suffered her to make a slender meal, saying, "Much good may it do your gentle heart, Kate; eat apace! And now, my honey love, we will return to your father's house, and revel it as bravely as the best, with silken coats and caps and golden rings, with ruffs and scarfs and fans and double change of finery;" and to make her believe he really intended to give her these gay things, he called in a tailor and a haberdasher, who brought some new clothes he had ordered for her, and then giving her plate to the servant to take away, before she had half satisfied her hunger, he said, "What, have you dined?" The haberdasher presented a cap, saying, "Here is the cap your worship bespoke"; on which Petruchio began to storm afresh, saying the cap was moulded in a porringer, and that it was no bigger than a cockle or walnut shell, desiring the haberdasher to take it away and make a bigger. Katherine said, "I will have this; all gentlewomen wear such caps as these".—"When you are gentle," replied Petruchio, "you shall have one too, and not till then." The meat Katherine had eaten had a little revived her fallen spirits, and she said, "Why, sir, I trust I may have leave to speak, and speak I will: I am no child, no babe; your betters have endured to hear me say my mind; and if you cannot, you had better stop your ears". Petruchio would not hear these angry words, for he had happily discovered a better way of managing his wife than keeping up a jangling argument with her; therefore his answer was, "Why, you say true; it is a paltry cap, and I love you for not liking it".—"Love me, or love me not," said Katherine, "I like the cap, and I will have this cap or none."—"You say you wish to see the gown," said Petruchio, still affecting to misunderstand her. The tailor then came forward and showed her a fine gown he had made for her. Petruchio, whose intent was

that she should have neither cap nor gown, found as much fault with that. "O mercy, Heaven!" said he, "what stuff is here! What, do you call this a sleeve? it is like a demi-cannon, carved up and down like an apple tart." The tailor said, "You bid me make it according to the fashion of the times"; and Katherine said, she never saw a better fashioned gown. This was enough for Petruchio, and privately desiring these people might be paid for their goods, and excuses made to them for the seemingly strange treatment he bestowed upon them, he with fierce words and furious gestures drove the tailor and the haberdasher out of the room; and then, turning to Katherine, he said, "Well, come, my Kate, we will go to your father's even in these mean garments we now wear". And then he ordered his horses, affirming they should reach Baptista's house by dinner-time, for that it was but seven o'clock. Now it was not early morning, but the very middle of the day, when he spoke this; therefore Katherine ventured to say, though modestly, being almost overcome by the vehemence of his manner, "I dare assure you, sir, it is two o'clock, and will be supper-time before we get there". But Petruchio meant that she should be so completely subdued, that she should assent to every thing he said, before he carried her to her father; and therefore, as if he were lord even of the sun, and could command the hours, he said it should be what time he pleased to have it, before he set forward; "For," said he, "whatever I say or do, you still are crossing it. I will not go to-day, and when I go, it shall be what o'clock I say it is." Another day Katherine was forced to practise her newly-found obedience, and not till he had brought her proud spirit to such a perfect subjection, that she dared not remember there was such a word as contradiction, would Petruchio allow her to go to her father's house; and even while they were upon their journey thither, she was in danger of being turned back again, only because she happened to hint it was the sun, when he affirmed the moon shone brightly at noon-day. "Now, by my mother's son," said he, "and that is myself, it shall be the moon, or stars, or what I list, before I

journey to your father's house." He then made as if he were going back again; but Katherine, no longer Katherine the Shrew, but the obedient wife, said, "Let us go forward, I pray, now we have come so far, and it shall be the sun, or moon, or what you please, and if you please to call it a rush-candle henceforth, I vow it shall be so for me." This he was resolved to prove, therefore he said again, "I say, it is the moon."—"I know it is the moon," replied Katherine. "You lie, it is the blessed sun," said Petruchio. "Then it is the blessed sun," replied Katherine; "but sun it is not, when you say it is not. What you will have it named, even so it is, and so it ever shall be for Katherine." Now then he suffered her to proceed on her journey; but further to try if this yielding humour would last, he addressed an old gentleman they met on the road as if he had been a young woman, saying to him, "Good morrow, gentle mistress"; and asked Katherine if she had ever beheld a fairer gentlewoman, praising the red and white of the old man's cheeks, and comparing his eyes to two bright stars; and again he addressed him, saying, "Fair lovely maid, once more good day to you!" and said to his wife, "Sweet Kate, embrace her for her beauty's sake". The now completely vanquished Katherine quickly adopted her husband's opinion, and made her speech in like sort to the old gentleman, saying to him, "Young budding virgin, you are fair, and fresh, and sweet: whither are you going, and where is your dwelling? Happy are the parents of so fair a child." —"Why, how now, Kate," said Petruchio; "I hope you are not mad. This is a man, old and wrinkled, faded and withered, and not a maiden, as you say he is." On this Katherine said, "Pardon me, old gentleman; the sun hath so dazzled my eyes, that everything I look on seemeth green. Now I perceive you are a reverend father: I hope you will pardon me for my sad mistake."—"Do, good old grandsire," said Petruchio, "and tell us which way you are travelling. We shall be glad of your good company, if you are going our way." The old gentleman replied, "Fair sir, and you my merry mistress, your strange encounter has much amazed me.

My name is Vincentio, and I am going to visit a son of mine who lives at Padua." Then Petruchio knew the old gentleman to be the father of Lucentio, a young gentleman who was to be married to Baptista's younger daughter, Bianca, and he made Vincentio very happy, by telling him the rich marriage his son was about to make; and they all journeyed on pleasantly together till they came to Baptista's house, where there was a large company assembled to celebrate the wedding of Bianca and Lucentio, Baptista having willingly consented to the marriage of Bianca when he had got Katherine off his hands.

When they entered, Baptista welcomed them to the wedding feast, and there was present also another newly married pair.

Lucentio, Bianca's husband, and Hortensio, the other new married man, could not forbear sly jests, which seemed to hint at the shrewish disposition of Petruchio's wife, and these fond bridegrooms seemed highly pleased with the mild tempers of the ladies they had chosen, laughing at Petruchio for his less fortunate choice. Petruchio took little notice of their jokes till the ladies were retired after dinner, and then he perceived Baptista himself joined in the laugh against him: for when Petruchio affirmed that his wife would prove more obedient than theirs, the father of Katherine said, "Now, in good sadness, son Petruchio, I fear you have got the veriest shrew of all".—"Well," said Petruchio, "I say no, and therefore for assurance that I speak the truth, let us each one send for his wife, and he whose wife is most obedient to come at first when she is sent for, shall win a wager which we will propose." To this the other two husbands willingly consented, for they were quite confident that their gentle wives would prove more obedient than the headstrong Katherine; and they proposed a wager of twenty crowns, but Petruchio merrily said, he would lay as much as that upon his hawk or hound, but twenty times as much upon his wife. Lucentio and Hortensio raised the wager to a hundred crowns, and Lucentio first sent his servant to desire Bianca would come to him. But the servant returned, and said, "Sir, my mistress sends you word she is busy and cannot come".—"How," said Petruchio, "does she

say she is busy and cannot come? Is that an answer for a wife?" Then they laughed at him, and said, it would be well if Katherine did not send him a worse answer. And now it was Hortensio's turn to send for his wife; and he said to his servant, "Go, and entreat my wife to come to me."—"Oh ho! entreat her!" said Petruchio. "Nay, then, she needs must come."—"I am afraid, sir," said Hortensio, "your wife will not be entreated." But presently this civil husband looked a little blank, when the servant returned without his mistress; and he said to him, "How now! Where is my wife?"—"Sir," said the servant, "my mistress says, you have some goodly jest in hand, and therefore she will not come. She bids you come to her."—"Worse and worse!" said Petruchio; and then he sent his servant, saying, "Sirrah, go to your mistress, and tell her I command her to come to me." The company had scarcely time to think she would not obey this summons, when Baptista, all in amaze, exclaimed, "Now, by my hollidam, here comes Katherine!" and she entered, saying meekly to Petruchio, "What is your will, sir, that you send for me?"—"Where is your sister and Hortensio's wife?" said he. Katherine replied, "They sit conferring by the parlour fire". —"Go, fetch them hither!" said Petruchio. Away went Katherine without reply to perform her husband's command. "Here is a wonder," said Lucentio, "if you talk of a wonder." —"And so it is," said Hortensio; "I marvel what it bodes."—"Marry, peace it bodes," said Petruchio, "and love, and quiet life, and right supremacy; and to be short, everything that is sweet and happy." Katherine's father, overjoyed to see this reformation in his daughter, said, "Now, fair befall thee, son Petruchio! you have won the wager, and I will add another twenty thousand crowns to her dowry, as if she were another daughter, for she is changed as if she had never been."—"Nay," said Petruchio, "I will win the wager better yet, and show more signs of her new-built virtue and obedience." Katherine now entering with the two ladies, he continued, "See where she comes, and brings your froward wives as prisoners to her womanly persuasion. Katherine, that cap of

yours does not become you; off with that bauble, and throw it under foot." Katherine instantly took off her cap, and threw it down. "Lord!" said Hortensio's wife, "may I never have a cause to sigh till I am brought to such a silly pass!" And Bianca, she too said, "Fie, what foolish duty call you this?" On this Bianca's husband said to her, "I wish your duty were as foolish too! The wisdom of your duty, fair Bianca, has cost me a hundred crowns since dinner-time."—"The more fool you," said Bianca, "for laying on my duty."—"Katherine," said Petruchio, "I charge you tell these headstrong women what duty they owe their lords and husbands." And to the wonder of all present, the reformed shrewish lady spoke as eloquently in praise of the wifelike duty of obedience, as she had practised it implicitly in a ready submission to Petruchio's will. And Katherine once more became famous in Padua, not as heretofore, as Katherine the Shrew, but as Katherine the most obedient and duteous wife in Padua.

TWELFTH NIGHT;

Or, WHAT YOU WILL.

EBASTIAN and his sister Viola, a young gentleman and lady of Messaline, were twins, and (which was accounted a great wonder) from their birth they so much resembled each other, that, but for the difference in their dress, they could not be known apart. They were both born in one hour, and in one hour they were both in danger of perishing, for they were shipwrecked on the coast of Illyria as they were making a sea voyage together. The ship on board of which they were split on a rock in a violent storm, and a very small number of the ship's company escaped with their lives. The captain of the vessel, with a few of the sailors that were saved, got to land in a small boat, and with them they brought Viola safe on shore, where she, poor lady, instead of rejoicing at her own deliverance, began to lament her brother's loss; but the captain comforted her with the assurance that he had seen her brother, when the ship split, fasten himself to a strong mast, on which, as long as he could see anything of him for the distance, he perceived him borne up above the waves. Viola was much consoled by the hope this account gave her, and now considered how she was to dispose of herself in a strange country, so far from home; and she asked the captain if he knew anything of Illyria. "Ay, very well, madam," replied the captain, "for I was born not three hours' travel from this place." "Who governs here?" said Viola. The captain told her Illyria was governed by Orsino, a duke noble in nature as well as dignity. Viola said she had heard her father speak of Orsino, and that he was unmarried then. "And he is so now," said the captain; "or was so very lately, for but a month ago I went from here, and then it was the general talk (as you know what great ones

do the people will prattle of) that Orsino sought the love of fair Olivia, a virtuous maid, the daughter of a count who died twelve months ago, leaving Olivia to the protection of her brother, who shortly after died also; and for the love of this dear brother, they say, she has abjured the sight and company of men." Viola, who was herself in such a sad affliction for her brother's loss, wished she could live with this lady, who so tenderly mourned a brother's death. She asked the captain if he could introduce her to Olivia, saying she would willingly serve this lady. But he replied, this would be a hard thing to accomplish, because the Lady Olivia would admit no person into her house since her brother's death, not even the duke himself. Then Viola formed another project in her mind, which was, in a man's habit to serve the Duke Orsino as a page. It was a strange fancy in a young lady to put on male attire, and pass for a boy; but the forlorn and unprotected state of Viola, who was young and of uncommon beauty, alone, and in a foreign land, must plead her excuse.

She having observed a fair behaviour in the captain, and that he showed a friendly concern for her welfare, entrusted him with her design, and he readily engaged to assist her. Viola gave him money, and directed him to furnish her with suitable apparel, ordering her clothes to be made of the same colour and in the same fashion her brother Sebastian used to wear, and when she was dressed in her manly garb she looked so exactly like her brother, that some strange errors happened by means of their being mistaken for each other; for, as will afterwards appear, Sebastian was also saved.

Viola's good friend, the captain, when he had transformed this pretty lady into a gentleman, having some interest at court, got her presented to Orsino under the feigned name of Cesario. The duke was wonderfully pleased with the address and graceful deportment of this handsome youth, and made Cesario one of his pages, that being the office Viola wished to obtain; and she so well fulfilled the duties of her new station, and showed such a ready observance and faithful attachment to her lord, that she soon became his most favoured attendant.

To Cesario, Orsino confided the whole story of his love for the Lady Olivia. To Cesario he told the long and unsuccessful suit he had made to one who, rejecting his long services, and despising his person, refused to admit him to her presence; and for the love of this lady, who had so unkindly treated him, the noble Orsino, forsaking the sports of the field, and all manly exercises in which he used to delight, passed his hours in ignoble sloth, listening to the effeminate sounds of soft music, gentle airs, and passionate love-songs; and, neglecting the company of the wise and learned lords with whom he used to associate, he was now all day long conversing with young Cesario. Unmeet companion, no doubt, his grave courtiers thought Cesario was for their once noble master, the great Duke Orsino.

It is a dangerous matter for young maidens to be the confidants of handsome young dukes: which Viola too soon found to her sorrow, for all that Orsino told her he endured for Olivia she presently perceived she suffered for the love of him; and much it moved her wonder that Olivia could be so regardless of this her peerless lord and master, whom she thought no one should behold without the deepest admiration, and she ventured gently to hint to Orsino that it was pity he should affect a lady who was so blind to his worthy qualities; and she said, "If a lady were to love you, my lord, as you love Olivia (and perhaps there may be one who does), if you could not love her in return, would you not tell her that you could not love, and must not she be content with this answer?" But Orsino would not admit of this reasoning, for he denied that it was possible for any woman to love as he did. He said, no woman's heart was big enough to hold so much love, and therefore it was unfair to compare the love of any lady for him to his love for Olivia. Now, though Viola had the utmost deference for the duke's opinions, she could not help thinking this was not true, for she thought her heart had full as much love in it as Orsino's had; and she said, "Ah, but I know, my lord."——"What do you know, Cesario?" said Orsino. "Too well I know," replied Viola, "what love

women may owe to men. They are as true of heart as we are. My father had a daughter loved a man as I, perhaps, were I a woman, should love your lordship." "And what is her history?" said Orsino. "A blank, my lord," replied Viola; "she never told her love, but let concealment, like a worm in the bud, prey on her damask cheek. She pined in thought, and with a green and yellow melancholy, she sat like Patience on a monument, smiling at grief." The duke inquired if this lady died of her love, but to this question Viola returned an evasive answer, as probably she had feigned the story, to speak words expressive of the secret love and silent grief she suffered for Orsino.

While they were talking a gentleman entered, whom the duke had sent to Olivia, and he said, "So please you, my lord, I might not be admitted to the lady, but by her handmaid she returned you this answer: Until seven years hence the element itself shall not behold her face; but like a cloistress she will walk veiled, watering her chamber with her tears for the sad remembrance of her dead brother." On hearing this the duke exclaimed, "O, she that has a heart of this fine frame to pay this debt of love to a dead brother, how will she love when the rich golden shaft has touched her heart?" And then he said to Viola, "You know, Cesario, I have told you all the secrets of my heart; therefore, good youth, go to Olivia's house. Be not denied access; stand at the doors, and tell her there your fixed foot shall grow till you have audience." "And if I do speak to her, my lord, what then?" said Viola. "O, then," replied Orsino, "unfold to her the passion of my love. Make a long discourse to her of my dear faith. It will well become you to act my woes, for she will attend more to you than to one of graver aspect."

Away then went Viola, but not willingly did she undertake this courtship, for she was to woo a lady to become a wife to him she wished to marry; but having undertaken the affair, she performed it with fidelity, and Olivia soon heard that a youth was at her door who insisted upon being admitted to her presence. "I told him," said the servant, "that you were

sick; he said he knew you were, and, therefore, he came to speak with you. I told him that you were asleep; he seemed to have a foreknowledge of that too, and said that, therefore, he must speak with you. What is to be said to him, lady, for he seems fortified against all denial, and will speak with you whether you will or no?" Olivia, curious to see who this peremptory messenger might be, desired he might be admitted, and throwing her veil over her face, she said she would once more hear Orsino's embassy, not doubting but that he came from the duke, by his importunity. Viola, entering, put on the most manly air she could assume, and affecting the fine courtier's language of great men's pages, she said to the veiled lady, "Most radiant, exquisite, and matchless beauty, I pray you tell me if you are the lady of the house, for I should be sorry to cast away my speech upon another, for, besides that it is excellently well penned, I have taken great pains to learn it." "Whence come you, sir?" said Olivia. "I can say little more than I have studied," replied Viola, "and that question is out of my part." "Are you a comedian?" said Olivia. "No," replied Viola, "and yet I am not that which I play," meaning that she, being a woman, feigned herself to be a man. And again she asked Olivia if she were the lady of the house. Olivia said she was, and then Viola, having more curiosity to see her rival's features than haste to deliver her master's message, said, "Good madam, let me see your face." With this bold request Olivia was not averse to comply, for this haughty beauty, whom the Duke Orsino had loved so long in vain, at first sight conceived a passion for the supposed page, the humble Cesario.

When Viola asked to see her face Olivia said, "Have you any commission from your lord and master to negotiate with my face?" And then, forgetting her determination to go veiled for seven long years, she drew aside her veil, saying, "But I will draw the curtain and show the picture. Is it not well done?" Viola replied, "It is beauty truly mixed; the red and white upon your cheeks is by Nature's own cunning hand laid on. You are the most cruel lady living if you will

lead these graces to the grave and leave the world no copy." "Oh, sir," replied Olivia, "I will not be so cruel. The world may have an inventory of my beauty, As, *item*, two lips, indifferent red; *item*, two grey eyes, with lids to them; one neck, one chin, and so forth. Were you sent here to praise me?" Viola replied, "I see what you are; you are too proud, but you are fair. My lord and master loves you. O, such a love could but be recompensed though you were crowned the queen of beauty; for Orsino loves you with adoration and with tears, with groans that thunder love, and sighs of fire." "Your lord," said Olivia, "knows well my mind. I cannot love him, yet I doubt not he is virtuous; I know him to be noble and of high estate, of fresh and spotless youth. All voices proclaim him learned, courteous, and valiant; yet I cannot love him; he might have taken his answer long ago." "If I did love you as my master does," said Viola, "I would make me a willow cabin at your gates and call upon your name. I would write complaining sonnets on Olivia, and sing them in the dead of the night; your name should sound among the hills, and I would make Echo, the babbling gossip of the air, cry out *Olivia*. O you should not rest between the elements of earth and air, but you should pity me." "You might do much," said Olivia; "what is your parentage?" Viola replied, "Above my fortunes, yet my state is well. I am a gentleman." Olivia now reluctantly dismissed Viola, saying, "Go to your master and tell him I cannot love him. Let him send no more, unless perchance you come again to tell me how he takes it." And Viola departed, bidding the lady farewell by the name of Fair Cruelty. When she was gone Olivia repeated the words, *Above my fortunes, yet my state is well. I am a gentleman.* And she said aloud, "I will be sworn he is; his tongue, his face, his limbs, action, and spirit plainly show he is a gentleman." And then she wished Cesario was the duke, and, perceiving the fast hold he had taken on her affections, she blamed herself for her sudden love; but the gentle blame which people lay upon their own faults has no deep root: and presently the noble Lady Olivia so far forgot the inequality between her fortunes and those of

this seeming page, as well as the maidenly reserve (which is the chief ornament of a lady's character), that she resolved to court the love of young Cesario, and sent a servant after him with a diamond ring, under the pretence that he had left it with her as a present from Orsino. She hoped, by thus artfully making Cesario a present of the ring, she should give him some intimation of her design; and truly it did make Viola suspect, for, knowing that Orsino had sent no ring by her, she began to recollect that Olivia's looks and manner were expressive of admiration, and she presently guessed her master's mistress had fallen in love with her. "Alas!" said she, "the poor lady might as well love a dream. Disguise I see is wicked, for it has caused Olivia to breathe as fruitless sighs for me as I do for Orsino."

Viola returned to Orsino's palace and related to her lord the ill success of the negotiation, repeating the command of Olivia, that the duke should trouble her no more. Yet still the duke persisted in hoping that the gentle Cesario would in time be able to persuade her to show some pity, and therefore he bade him he should go to her again the next day. In the meantime, to pass away the tedious intervals, he commanded a song which he loved to be sung, and he said, "My good Cesario, when I heard that song last night, methought it did relieve my passion much. Mark it, Cesario, it is old and plain. The spinsters and the knitters, when they sit in the sun, and the young maids that weave their thread with bone, chant this song. It is silly, yet I love it, for it tells of the innocence of love in the old times."

SONG.

Come away, come away, Death,
And in sad cypress let me be laid;
Fly away, fly away, breath,
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
My shroud of white stuck all with yew, O prepare it,
My part of death no one so true did share it.

Not a flower, not a flower sweet,
On my black coffin let there be strown!
Not a friend, not a friend greet
My poor corpse where my bones shall be thrown.
A thousand thousand sighs to save, lay me O where
Sad true lover never find my grave, to weep there.

Viola did not fail to mark the words of the old song, which in such true simplicity described the pangs of unrequited love, and she bore testimony in her countenance of feeling what the song expressed. Her sad looks were observed by Orsino, who said to her, "My life upon it, Cesario, though you are so young, your eye hath looked upon some face that it loves; has it not, boy?" "A little, with your leave," replied Viola. "And what kind of woman, and of what age is she?" said Orsino. "Of your age, and of your complexion, my lord," said Viola, which made the duke smile to hear this fair young boy loved a woman so much older than himself, and of a man's dark complexion; but Viola secretly meant Orsino, and not a woman like him.

When Viola made her second visit to Olivia she found no difficulty in gaining access to her. Servants soon discover when their ladies delight to converse with handsome young messengers; and the instant Viola arrived the gates were thrown wide open, and the duke's page was shown into Olivia's apartment with great respect; and when Viola told Olivia that she was come once more to plead in her lord's behalf, this lady said, "I desire you never to speak of him again; but if you would undertake another suit, I had rather hear you solicit than music from the spheres." This was pretty plain speaking; but Olivia soon explained herself still more plainly, and openly confessed her love; and when she saw displeasure with perplexity expressed on Viola's face, she said, "O what a deal of scorn looks beautiful in the contempt and anger of his lip! Cesario, by the roses of the spring, by maidhood honour, and by truth, I love you so, that, in spite of your pride, I have neither wit nor reason to conceal my passion." But in vain the lady wooed. Viola hastened from her presence, threatening never more to come to plead Orsino's love; and all the reply she made to Olivia's fond solicitations was a declaration of a resolution *Never to love any woman.*

No sooner had Viola left the lady than a claim was made upon her valour. A gentleman, a rejected suitor of Olivia, who had learned how that lady had favoured the duke's messenger,

challenged him to fight a duel. What should poor Viola do, who, though she carried a manlike outside, had a true woman's heart, and feared to look on her own sword!

When she saw her formidable rival advancing towards her with his sword drawn, she began to think of confessing that she was a woman; but she was relieved at once from her terror, and the shame of such a discovery, by a stranger that was passing by, who made up to them, and as if he had been long known to her, and were her dearest friend, said to her opponent, "If this young gentleman has done offence, I will take the fault on me; and if you offend him, I will for his sake defy you." Before Viola had time to thank him for his protection, or to inquire the reason of his kind interference, her new friend met with an enemy where his bravery was of no use to him; for the officers of justice coming up in that instant, apprehended the stranger in the duke's name to answer for an offence he had committed some years before; and he said to Viola. "This comes with seeking you." And then he asked her for a purse, saying, "Now my necessity makes me ask for my purse, and it grieves me much more for what I cannot do for you than for what befalls myself. You stand amazed, but be of comfort." His words did indeed amaze Viola, and she protested she knew him not, nor had ever received a purse from him; but for the kindness he had just shown her, she offered him a small sum of money, being nearly the whole she possessed. And now the stranger spoke severe things, charging her with ingratitude and unkindness. He said, "This youth, whom you see here, I snatched from the jaws of death, and for his sake alone I came to Illyria, and have fallen into this danger." But the officers cared little for hearkening to the complaints of their prisoner, and they hurried him off, saying, "What is that to us?" And as he was carried away, he called Viola by the name of Sebastian, reproaching the supposed Sebastian for disowning his friend, as long as he was within hearing. When Viola heard herself called Sebastian, though the stranger was taken away too hastily for her to ask an explanation, she conjectured that this seeming mystery might arise from her being mistaken for her brother; and she began

to cherish hopes that it was her brother whose life this man said he had preserved. And so indeed it was. The stranger, whose name was Antonio, was a sea captain. He had taken Sebastian up into his ship, when, almost exhausted with fatigue, he was floating on the mast to which he had fastened himself in the storm. Antonio conceived such a friendship for Sebastian that he resolved to accompany him whithersoever he went; and when the youth expressed a curiosity to visit Orsino's court, Antonio, rather than part from him, came to Illyria, though he knew, if his person should be known there, his life would be in danger, because in a sea fight he had once dangerously wounded the Duke Orsino's nephew. This was the offence for which he was now made a prisoner.

Antonio and Sebastian had landed together but a few hours before Antonio met Viola. He had given his purse to Sebastian, desiring him to use it freely if he saw anything he wished to purchase, telling him he would wait at the inn, while Sebastian went to view the town; but Sebastian not returning at the time appointed, Antonio had ventured out to look for him, and Viola being dressed the same, and in face so exactly resembling her brother, Antonio drew his sword, as he thought, in defence of the youth he had saved, and when Sebastian, as he supposed, disowned him, and denied him his own purse, no wonder he accused him of ingratitude.

Viola, when Antonio was gone, fearing a second invitation to fight, slunk home as fast as she could. She had not long gone when her adversary thought he saw her return, but it was her brother Sebastian, who happened to arrive at this place, and he said, "Now, sir, have I met with you again? There's for you," and struck him a blow. Sebastian was no coward; he returned the blow with interest, and drew his sword.

A lady now put a stop to this duel, for Olivia came out of the house, and she, too, mistaking Sebastian for Cesario, invited him to come into her house, expressing much sorrow at the rude attack he had met with. Though Sebastian was as much surprised at the courtesy of this lady as at the rudeness of his unknown foe, yet he went very willingly into the house, and

Olivia was delighted to find Cesario (as she thought him) become more sensible of her attentions; for though their features were exactly the same, there was none of the contempt and anger to be seen in his face, which she had complained of when she told her love to Cesario.

Sebastian did not at all object to the fondness the lady lavished on him. He seemed to take it in very good part, yet he wondered how it had come to pass, and he was rather inclined to think Olivia was not in her right senses; but perceiving that she was mistress of a fine house, and that she ordered her affairs and seemed to govern her family discreetly, and that in all but her sudden love for him she appeared in the full possession of her reason, he well approved of the courtship; and Olivia finding Cesario in this good humour, and fearing he might change his mind, proposed that, as she had a priest in the house, they should be instantly married. Sebastian assented to this proposal, and when the marriage ceremony was over, he left his lady for a short time, intending to go and tell his friend Antonio the good fortune that he had met with. In the meantime Orsino came to visit Olivia, and at the moment he arrived before Olivia's house, the officers of justice brought their prisoner, Antonio, before the duke. Viola was with Orsino, her master, and when Antonio saw Viola, whom he still imagined to be Sebastian, he told the duke in what manner he had rescued this youth from the perils of the sea; and after fully relating all the kindness he had really shown to Sebastian, he ended his complaint with saying that for three months, both day and night, this ungrateful youth had been with him. But now the Lady Olivia coming forth from her house, the duke could no longer attend to Antonio's story; and he said, "Here comes the countess: now Heaven walks on earth! but for thee, fellow, thy words are madness. Three months has this youth attended on me;" and then he ordered Antonio to be taken aside. But Orsino's heavenly countess soon gave the duke cause to accuse Cesario as much of ingratitude as Antonio had done, for all the words he could hear Olivia speak were words of kindness to Cesario; and when he found

his page had obtained this high place in Olivia's favour he threatened him with all the terrors of his just revenge; and as he was going to depart he called Viola to follow him, saying, "Come, boy, with me. My thoughts are ripe for mischief." Though it seemed, in his jealous rage, he was going to doom Viola to instant death, yet her love made her no longer a coward, and she said she would most joyfully suffer death to give her master ease. But Olivia would not so lose her husband, and she cried, "Where goes my Cesario?" Viola replied, "After him I love more than my life." Olivia, however, prevented their departure by loudly proclaiming that Cesario was her husband, and sent for the priest, who declared that not two hours had passed since he had married the Lady Olivia to this young man. In vain Viola protested she was not married to Olivia; the evidence of that lady and the priest made Orsino believe that his page had robbed him of the treasure he prized above his life. But thinking that it was past recall, he was bidding farewell to his faithless mistress, and the *young dissembler*, her husband, as he called Viola, warning her never to come in his sight again, when, as it seemed to them, a miracle appeared, for another Cesario entered and addressed Olivia as his wife. This new Cesario was Sebastian, the real husband of Olivia; and when their wonder had a little ceased at seeing two persons with the same face, the same voice, and the same habit, the brother and sister began to question each other, for Viola could scarce be persuaded that her brother was living, and Sebastian knew not how to account for the sister he supposed drowned being found in the habit of a young man. But Viola presently acknowledged that she was indeed Viola and his sister under that disguise.

When all the errors were cleared up which the extreme likeness between this twin brother and sister had occasioned, they laughed at the Lady Olivia for the pleasant mistake she had made in falling in love with a woman, and Olivia showed no dislike to her exchange when she found she had wedded the brother instead of the sister.

The hopes of Orsino were for ever at an end by this marriage of Olivia, and with his hopes, all his fruitless love seemed to vanish away, and all his thoughts were fixed on the event of his favourite, young Cesario, being changed into a fair lady. He viewed Viola with great attention, and he remembered how very handsome he had always thought Cesario was, and he concluded she would look very beautiful in a woman's attire; and then he remembered how often she had said *she loved him*, which at the time seemed only the dutiful expressions of a faithful page, but now he guessed that something more was meant, for many of her pretty sayings, which were like riddles to him, came now into his mind, and he no sooner remembered all these things than he resolved to make Viola his wife. And he said to her (he still could not help calling her *Cesario* and *boy*), "Boy, you have said to me a thousand times that you should never love a woman like to me, and for the faithful service you have done for me so much beneath your soft and tender breeding, and since you have called me master so long, you shall now be your master's mistress, and Orsino's true duchess.

Olivia, perceiving Orsino was making over that heart which she had so ungraciously rejected to Viola, invited them to enter her house, and offered the assistance of the good priest, who had married her to Sebastian in the morning, to perform the same ceremony in the remaining part of the day for Orsino and Viola. Thus the twin brother and sister were both wedded on the same day; the storm and shipwreck which had separated them being the means of bringing to pass their high and mighty fortunes. Viola was the wife of Orsino, the Duke of Illyria, and Sebastian the husband of the rich and noble countess, the Lady Olivia.

NOTES.

KING LEAR.

Shakspeare found the story of King Lear and his three daughters in Holinshed's Chronicle. It appeared first in the Latin Chronicle of Geoffrey of Monmouth, *Historia Britonum*, written in the first half of the twelfth century, where, among other legends, the story of Lear, a king who was supposed to have ruled over Britain between eight and nine hundred years before the birth of Christ, is told. In the Chronicle Cordelia defeats the wicked daughters and restores her father, who ends his days in peace. She, after his death, being defeated and deprived of her kingdom by a nephew, commits suicide in prison. Spenser tells the story in verse in the second book of the *Faerie Queene*, though his version seems to have been founded on an earlier play dealing with the subject. The story of Cordelia, versified by Higgins, appeared in the *Mirror for Magistrates*, 1586. All these different forms of the legend may have been known to Shakspeare. Of the second of the two stories which make up the play, that of the Earl of Gloucester and his two sons, Shakespeare found the germ in Sidney's *Arcadia*. There a king of Paphlagonia tells how, led by the cunning misrepresentations of one of his two sons, he had treated the other unjustly. He further tells with what cruelty the cunning and unscrupulous son had afterwards treated himself, and with what kindness and compassion, and at what great risk to himself, the wronged son had come to help him.

PAGE

11. **Lear**, a mythical king of Britain. "Lir" was an ocean god who was worshipped both in Ireland and in Britain. In the Irish romance of the "Children of Lir" he appears as a king of the divine race whose children were turned into swans by enchantment.

Albany, name for Scotland, or roughly for the northern part of Great Britain. It was sometimes used as a name for the whole island.

Cornwall. Roughly intended to represent the south-western portion of the island.

King of France. At the supposed time of Lear the kingdom of France had not come into existence. The first French king, Clovis, ruled from 481 A.D. to 571.

Burgundy. The name at different times has meant very different things. Early in the fifth century the Burgundians, a people from the shores of the Baltic, formed for themselves a kingdom between

PAGE

the Rhone and the Alps, to which they gave their name. In the time of Geoffrey and Holinshed the name was used vaguely for a large and important territory to the east and north-east of France.

11. **joint suitors**, each wished to become the husband of Cordelia.

younger strengths, to younger and therefore to stronger, that is, more vigorous and active rulers.

professing stuff, trashy lip-declarations of love, worthless in themselves, and no proof of the existence of the assumed feeling. "She called heaven to witness", writes Geoffrey, "that she loved him more than her own soul."

hollow metal, false and unreliable in character, with no real feeling, but on that very account making the greater profession of it. Compare the proverb: "Empty vessels make the most noise".

12. **Blessed himself in having**, thought himself blessed because he had.

glad, gladden, make glad.

same, similar, or like.

whose hearts she knew, &c. She knew that what they felt was very different from what they said they felt. Compare S. Matthew xv. 8, "This people ... honoureth me with their lips, but their heart is far from me". The old chronicler makes Cordelia reply, "Look how much you have; so much is your love, and so much do I love you"; seeking by this speech to open her father's eyes to her sisters' selfish designs.

13. **handsomest**, most becoming.

mercenary ends, being assumed for the sake of the reward it may bring.

spleen, anger, vexation. In ancient times the spleen was supposed to be the seat of melancholy.

dotage, childishness, feebleness of mind.

incident, natural, liable to occur to.

gay painted speech, false and highly coloured profession.

retracted, took back.

monthly course, for a month at a time, first with one, then with the other.

preposterous, contrary to nature, reason, and common-sense.

repelled, hindered from speaking on behalf of Cordelia.

pawn, a pledge to stake or wager. Compare: "To lie like pawns locked up in chests and trunks". *King John.*

14. **See with his eyes**; *his* refers to Kent.

in his best consideration, when consideration had restored his better self.

recall this hideous rashness, unsay his words, alter the decision to which he had just come, which was frightfully unjust and unconsidered.

gave no token of hollowness, no sign that real feeling was wanting. Compare: "But hollow men, like horses hot at hand, make gallant show" (*Julius Caesar*, iv. 2. 23).

PAGE

14. **when power**, &c.; when those in power were influenced by flattery it was necessary for honourable people to speak their mind plainly.

do to him, to Kent.

banishment to stay there, the King was so unlike himself that Kent might almost fancy himself in another country.

large speeches, great professions.

answered with, followed by deeds that matched.

shape his old course, fit his old ways of living.

tardiness, slowness.

15. **waterish**. Burgundy was the best-watered province of France; so there is a play on the word as used here.

Fortune's alms, something thrown by Fortune to quiet a persistent beggar, only of slight value in itself, and therefore not sought for by others.

remnants of royalty, signs of kingship still left to him.

affected, made it their practice.

16. **estranged**, turned away.

conciliated, won over to be real and true.

shifts, tricks, dodges.

so as, provided that.

put on, assumed as a part of his disguise.

answerable, matching. See note on p. 14.

presently, at once, on the spot.

kennel, a water-course, a gutter. This must be taken as a figure of speech, meaning, laid the base dog as low as he ought to lie. Kent, in the play, trips up the steward who answered saucily in the hall in the king's presence.

of his palace, a member of the household in his palace.

17. **pleasant**, jesting, amusing.

cut to the quick, inflicted the sharpest pain. *Quick* means 'living', hence the bare flesh under the nail is called the 'quick'. It is particularly sensitive, and when bared the pain is keen.

the cuckoo appropriates the nest of another bird in which to lay its eggs, and the young cuckoo grows up alongside the proper inhabitants of the nest till it is strong enough to turn them out.

fond, meant originally foolish; now it has come to mean loving, tender.

establishment, following, household, retinue.

18. **detested kite**, hateful and cowardly bird of prey. Unlike the nobler members of the falcon family, the kite is not distinguished for courage.

sea-monster, probably the whale, though some suggest the hippopotamus; vaguely, any terrifying sea-creature like the cuttle-fish, &c.

serpent's tooth. The fang or tooth of a serpent is usually connected with a gland which secretes a poison. When the serpent seizes its prey this poison is injected from the fang, and causes paralysis or even death.

waywardness, changeableness, capriciousness.

PAGE

19. **the stocks**, a contrivance by which an offender's arms and legs were kept confined in holes in wooden beams.

demanded, had a right to.

omen, sign of the future.

discretion, wisdom to conduct himself properly.

preposterous, absurdly unreasonable.

wretched pension, enough only to supply his wants, a small allowance.

portion, a share of money or property

20. **abated**, stripped, beat down or diminished.

all respect, *i.e.* the respectfulness of his servants.

to be unsettled, to wander; he lost his reason.

unnatural hags, ugly, hateful monsters. A hag meant a woman of the woods, a witch, a wicked, savage creature.

procure to themselves, bring upon themselves.

combat with the elements, fight against the storm. The four 'elements', *i.e.* the four substances of which it was once believed that the universe consisted, are earth, air, fire, and water; but in this sense the word means the forces of nature generally.

21. **abided**, remained.

outjest misfortune, jest so much that he would forget his troubles.

conceits, quaint fancies.

a naughty night to swim in, utterly unsuitable, very dangerous. The poor old king at sight of Edgar, the pretended madman, had, in imitation of him, begun to tear off his clothes.

brave, fine; as we might say 'glorious'.

to be delicate, to think of its comfort.

filial ingratitude, lack of kindness, or cruelty of children to parents.

Bedlam. The hospital of St. Mary of Bethlehem, where people who had lost their senses were received and attended to, was situated in Bishopsgate Street, near London Wall. In 1815 it was moved to Lambeth. A Tom or Jack o' Bedlam meant simply a madman. In Shakspeare's time it was not uncommon to find pretended madmen wandering the country and extorting a living from the terror or the sympathy their supposed malady excited among the people.

22. **moving terms**, words that roused their sympathy and excited them to help.

23. **power**, force, army.

stark, utterly.

enemy's dog, more disliked, therefore, than the ordinary stray dog, a hated animal, but one fitted by nature to face the weather. Compare: "Love me, love my dog".

24. **winding up**, &c., restoring to his senses. His mind is like a stringed musical instrument, which once gave forth sweet sounds, but is now so shattered that the strings are loosened and give forth nothing but discord.

practices, plots.

PAGE

24. **sundry**, different.
make away with, kill.
admire at, think of with wonder and awe.

TIMON OF ATHENS.

To the *Palace of Pleasure*, a valuable collection of tales, containing about a hundred stories translated from Latin, Greek, French, and Italian, which was first published by William Paynter in 1566, Shakspeare owed some hints of the plot which he has developed in this play. In Paynter's first volume, which contains about sixty stories, the twenty-eighth tale is *Of the straunge and beastlie nature of Timon of Athens, enemie to mankind, with his death, buriall, and epitaphe.* Paynter's book furnished Shakspeare with hints for his *Romeo and Juliet* and for several of his other plays. Timon also is twice referred to in North's *Plutarch*: once in the "Life of Antonius", and again in the "Life of Alcibiades", where the story told of him looks like a fuller version of the story given in the "Life of Antonius". The story told by Shakspeare seems to owe more to Lucian's *Dialogue*, "Timon, or Misanthropos"; and it is generally supposed that Shakspeare found a play dealing with the subject already existing, and that he re-wrote the greater part of it and remodelled the rest.

The date of the rewriting is not very accurately determined, but it is usually ascribed to 1606 or 1607. The play was first printed in the Folio of 1623, where it is called *The Life of Tymon of Athens.*

PAGE.

26. **Lord of Athens.** The Athens of Timon and Alcibiades was a republic, or rather an oligarchy; but Shakspeare and his audience alike pictured a feudal and ducal Athens, the Athens of the middle ages, whose titular duke, Walter de Brienne, tyrant of Florence and Constable of France, was killed in the battle with the English at Poitiers.

affected, made a great show of.

glass-faced flatterer, smooth-faced, not showing his feelings, but assuming the appearance of agreeing with the person he wished to please.

Cynic. This name, *κυνικός*, which means literally the 'dog-like', was given to those thinkers in ancient Greece who professed a contempt for human wealth and luxury, for all forms of human enjoyment, in fact, whether mental or physical, and who denied themselves the ordinary comforts and pleasures of life. The founder of this school of thinkers was Antisthenes, the pupil of Socrates; but of all the Cynics, Diogenes was the most celebrated. Cynic is now used for one who disbelieves in and sneers at all human goodness and sincerity.

mart, market, a place where a thing might be sold.

PAGE

27. **any price,** whatever they chose to ask, an extravagant price.

have the refusal, have the first offer.

sharking tradesmen, greedy, thievish men who cheated those who bought of them.

fulsome, disgusting, offensive from being overdone.

flesh-flies, parasites, creatures that feed on the body round which they hover, picking out with unerring instinct the unsound part and there depositing their eggs; applied to persons who prey on human weaknesses.

outdone in gifts, get more than he gave.

28. **easy-hearted,** good-natured.

mercenary donation, a gift given in hopes that it will bring a richer return, that is, a more valuable gift.

credulous, believing too readily and therefore easily deceived.

Athenian talents. The Athenian talent was a fixed weight of between fifty-six and fifty-seven pounds; as a sum of money, it meant that weight of silver or its equivalent, between £240 and £250.

parasites, a parasite is literally one who feeds at the table or at the expense of another.

29. **draining dry,** exhausting, wasting, using up.

outwent, &c., did more than kindness itself could have required.

Plutus. Plutus, in classic myths, is the personification of wealth. Zeus is said to have blinded him in order that he might not bestow his gifts on good men only.

senseless of expense, utterly unaware of how much he was spending and how soon he would bring his wealth to an end.

on any other occasion, for any other reason.

30. **at one cloud,** &c., as soon as Timon's means began to fail, at the first appearance of misfortune.

in a breath, at a word, in a moment.

extremity, time of need, difficulty.

requite Timon's courtesy, repay the kindness he had received from Timon.

31. **the wind changed,** the condition altered; he was asked to give, not to accept.

to pleasure, to do something to please, to give satisfaction to.

32. **the same,** an answer like the others, full of false statements as to why they could not do as he wished.

impatient and clamorous, &c., eager to get their money, and making a great outcry about not getting it at once.

33. **incredible lustre,** &c. Timon, whose career had been so brilliant, and who was known to be ruined, to the astonishment of all, gave orders for a splendid feast.

epicurean, &c., luxurious, furnished with dishes calculated to please the palate. Epicurus, the Greek philosopher, taught that pleasure or happiness was the object of all rational or intelligent action.

34. **to herd with,** to keep company with, to be in the society of.

PAGE

34. **boisterous servitor**, loud-voiced or noisy servant.

chamberlain, valet, personal attendant. A chamberlain was properly the officer entrusted with the superintendence and control of the private apartments of the house of a sovereign or great lord.

35. **caudles**, warm spiced drinks consisting of thin gruel mixed with wine and spices, given to sick people.

making privy, informing, giving information regarding something that is kept a secret from the world in general.

retained his old mind, held by his old opinions, had the same wishes as formerly.

lucre of it, desire to gain it.

Alcibiades. Alcibiades (450 to 404 B.C.) was a famous Athenian general and politician. He was a pupil and friend of Socrates, and a relation of Pericles, in whose house he was brought up. He was the leader of the radical party in Athens, and commanded the expedition against Sicily. Accused of profanation, he went over to Sparta, but the distrust of him manifested by the Spartans and the requests of the Athenians led him to return to Athens. He commanded the Athenian army, and gained victories for his native city at Cyzicus and elsewhere, but was deposed from his command and forced to take refuge with the King of Phrygia by whom he was treacherously put to death 404 B.C.

noted to be, distinguished or marked for being.

liked their business, wished them to succeed in their war against the Athenians.

36. **admiring**, wondering. Flavius, on seeing his master, exclaims, "O you gods! Is yond despis'd and ruinous man my lord?"

abject, utterly ruined, so mean as to be contemptible.

37. **approaches**, assaults, attacks.

38. **take a taste.** Timon bade them advise each citizen to "Come hither ere my tree hath felt the axe, and hang himself".

brought Timon to his conclusion, caused Timon's death.

admired the fitness, &c., thought the inscription on his tomb exceedingly suitable.

MACBETH.

The story of the usurpation of Macbeth and the events that followed it Shakspeare found in his favourite chronicler Holinshed. The Chronicle was published in 1577; but the story is told also in Buchanan's *History of Scotland*, which was not published till 1582. Shakspeare does not seem to have been indebted to the Scotch historian. According to the legend, Malcolm of Scotland had two daughters, Beatrice and Doada. Beatrice was married to Abanath Crinen, Thane of the Isles, and bore a son, Duncan, who, on the death of his grandfather, was chosen king. Doada married

Sinel, Thane of Glamis, and her son Macbeth became one of King Duncan the Meek's bravest warriors and most trusted counsellors.

The story of the murder Shakspeare takes from another part of the Chronicle where Holinshed describes how King Duff, visiting Donawald, one of his Thanes, in his castle of Forres, was murdered by him, Donawald being goaded on to commit the murder by his wife, a wicked and ambitious woman.

PAGE

39. **conduct**, behaviour in general, here generalship, skill in directing military affairs.

Cawdor, a district in Scotland near the Moray Firth. Cawdor Castle is shown as the traditional scene of the murder of Duncan.

Thane, baron or noble, used vaguely for a great chief or land-owner.

chappy, full of hacks or chaps, rough.

Glamis. Glamis is a district in Forfarshire at the foot of the Sidlaw Hills.

weird sisters. The belief in witches in the time of Shakspeare was wide-spread. The witches here introduced are, however, very different beings from the traditional ugly old women of popular belief.

weird, fate or destiny. Compare the Scotch proverb: "Ilk ane has his weird to dree".

40. **miraculously corresponding**, &c., agreeing in such a wonderful, almost incredible, way.

wrapped in amazement, so astonished they could do nothing.

swelling hopes, hopes that puffed him up with conceit, and seeming to have some grounds, became continually stronger.

tell us truths, &c., by showing themselves right in some small matter, lead us to follow them to our ruin.

Banquo, the companion of Macbeth, the supposed Thane of Lochaber. He and his son Fleance seem to be altogether imaginary personages.

compass, get or attain in any way, whether rightly or wrongly.

jutting friezes, projecting ledges in the walls of the castle.

41. **milk of human kindness**, sympathy, compassion; natural goodness of disposition which would make him shun hurting and cause him to try to help his fellows.

contrived murder, a murder deliberately plotted, cold-blooded.

scrupulous, careful to avoid doing what he knew was wrong.

42. **laws of hospitality**. It was generally received as a principle of honour that the guest was sacred, and should be protected by his host at all hazards.

practicable, easily to be managed.

valour of her tongue, great declarations of what she would do were she Macbeth. Compare: "'T is not the trial of a woman's war, the bitter clamour of two eager tongues, can arbitrate this cause betwixt us twain" (*Richard II.*).

PAGE

42. **chastised his sluggish resolution**, spurred him on to carry out the intentions of which he already half-repented.

phantasm, a thing that existed only in the imagination.

43. **murder sleep.** The deed he had done was so vile that he would never again be able to sleep in peace.

frustrated, prevented from being done.

inducements, advantages springing from the deed, and therefore likely to lead to its performance.

Malcolm fled to his mother's brother Siward, Earl of Northumberland.

Ireland. Malcolm, Duncan's grandfather, is spoken of in some of the old chronicles as the "Son of the woman of Leinster", hence the flight of Donalbain to Ireland was to his relatives, those, therefore, who would espouse his quarrel.

44. **rankled**, kept irritating, festered.

make void, render it impossible that the prediction should be fulfilled.

chid for neglect, blame for forgetting or not accepting his invitation.

lament, &c., sorrow for on account of any evil that had befallen him.

45. **reveal their futurity**, make known to them what would happen in times to come.

ingredients, materials of which they were made up.

sweaten. a very unusual form of the p. participle.

46. **bodements**, messages, presages, announcements. The word *bode* is generally used of presages of evil.

the thoughts were sanguinary, &c.; he was for ever forming cruel and murderous schemes. Though this is the character of Macbeth given in the Chronicle, it does not seem to rest on any foundation of fact. Macbeth reigned from 1040 to 1057.

47. **alienated the minds**, &c., made the nobles hate him.

recruits, &c. The fresh soldiers who joined Macbeth were few in number, and they came in slowly and unwillingly. In reality the people of the country seem to have heartily supported Macbeth; and though the Saxon Chronicle claims the victory for Siward in 1054, it acknowledges the heaviness of his losses. He does not seem to have been able to set Malcolm on the throne of Scotland. The final defeat of Macbeth at Lumphanan seems to have taken place in 1057, and been brought about by the alliance of Malcolm and Tostig.

sole partner, the only one with whom he had taken counsel, or who shared in his guilt.

with armour on his back, fighting as a soldier should in the battle.

impregnable, unconquerable, not able to be captured by force.

48. **equivocal**, having a double meaning.

avouches, declares to be the case.

a fierce contest; Macduff trying to make Macbeth fight, and he trying to avoid fighting, because he feels that there is too much of the blood of Macduff already to his charge.

PAGE

49. **vulnerable**, able to be wounded.

equivocations, speeches which have a double meaning, and are intended to deceive the hearer.

baited, harassed and worried, as the bear used to be worried by the dogs in the old cruel sport of bear-baiting.

machinations, skilful contrivances, cunning devices.

MERCHANT OF VENICE.

In every country of Europe during the middle ages stories were current illustrating the inhuman cruelty and loathsome wickedness of the Jews. This popular hatred arose not from dislike merely of their religious opinions. By forbidding Christians to lend at usury the Church had thrown the entire control of the finances of Europe into the hands of the Jews, and they made a most unscrupulous use of their power.

Among the tales to which the story of the *Merchant of Venice*, as told by Shakspeare, bears some resemblance, may be mentioned:

(1) The *Adventures of Giannetto*, from a collection of Italian tales called *Il Pecorone*, written by Giovanni Fiorentino about the end of the fourteenth century (1378), and published at Milan in 1558. In this we have a similar story of a bond, a similar plan for delivering the Merchant, and an incident like the incident of the ring in the fifth act.

(2) The *Orator*, by a French writer Alexander Silvayn, gives the speech of a Jew "who would for his debt have a pound of flesh of a Christian", and the Christian's answer, but there is no narrative of events, and the speeches are left to explain themselves.

(3) From a collection of stories made about the end of the thirteenth century, and called *Gesta Romanorum*, Shakspeare probably derived the idea of the choice of three caskets determining a marriage. Portions of these stories were translated by Robert Robinson in 1577.

(4) Some hints as to his mode of treating the subject may have been taken by Shakspeare from an old play called *The Jew and Ptolome*, referred to with approval by Stephen Gosson in *The School of Abuse*, 1579, in which two stories showing "the greediness of worldly choosers and the bloody minds of usurers" are combined.

(5) A greatly increased interest had been given to the Jewish question by the trial of Dr. Lopez, a Portuguese Jew, charged in 1594 with conspiring to poison Queen Elizabeth. From this trial Shakspeare seems to have taken some hints for his great trial scene.

PAGE

50. **usurer**, one who makes a living by lending money at exorbitant rates of interest.

PAGE

50. **Rialto.** In Venice there were three things spoken of as the Rialto: (*a*) the island at the eastern end of the Grand Canal; (*b*) the Exchange on the island where much of the business of the city was transacted; (*c*) the famous bridge across the Grand Canal connecting the island with the district of S. Mark. It is the bridge that people mean now when they speak of the Rialto.

Roman honour, scrupulous performance of duty without regard to the consequences to oneself. In ancient times the great men of Rome were remarkable for this unshrinking fidelity to duty.

patrimony, estate or property inherited from his forefathers.

that, we should use *who* instead of *that.*

51. **ducats,** gold coins of varying values formerly used in most of the countries of Europe. The first gold ducat was coined in Venice about the end of the thirteenth century, and was pretty nearly equal in value to our half-sovereign. The ducat of Venice currency was worth from 3*s.* 4*d.* to 4*s.* 2*d.*

feed fat, thoroughly satisfy, indulge or pamper.

sufferance is the badge, to endure wrong quietly is the mark of a Jew.

monies, sums of money. Compare: "Importune him for my moneys" (*Timon of Athens*).

52. **forfeit,** lose the right to as a punishment for having failed to perform his part of an agreement; simply, to become liable lawfully to be deprived of anything.

suspect, have doubts with regard to.

execution of the forfeiture, taking from the man the pound of flesh he had forfeited.

Cato, famous for the integrity and simplicity of his life, was universally respected by the Romans. He put himself to death on hearing of Cæsar's victory at Thapsus over the Pompeians or aristocratic party.

Portia. The daughter of Cato had for her second husband Brutus, one of the nobles who conspired against Cæsar. Portia encouraged her husband in his schemes against one whom she regarded as a *tyrant,* and after his death at Philippi she committed suicide, being determined not to outlive the national liberty.

Brutus. A Roman politician and soldier, one of the murderers of Cæsar, died at Philippi 42 B.C. He was greatly respected on account of his uprightness.

53. **dispraised,** abused, found fault with.

unlessoned, &c., without learning, and without the discipline gained in acquiring learning.

54. **imparted,** told you about.

despatch the business, hurry and get the marriage ceremony performed.

55. **instrumental,** of any help or use.

counsellor, a barrister or advocate, one learned in the law and permitted to take on himself the defence of clients.

PAGE

55. **equipment**, all the dress she needed to fit her to perform the duties of an advocate; get-up.

56. **agony of distress**, &c., he was suffering the bitterest remorse for having, however innocently, brought his friend into such a position, and was tortured by fear lest his friend should not escape.

arduous, very difficult.

tempered, moderated and guided.

wrest, twist, turn from its true meaning or purpose.

57. **alter me**, make me change my mind, turn me from my purpose.

commend me to, remember me kindly to, give my kind regards to.

currish, snarling, ill-natured, contemptible.

58. **bond**, the legal deed in which what each party to the agreement had to do was set forth.

prepare, bare your breast.

to be confiscated, to become as a penalty the property of the state.

sagacity, shrewdness and common-sense, quickness with which he saw the right way out of the difficulty.

plaudits, clapping of hands and cheering.

defeated in, &c., hindered from carrying out his cruel purpose.

59. **conspired**, plotted, formed plans.

against his consent, contrary to his wishes. She had run away with Lorenzo.

disinherited, left by will his property, to which she was the natural heir, to others.

despoiled, stripped, robbed.

60. **grievous**, very heavy, and difficult to bear.

prevailed upon, led by arguments to give way.

wily, smoothly cunning, trickily and cleverly bringing about the end desired without seeming to work for it. The word is here used in a half-jocular, half-approving sense; as a rule it is a term of reproach.

affronted, offended by being treated without due respect.

consciousness, knowledge, the state of being aware.

61. **cutler's knife.** In the middle ages it was the custom to inscribe on swords, knives, &c., some motto. This served the double purpose of recommending the article to the purchaser whose fancy the device caught, and afterwards of helping him to identify his property. The contriving of these mottoes was a necessary part of the work of a cutler, or knife-maker, but the mottoes themselves were, as Bassanio here declares, usually as commonplace and unpoetic as could be.

scrubbed, badly grown, dwarfish, stunted.

62. **beset**, &c., overpowered, vigorously assailed on all sides, by the feeling that I ought to be ashamed.

lend, pledge, pawn.

tragical, threatening death and other dreadful things, calculated to excite our terrror and rouse our pity.

comical, droll, moving our laughter.

THE COMEDY OF ERRORS.

Shakspeare took the plot of *The Comedy of Errors* from a play of the Latin comic writer Plautus, called the *Menœchmi*. Plautus wrote about two hundred years before the birth of Christ (died 184 B.C.), and for the most part contented himself with adapting later Greek plays for the Roman stage. The plot in the old play turns on the comical mistakes caused by the astonishing likeness between twin brothers. By giving each brother a servant equally undistinguishable, Shakspeare makes the complications that arise much more perplexing; but, at the same time, he greatly increases the interest of the spectator in the play and in the solution of the plot, which is brought about in the least extravagant fashion.

PAGE

63. **Syracuse**, at one time the most powerful and important of all the Greek cities of Sicily, is situated on the south-eastern coast of the island. It was founded by Corinthian colonists between seven and eight hundred years B.C., and became a very prosperous and flourishing city. Destroyed by the Saracens in the ninth century it is now a place of less than 30,000 inhabitants.

Ephesus, on the west coast of Asia Minor, some distance to the south of Smyrna, was in ancient times a place of great importance, being one of the twelve Ionian (Greek) cities of Asia Minor. It was celebrated for its temple of Artemis or Diana, and was a place of great commercial importance. In the middle ages it sank into insignificance.

at variance, having quarrelled. Commercial rivalry and jealousy frequently led in the middle ages to bitter quarrels between states and cities.

marks, sums of thirteen shillings and fourpence. In almost all the countries of Europe down to the adoption of the metric system the mark was used as a definite weight of gold and silver.

Epidamnium, the scene of the events narrated in the story told by Plautus, intended probably to stand for Epidamnus, a noted Greek town in the south of Illyria on the eastern shore of the Adriatic. It was known in later times as Dyrrhachium, and was the centre of a considerable local and exceedingly important transit trade, being on one of the main routes between Rome and the East, that by Brundusium, the modern Brindisi.

64. **bought the two boys.** Slavery was a regular institution both in Greece and Rome, and parents could sell their children into slavery.

wept for fashion, cried when they saw their mother weeping, to keep her company.

contrive means, form some plan whereby they might be saved from being drowned.

struggle with, &c., fight against sea and storm, &c., to save the two children.

PAGE

65. **inquisitive**, &c., anxious to find out what had become of them.

importuned, urgently begged.

hazarded, ran the risk of.

bounds, all the regions or countries contained within the limits of.

coasting homewards. Vessels in early times kept near the coast that they might not lose their way, and also that they might be able to run ashore if a storm arose.

hapless, unfortunate, unlucky, miserable.

66. **pass for**, pretend to be.

distinguish, mark the difference between.

ransom, deliverance from slavery, captivity, or death; sometimes the equivalent paid for such deliverance.

distinguished himself, gained a name for himself, showed himself to be beyond the common.

observe the manners, take note of the peoples' ways of acting.

67. **humours**, funny and laughter-provoking sayings and doings.

capon, the chicken.

falls from the spit, is already overdone, and beginning to spoil. The spit was the slender bar which was thrust through the meat that was to be roasted before the fire.

presume, have the impudence.

custody, keeping charge.

68. **a jealous temper**, a nature that was always ready to be vexed and worried from fear of others being thought more of than herself.

groundless, without reason or cause.

69. **perplexed**, puzzled, unable to account for what had happened.

met with such strange adventures, things that seemed so unnatural and so hard to explain happened to him.

bewitched, under a spell. In the middle ages the belief in witchcraft was general, and witches and sorcerers were supposed to be able by their spells to exercise the most extraordinary power over men and animals. The powers they possessed were supposed to have been given them by the devil.

70. **humour**, frame of mind, condition of temper.

Dowsabel, lady-love, sweetheart. It is used here satirically. Dowsabel is the English form of dulcibella, 'pretty-sweet', used perhaps first in some pastoral song.

saluted him, &c., greeted him, as if they knew him.

witches and sorcerers. See note on 'bewitched', p. 69.

bewildered thoughts, confusion and astonishment caused by what had happened.

distracted, mad, out of his senses.

71. **illusions**, deceitful appearances.

frantic, mad with rage.

freaks, unaccountable whims.

72. **delivered**, handed over.

PAGE

72. **protested**, solemnly declared.

exclaiming against, &c., declaring that it was shameful, and that there were no grounds for saying that he was mad.

perplexities, the astonishing things that were happening to him, and of which he saw no explanation.

73. **distemper**, illness, disease, loss of reason.

vehemence, violence.

reprehended, found fault with, blamed.

74. **venomous clamour**, loud, passionate, ill-natured, and vexatious scolding.

railing, scolding.

upbraidings, fault-finding, reproaches.

make ill digestion, upset the stomach, disorder the health.

75. **eluded the vigilance**, got away in spite of the watchfulness of.

concluded, thought.

demanded for his ransom, (the sum) which had to be paid before he could be set free.

riddling errors, puzzling mistakes.

conjectured aright, guessed the correct explanation.

mysteries, things impossible for mere human intelligence to understand or explain. Mysteries were rites and ceremonies known to and practised only by those who had been initiated.

76. **discourse at leisure**, talk over more freely and fully.

adverse fortunes, trials and troubles.

had profited, had benefited, received as much good.

unravelling, explaining, accounting for.

HAMLET.

The story of Hamlet is found in the Danish historian Saxo Grammaticus, who wrote about the end of the twelfth century (died 1204). It was included in the collection of tales begun by Belleforest about the year 1564. There is a separate translation of this story dated 1608, but no doubt there had been previous translations of the story, and even older plays dealing with the subject, before Shakspeare used it for his great tragedy. In the story, as in Shakspeare, Hamlet's father, Harvendile, is treacherously murdered by his brother Fengon, who usurps the throne and marries his brother's widow, Geruth. But the Hamlet of the story, having escaped the various snares laid for him by his uncle, returns from England, puts the usurper to death, and ascends the Danish throne.

An imperfect edition of the play, published in 1603, was preserved in a solitary copy, now reprinted. In 1604 the second edition appeared, claiming to be "newly imprinted and enlarged to almost as much again as it was

according to the true and perfect copy". Shakspeare in dealing with the subject has completely altered the character of the story. He makes the Danes Christians, attributes to them the thoughts and sentiments of the Englishmen of his own time, and puts into the mouth of Hamlet the most profoundly philosophical reflections on life and duty.

PAGE

77. **strange act of indiscretion**, an extremely unwise and unusual thing to do.

unadvised action, thoughtless, inconsiderate deed.

nice sense, scrupulously careful or exact in the performance of all that the most correct and approved conduct required; and when a difficulty arose, feeling, as if by instinct, what was the right thing to do.

sore indignity, grievous insult; an action which hurt him much, as it showed in what poor estimation he was held.

78. **galled**, fretted, annoyed.

grew to, as the ivy grows to or upon the oak.

dashed the spirits, made sad and gloomy.

shrewd suspicions, doubts that it turned out were well founded, and which it seemed to him were only too likely to be so.

was privy to this murder, knew beforehand that it was intended.

apparition, a ghost, a spectre.

79. **testimony**, description of what had taken place.

grisly, grey, of a mixed colour; more commonly written *grisled* or *grizzled*.

sable, black. The sable is a fur-bearing animal of the martin kind found in Siberia, and greatly prized for its glossy black fur.

addressed itself to motion, began to make movements, or rather draw in its breath and assume the posture and appearance of one about to open his lips.

impart, tell.

heavenly ministers, good spirits.

assumed more courage, became bolder.

80. **conjured**, solemnly implored.

removed. We should say 'remote'.

henbane, a poisonous plant of the same family as the nightshade and tobacco plant. It takes its name from its deadly effects on domestic fowls.

antipathy, literally 'feeling against', *i.e.* opposition to.

81. **unhinged his mind**, drove him mad.

counterfeit, play an assumed or false part in order to deceive; pretend.

serious project, important undertaking, such as driving his usurping uncle from the throne and asserting his own rights to it.

perturbation, disturbance, excitement.

82. **tenders**, offers.

hinder but that. A rather awkward construction. We might say 'prevent soft thoughts from coming', or 'hinder the coming of soft thoughts'.

PAGE

82. **importuned her**, &c., begged her to promise to marry him.

affected, made it a practice. He really loved her, but in his intercourse with her he assumed the appearance of disliking her.

wild starts of passion, unconnected outbursts of strong feeling.

83. **still**, constantly.

84. **clout**, a small or worthless piece of cloth, a rag.

lively. The adjective is here used as an adverb.

fictitious speech, a speech in which he merely pretended to utter certain thoughts.

cue: properly a stage term, meaning the words which, spoken by one actor, are the signal for some other actor to enter, or some other speech to begin.

muddy, heavy-headed, stupid.

85. **wormwood**, a plant celebrated for its very bitter taste.

affecting, pretending to have.

given over, brought to an end.

partial, favourable on account of motherly love.

let slip, leave out.

crooked maxims, &c., rules of conduct and methods of government that were not quite straightforward.

tax, find fault.

roundest, plainest and most unreserved.

86. **idle**, foolish, not to the purpose.

officious, meddlesome; interfering in matters that do not concern one, or thrusting help or services on those who do not wish them. The original meaning of the word was almost exactly the opposite.

so as, *i.e.* so long as, provided that.

87. **heinousness**, very great or extreme wickedness.

wedding contracts, vows taken at marriage.

less, less reliable, of less value, with less truth in them.

Apollo, one of the greatest gods among the Greeks and Romans, the son of Jupiter and Latona, the god of eloquence, music, poetry, and healing. He is known sometimes as the sun-god, Helios.

Jupiter, the son of Saturn and Ops, the king of heaven, and ruler of men and gods, was the chief god of the Romans.

Mars. Among the Romans, Mars, as the god of war, took, after Jupiter, the highest place among the greater gods. As the father of Romulus and Remus, the founders of their city, the Romans considered Mars as their special protector.

Mercury, the Roman god of commerce and gain, became identified in later times with the Greek god Hermes, the son of Zeus and Maia, the swift-footed messenger and trusted ambassador of the gods, and the leader of the spirits of the dead to the nether world.

heaven-kissing. Think what this phrase means.

blasted, shrivelled up.

88. **pretended**, set forth.

erasing, scraping out.

PAGE

89. **had begun to turn over**, were being upset. She was losing her reason.

a creature natural to that element, a being whose native home was the water.

90. **imported**, meant.

maiden burials, burials of maidens.

decked thy bride-bed. In many parts the preparation and decoration of the marriage bed was an important ceremonial which preceded the marriage.

91. **extolled beyond measure**, praised far more than they deserved.

growing warm, becoming excited and eager.

repaid Laertes home, gave Laertes an equally deadly wound, wounded him to the heart.

inadvertently, without knowing what the bowl contained.

had infused, had poured in and mixed with the wine.

envenomed point, poisoned sword.

92. **would slay himself.** Among savages it is not unusual still for the favourite attendants to be slain and buried with their master, that they may wait upon him beyond the grave, and in early times devoted servants, with a similar idea, frequently refused to survive their masters.

privy to, well acquainted with.

cracked, snapped asunder, broke.

THE TEMPEST.

No play or tale or ballad has been discovered to which Shakspeare could have been indebted for the plot of the *Tempest*. He may have taken some hints from a book published in 1610, *A Discovery of the Bermudas, otherwise called the Isle of Devils*, and there is a remarkable similarity between the leading features of Gonzalo's republic, and a passage in Florio's translation of Montaigne's essay *Of the Cannibals*. Florio's translation of Montaigne was published in 1603, so that the play must have been written after that date. Early in 1613 it was acted by the King's Players before Prince Charles, the Princess Elizabeth, and the Elector Palatine, who had come to England to marry the princess. It was first printed in the Folio of 1623, and is usually thought to have been written by Shakespeare sometime between 1611 and 1613.

PAGE

93. **cell**, a small or humble dwelling. The word here is not used in its ordinary sense of "one of several small apartments in a building used as the abode of a single person". L. *cella*.

affected, followed after, pursued.

PAGE

93. **magic**, the pretended art of performing miracles by the help of mysterious and supernatural powers. In the middle ages the existence of such powers was generally believed, and the too devoted student was liable, as a reward for his labours, to find himself at the stake.

Sycorax, the name means 'the heart-breaker', and is an appropriate name for such a wicked witch as she is represented.

do offices, perform tasks.

compelling him to, making him do or perform, with something of the original sense of 'driving'.

94. **ordered it**, arranged matters.

95. **Milan**, one of the more powerful of the small principalities into which Italy was formerly divided. Its chief town, Milan, was in the middle ages the place where the kings of Italy were crowned. It lies in the plain of Lombardy, and is the commercial capital of N. Italy and the second city in population in the kingdom.

heir, rightful inheritor of my dominions. Shakspeare never uses the feminine form 'heiress'. Compare "His daughter and the heir of 's kingdom" (*Cymbeline*).

I trusted everything, I thoroughly believed, had most complete reliance.

Naples, a city in Italy, on the beautiful bay of the same name. It was formerly the capital, and gave the title of king to the ruler, who had for his dominions the southern part of the peninsula and the island of Sicily.

tackle, the ropes and rigging of a boat or ship.

96. **ship's company**, those who were on board the ship. The name is usually only applied to the officers and crew. Here, of course, it includes also the passengers.

holding converse with, addressing, speaking to.

concludes drowned, thinks has been drowned.

delicate, a term of approval, neat-handed, dexterous, clever.

97. **enter human hearing**, be told to mortals.

delicate, refined, having too fine a sense of right and wrong.

fathom. In measures of weight, length, value, &c., we often find the singular form used for the plural; as, seven score, ten hundredweight, three pound two and sixpence, &c.

nothing, (there is) nothing.

but is here the negative relative 'which not'.

sea-nymphs, inferior deities held in great reverence by the ancients. They are represented as very beautiful maidens, always young, possessed of the gift of prophecy, and ever ready to come to the help of the distressed mariner. The modern legends of *mermaids*, half-woman, half-fish, arose, no doubt, from the ancient traditions regarding the nymphs.

98. **altered**, changed for the worse.

desert, uninhabited.

entertainment, treatment.

surety, security, a person who undertakes to be responsible for another.

PAGE

98. **chide**, find fault with, scold.

affections, desires, wishes.

goodlier, better-looking.

99. **bound up**, paralysed, benumbed.

enjoined Ferdinand this task, laid this task upon Ferdinand.

abroad, in other places.

100. **precepts**, commands.

make rich amends, more than make up for it.

purchased, gained, pursued and reached. There is no notion of any equivalent being given for the thing got, as in the modern use of the word 'purchase'. It simply implies chase or pursuit carried out successfully.

above all praise, words cannot express her worth.

101. **harpy**, one of the three fabulous minor divinities worshipped by the ancients. They had the head of a woman, the body and wings of a vulture, and their feet and hands were furnished with claws. Like the furies, they were sent by the gods to punish guilt. Their hunger was unappeasable, and they tormented their victims by robbing them of their food. To make matters worse, whatever they touched was ruined, being rendered utterly unfit for use.

in their train, among those who were following them.

discovered, revealed.

sincere remorse, his genuine regret and sorrow.

excellent graces, surpassing dignity, refinement, and propriety of her speech and behaviour.

102. **reconciliation**, making friends again.

103. **uncouth**, awkward and lumpish.

full liberty, uncontrolled freedom.

couch, lay myself down to sleep.

magical books. These books were supposed to be a necessary part of the equipment of a magician, and to contain the instructions and the various forms of words by which his charms were worked.

nuptials, wedding ceremony, marriage.

convoy, guardianship. Ariel accompanied them on their journey to protect them from harm.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

Shakspeare seems to have borrowed the plot and most of the incidents in *As You Like It* from a novel of Thomas Lodge which was published in 1590. The novel is called *Rosalynd: Euphues' Golden Legacy*, and is itself an adaptation of a much older story, *The Cook's Tale of Gamelyn*, found among the papers on which Chaucer was working for the completion of his *Canterbury Tales*. It is thought to be the work of a much earlier writer

than Chaucer, dating as far back as the beginning of the thirteenth century. Many modifications were introduced into the story by Lodge; but Shakspeare, by the introduction of Jaques, Audrey, and Touchstone, and other important alterations, entirely changed the character of the story.

The play was entered in the registers of the Stationers' Company, London, along with *Henry V.* and *Much Ado about Nothing*, in August, 1600; but, as far as is known, it was first printed in the folio collection of 1623.

PAGE

104. **France.** In the middle ages France was divided into a number of provinces, each of which was more or less independent of the central power. Indeed, the rulers of some of these provinces were often for the time more powerful than the king of France. Among these great fiefs may be mentioned the dukedoms of Burgundy, Normandy, Brittany and Aquitaine, and the counties of Flanders, Toulouse, and Champagne. One by one all the great fiefs were annexed, till by the annexation of Britanny in 1491, on the marriage of its Duchess Anne to Charles the Eighth, King of France, the last great dukedom was incorporated in the kingdom.

Forest of Arden. Some suppose that Shakspeare meant the forest region to the north-east of France, which extends from the Rhine at Coblentz to the Sambre, and is called the Forest of Ardennes. It seems more probable, however, that he used the name vaguely for a forest region without intending to specify any particular locality, and that in his charming description of the scenery, &c., he was thinking of the Arden of his native Warwickshire.

voluntary exile. Rather than submit to the usurper, they of their own accord gave up their estates and left their country to follow their lawful duke.

careless, free from care.

Robin Hood, a traditional outlaw and popular English hero who flourished in the time of the early Plantagenets. With the spoils of the rich he helped the poor, and after a most adventurous life, and numerous astonishing escapes, was done to death by the treachery of a woman. He is said to have flourished at the end of the twelfth and the beginning of the thirteenth centuries, and Sherwood Forest in the valley of the Trent is said to have been his retreat.

fleet the time, make the time pass quickly.

golden age. An ancient fable spoke of different ages in the history of the world. The golden age was the age of innocence and happiness. There was no violence, no sorrow, no pain or suffering. Men were perfectly happy, lived long, and died contented. It was followed by the age of silver, the age of brass, and the age of iron, each age worse than its predecessor.

dappled, marked with spots.

jewel. In the middle ages it was believed that in the head of old and great toads a stone was sometimes found which possessed the

PAGE

remarkable property of curing injuries inflicted by poisonous animals, of acting as an antidote to poison, and of indicating by a change of colour the approach of a poisonous substance. This fabled *toadstone* existed, like the poison of the toad itself, only in the imagination.

104. **venomous**, poisonous. The mistaken notion that the toad was poisonous was at one time very wide-spread.

105. **strict**, strong and close, intimate.

tragical, exciting fear and pity on account of the dreadful fate of someone.

crept, come hither slowly and stealthily.

odds in the men, inequality between the men; they are so badly matched. *Odds* is here used as an abstract noun in the singular, but in Shakspeare, when the subject of the verb comes after it the verb is usually singular even when the subject is plural.

In pity to, out of pity for; that is, because I pity.

106. **humane office**, act of kindness.

forego, give up. The true spelling is *forgo*, the *for* being what is called an intensive prefix, as in *forbid*, *forlorn*.

there is one shamed, &c., there is one overthrown who will lose no reputation thereby, as he has never yet gained any victory, or made any name for himself.

107. **out of suits with fortune**, no longer among those who follow in fortune's train, hence unlucky, unfortunate.

108. **subtle**, cunning.

doom, judgment, sentence.

irrevocable, not to be recalled or altered.

habited, dressed.

Ganymede, the name of a beautiful Trojan youth whom Zeus made the cup-bearer of the gods.

Aliena, a name adopted by Celia, probably with reference to her state as an exile, or her *alienation* from her father.

could find in his heart, felt strongly inclined.

happy, apt, well suited to their circumstances.

109. **disgrace his man's apparel**, &c., show herself no man, though dressed as one, by crying like a woman.

the weaker vessel. See 1 Peter iii. 7, where a man's wife is called "the weaker vessel".

love, gratitude.

entertainment, food and lodgings.

poor entertainment, wretched accommodation and coarse and insufficient food.

110. **this**, the following.

on his blessing. In this sense *on* denotes a pledge or engagement. It means that not till Oliver gave the required promise did his father give him his blessing, and that if he failed to fulfil his promise he would forfeit it.

PAGE

110. **dignity**, the honourable and high position.

set on, urged, induced.

111. **memory**, living image—something that recalls to mind anything out of sight or lost.

fond, anxious, desirous of. There is probably in this passage a combination of this meaning with the meaning usually attached to 'fond' in Shakspeare, 'silly or foolish'. "Why were you so resolutely bent on overcoming, and why were you so silly as to overcome?"

your praises, *i.e.* men's praise of you has reached your brother too soon.

thrifty hire, my wages which I have carefully laid by.

the service of a younger man, serve you as well as a younger man could.

constant service, &c., the constancy or fidelity of servants in the olden times.

for the fashion, able to suit or fit yourself to the meaner ways of these times.

youthful, earned in youth.

both our, of both of us.

112. **Canopy**, a covering over a person's head.

put up his sword, put it back in its scabbard.

melancholy boughs, boughs that inspire with feelings of gloom and depression. The notion that plants, and more especially trees, felt joy and grief, love and hate, was very common in early times, and many stories were told to prove their power of showing these feelings.

lose and neglect, forget, suffer utterly to vanish from the mind.

creeping, crawling, moving slowly or feebly.

knolled, rung, tolled.

seen better days, been in better circumstances.

engendered, has given rise to, begotten.

take of, share in.

113. **sonnet**, properly a short poem of fourteen lines, with the rhymes arranged according to a fixed plan; here it means any short love poem.

noble condescension, gracious and kindly assumption of equality with him, and of interest in his fortunes.

dignified deportment, seriousness and propriety of behaviour.

archness, roguishness.

ode, a poem written in praise of some person or thing.

elegy, a poem expressing sorrow, often for the death of a friend.

114. **talked over**, repeated.

came of royal lineage, was descended from kings.

115. **couching**, lying in wait.

was almost tempted. Shakspeare's characters are always thoroughly lifelike. To return good for evil is a 'counsel of perfection' very

PAGE

hard to follow, so we are shown the natural struggle of good and evil. In the end, as always in Shakspeare, good triumphs, and the hero issues from the struggle a better man. The rescue of his elder brother is a complete departure from the tale in Lodge's novel, as well as from that in the *Tale of Gamelyn*. In both these stories the younger brother puts the elder to death.

116. **counterfeited**, pretended.

lent a favourable ear, &c., received willingly his confession of love.

117. **in sober meaning**, in earnest, not jesting.

making a jest of, &c., playing a trick on him to amuse himself and others, and cause Orlando to be laughed at.

118. **ratified the consent**, confirmed the permission he had given.

felicity, happiness.

119. **hermit**, one who had retired from society in order that he might lead a life of quiet and innocence and devote his whole time to religious contemplation. These men often acquired great reputation for holiness, were worshipped as saints, and exercised in many cases a most extraordinary influence.

relinquishing, giving up.

religious house, monastery.

newly-conceived penitence, new-born regret for the evil he had done, and desire as far as he could to undo it.

opportunely, in the very nick of time.

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

From North's translation of *Plutarch's Lives*, and from *Chaucer's Knight's Tale*, Shakspeare may have taken some hints as to the parts of Theseus and Hippolyta; and Chaucer's *Legend of Thisbe of Babylon*, or Golding's translation of the same story from *Ovid's Metamorphoses*, probably furnished him with suggestions for the Interlude; but of *Midsummer Night's Dream* as a whole, it is almost impossible not to conclude with Hallam that it is "altogether original in one of the most beautiful conceptions that ever visited the mind of a poet—the fairy machinery". To the thoughtful student it is doubtful if the creation of Bottom and his Athenian fellow-clowns will not appear, artistically and in other respects, even more wonderful.

The play was entered in the register of the Stationers' Company on October 8th, 1600, and in the course of the same year two quarto editions of it were published. No other edition of the play seems to have been published till it appeared in the folio collection of 1623.

PAGE

120. **Athens.** Athens is the capital and largest city of Greece. Though the scene of this story is laid in the neighbourhood of Athens, the whole surroundings are distinctively English.

PAGE

120. **had power to cause her to be put to death.** The laws of Solon gave fathers this power in Athens.

refractory, unwilling to obey.

Theseus, the chief legendary hero of Attica, was the son of Ægeus, King of Athens. Among his great exploits were the slaying of the Minotaur, the war with the Amazons, and the cutting off of Medusa's head. After his death he was worshipped like Hercules as a demi-god.

Duke of Athens. In 1205 A.D. Athens was captured by the Latin crusaders. The lordship of Athens was held by its founder, Otho de la Roche, first as a dependency of the kingdom of Thessalonika and afterwards of the empire of Romania. By the grant of S. Lewis of France its ruler took the title of Duke, and the duchy continued to exist till it was conquered by the Turks, 1456–60. It was therefore quite natural for Shakspeare and his audience to think of this ducal and feudal Athens as the place where the events narrated had happened.

121. **fairies,** imaginary diminutive beings possessing extraordinary powers. The belief in elves and fairies was during the middle ages very wide-spread.

Oberon. Oberon is the name given to the king of the fairies by Spenser, by Green, and by Huon of Bordeaux. Chaucer calls the king Pluto, and the queen Proserpine.

Titania. Shakspeare found this pretty and appropriate name used in Ovid as a synonym of Diana, with whom the queen of the fairies is identified by several other writers.

sprites, a form of 'spirits'.

were, began, set to.

changeling: fairies were supposed to steal babies. The name 'changeling' is usually applied to the miserable, pining being left by them in place of the healthy child they had stolen. Here it is applied to the stolen child.

122. **forsworn,** vowed to give up.

Puck, a mischievous spirit, known as Robin Good-fellow, Will-o'-the-Wisp, &c., is the jester and personal attendant of Oberon, the king of the fairies.

knavish, full of mischievous pranks.

dancing his fantastic shape, making whatever strange form he had for the time taken, jump up and down. The ability to assume what form he pleased was one which Puck specially delighted in exercising.

swains, young men.

copper, the vessel in which the wort or extract of malt is boiled along with the hops in the manufacture of ale; or it may here mean the mashing machine or kettle in which the wort is extracted from the malt.

comfortable here in the sense of comforting, warming; or perhaps as an adverb, 'comfortably together'.

crab, *i.e.* crab-apple.

PAGE

122. **goody**, a name given to an old or oldish woman of the poorer class.
gossips, chattering or talkative old women; originally the word meant a godfather or godmother, hence a friendly neighbour.
wasted, passed, whiled away.

123. **love-in-idleness**, the common pansy. Many of the common names for the pansy treat it as an emblem of boy-and-girl love.
dote on, be foolishly fond of.
to his heart, with all his heart.
eglantine, the sweet-brier.
enamelled, with a smooth, glossy surface of various colours.

124. **clamorous**, noisy. Compare "The obscure bird clamoured the live-long night" (*Macbeth*).
double-tongue, forked-tongue. The tongue of many of the snakes is divided through a part of its length.
newts and blindworm. These are harmless animals, but were not always considered so. "Eye of newt and blindworm's sting" are among the materials that were mixed in the witches' caldron (*Macbeth*).
philomel, a name for the nightingale.
enjoined them, enjoined on them, commanded them to perform.

126. **once**, at one time.

127. **school-day**, belonging to the time when we were together at school.
King of Shadows. The fairies belong to the night, and are unsubstantial creatures, but it seems likely that the title is due to identifying Oberon with Pluto, the ruler of the shades. See Note on page 121.
counterfeit each, &c., imitate or mimic the voice of each so closely that the other will follow it, thinking it that of his enemy.

128. **about this**, go or proceed about this, do this. The verb of motion is frequently omitted with a preposition.
rate, kind or order.
gambol, dance and skip about, cut capers to amuse him.

129. **overflown**, drowned.
shall seek. Note that the relative pronoun is omitted
wind, enfold.

130. **perfectly reconciled**, become thoroughly good friends again.
prevail upon, persuade, induce by argument.
to revoke, to recall, to unsay.

131. **sports and revels**, amusements or games and feasting.
incredible, impossible to be believed.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

The first edition of an anonymous comedy, having for its subject the taming of a shrew, was printed in 1594. It was entitled *A Conceited History, called the Taming of a Shrew*, and at least two other editions of it were published, one in 1596, and another in 1607. As to this play, of which Shakspeare made very free use in writing his *Taming of the Shrew*, it is impossible to say with anything approaching to certainty, or even strong probability, who the writer of it was. Mr. Knight suggested that the original *Taming of a Shrew* was the work of Robert Greene, an actor, dramatist, and pamphlet writer, who died in great poverty in 1592, and quoted passages which he held were remarkably similar to the style of Greene's acknowledged work, but his reasoning convinced few. In the scenes of the shrew-taming proper Shakspeare has followed closely the original play; but he has completely recast it, scarcely a line of it being literally transferred. For the very extensive changes which he has made in the plot, Shakspeare is said to have taken suggestions from the *Supposes* of George Gascoigne, a free translation of an Italian play by Ariosto. From this play also he took the name Petruchio, which is not found in the original comedy.

The *Taming of the Shrew* was first printed in 1623, but the date of its composition is uncertain.

PAGE

132. **Padua**, a very old Italian city, has one of the oldest and most famous universities in Europe. The city lies on the Brenta, was an important Roman town, and in the middle ages a centre of literature and art. In the beginning of the fifteenth century it was brought under the rule of Venice.

off his hands, married.

nothing, not a whit, not at all.

termagant, virago, scolding woman. Termagant is a corruption of the French *Tervagante*, the name given by the Crusaders to a deity they imagined the heathen Saracens to worship. This deity was introduced into the old moralities as a very violent character, and the name was gradually transferred to violent persons, though it is now used only for women.

herculean, exceedingly heavy or difficult. Before consenting to let *Hercules* be made immortal, Hera insisted on his performing twelve superhuman feats, the celebrated 'labours' of Hercules.

humorist, wag, droll, one who grasps the amusing side of things.

deportment, carriage, bearing, the outward behaviour.

boisterous, noisy and disorderly.

affected, pretended to be natural to him.

in her own way, in a style to which she could not object, as it was an imitation of her own, and would, being so, open her eyes to the absurdity of her ordinary way of behaving.

PAGE

133. **blunt**, off-hand and careless.

addresses, expressed wish to marry her, courtship.

134. **reproached her father**, said that he was acting unkindly.

reluctant, unwilling to consent to be married.

against, for use on. Cf. "Against the day of my burying" (John xii. 7).

in mean and fantastic, &c., dressed in a poor style, but in one so strange that it made people laugh.

135. **after the ceremony**, when they had been married.

sop, a piece of bread that had been soaked in the wine. In olden times it was a regular custom to introduce a bowl of wine or ale into the church at the wedding ceremony, and of this, immediately after the ceremony, the bridegroom and guests partook, drinking to the health of the bride. In Shakspeare's own time this was done at the marriage of the Elector Palatine to the Lady Elizabeth, daughter of James I.

for the purpose, to carry his wife.

136. **welcomed her kindly.** The kindly welcome was confined to words. He found fault with, abused, and beat the servants as soon as he arrived, and acted in other ways like a madman, of purpose to make her life miserable, and to present himself in the most disagreeable light.

entreat, beg or ask humbly.

under the name of perfect love, on the plea that his great love for me makes him take these steps to ensure my welfare.

the soliloquy, the conversation she had been holding with herself, the thinking aloud.

dressed your meat, cooked your meal.

abated the pride, lowered or diminished the pride.

137. **jangling argument**, a discussion leading to wrangling and quarrelling.

138. **supper-time.** In Shakspeare's time supper was generally between six and seven o'clock, while the ordinary dinner-hour was eleven in the forenoon.

crossing contradicting.

139. **yielding humour**, disposition or inclination to yield.

seemeth green. Blackstone notes that "When one has sat long in the sunshine, the surrounding objects will often appear tinged with green".

140. **telling him the rich marriage**, giving him the news of or informing him that his son was to marry a very rich woman; telling him about his son's marriage to a lady with a great dower.

in good sadness, to speak quite seriously, in all seriousness.

veriest, most real or completest.

141. **sirrah**, fellow.

hollidam. This is a sixteenth-century spelling of *halidom*: holiness, sanctity. *Dam* or *dame* was written for *dom*, from the popular but mistaken belief that there was some reference to the Virgin in the word, which was chiefly used in oaths and abjurations.

PAGE

141. **bodes**, means, gives token of, portends.
right supremacy, rightful rule or authority, the rule of the husband over the wife.
new-built, newly established or founded.
froward, wilful, disobedient.

142. **bauble**, a showy piece of finery of little worth. The word is always used in a depreciatory sense.
laying on, laying a wager on.

TWELFTH NIGHT.

In early Christian and in mediæval times the Christmas festivities were celebrated with great pomp, and lasted for twelve days. The two great days of the feast were the first and last, Christmas and Twelfth Day. In the Eastern Church Twelfth Day was associated with the baptism of Christ, and preceded as a church festival even Christmas celebrations. In the Western Church the festival of Twelfth Day was known as the Epiphany, and was supposed to commemorate the visit of the star-guided Magi to the infant Christ. It was a time of revelling, and with its 'Cake', its 'King' and 'Queen' and its 'cards', was only inferior to Christmas itself. It was for this season of mirth, as the name shows, that *Twelfth Night* was written. Its second title, *What You Will*, shows the mixed character of the play.

The main plot, the serious part of the story of *Twelfth Night*, had been frequently turned to literary account before Shakspeare wrote his play. It seems first to have appeared in the form of a comedy, *Gl'Ingannati* or *The Cheated*, performed at Vienna in 1531. With this play Shakspeare evidently must have been well acquainted; but he certainly knew the story also in the form in which it appeared in Barnabe Riche's *Farewell to Militarie Profession*, &c., first printed in 1581. Riche probably took this story, the second of his tales, and entitled *Historie of Apolonius and Silla*, from Belleforest's *Histoires Tragiques*, a translation from the Italian novelist Bandello.

Bandello's novels appeared in 1554 and in 1573, and Belleforest's translation in 1580. Two Italian comedies called *Gl'Inganni* or *The Cheaters*, one by Niccolo Secchi, 1547, and the other by Curzio Gonzaga, printed in 1592, have some resemblance in plot to *Twelfth Night*; but whether Shakspeare knew them or not is a mere matter of conjecture. The underplot seems entirely Shakspeare's own invention.

The play was first printed in the Folio of 1623. The facts that the play is not mentioned by Meres in 1598 in the list of plays seen by that author which he gives in his *Palladis Tamia*, &c., and that John Manningham in his *Diary* tells us he saw *Twelfth Night* performed at the Middle Temple

on February 2nd (1601–2), fix the period of composition within narrow limits. From references in the play itself, and from other internal evidence, it seems most probable that the play was composed in 1601. It belongs, therefore, to the same period as *Much Ado about Nothing* and *As You Like It.* It is one of the most charming and the most perfect of Shakspeare's comedies, and its heroine, Viola, is one of the dramatist's most delightful creations.

PAGE

143. **Messaline**, an imaginary locality. Capell proposed to substitute *Mitylene* for *Messaline.*

great wonder. It is common enough to find a remarkable likeness between twin-brothers or twin-sisters, but it is very unusual to find a twin brother and sister so like that they cannot be known apart.

Illyria. Like Messaline, Illyria must be regarded as a purely imaginary region, somewhere in Italy or in its neighbourhood.

safe. This is really an adjective and not an adverb. Cf. "They made him rich". "They found him strong."

what great ones do, is the object of the preposition *of.*

144. **having observed a fair behaviour in**, having seen that the captain's actions were always those of a kindly, well-bred man.

address, skill or dexterity with which she performed her duties.

145. **which**, is equal to 'and this'. This is a good example of the co-ordinating use of the relative pronoun.

affect, be drawn to, have an affection or liking for.

146. **a blank**, that is, she had no history. With this her life practically came to an end; the rest is like a sheet of paper without writing on it.

worm in the bud. Cf. "As is the bud bit by the envious worm, ere he can spread his sweet leaves to the air" (*Romeo and Juliet*); and "Why should the worm intrude the maiden bud" (*Lucrece*). By the worm here is meant the canker-worm, any insect larva that destroys the buds of plants. Compare also Milton's "As killing as the canker to the rose" (*Lycidas*).

damask, of the colour of the damask rose, blush-coloured.

green and yellow melancholy. This is a very bold figure, the greenness and yellowness, which are symptoms or results of the disease, being put as attributes. The green indicates the sickliness, and the yellow the grief. Cf. "Wakes it now to look so *green* and pale at what it did so freely?" (*Macbeth*).

Patience on a monument. This phrase has become proverbial.

smiling at grief. It is contended that this phrase should be taken along with she and not with Patience. This seems very doubtful. Compare "Yet thou dost look like Patience gazing on king's graves and smiling extremity out of act" (*Pericles*).

evasive answer. She replied, "I am all the daughters of my father's house and all the brothers too;—and yet I know not". The answer was strictly truthful, but the Duke was not at all likely to interpret it correctly.

PAGE

146. **While they were talking, &c.** Note that the account here given does not follow the order of the events in the play. The discussion beginning, "If a lady were to love you", and what follows up to this point occur in the play immediately before the second visit to Olivia and not before the first.

handmaid, maid-servant, waiting-woman. Maria, who in the play is the moving spirit in the secondary or comic plot.

cloistress, a nun, a woman who lives shut up in a cloister. Cloister is from *claustrum*, a bar, from *claudo*, I shut.

this, such a.

to-pay, for that she pays, or has to pay.

to a dead brother. The point of the Duke's thought is much clearer in the play; the words he uses are "but to a brother", that is, to one who was only a brother, and therefore not nearly so dear as a husband or lover.

golden-shaft. The arms of Eros or Cupid, the god of love, consist of torches which it is dangerous to touch, and of arrows which he carries in a quiver. The arrows are of two sorts: one, bright and golden, kindle love in the hearts they wound; the other, blunt and heavy with lead, excite aversion.

your fixed foot shall grow. This is a kind of hendiadys, meaning simply 'you will not stir'.

dear faith, heartfelt devotion. Cf. "Out of dear respect" (*Henry VIII.*).

147. **seems fortified against, &c.**, denials have no effect on him; he refuses to accept them. Cf. "Let us assail your ears, that are so fortified against our story" (*Hamlet*).

embassy, simply message. The word usually means a public message about state affairs.

out of my part, outside of or not contained in the part set down for me to play.

that which I play, that is, a man.

commission, &c., charge or instructions which to fulfil makes it needful that you should see my face.

148. **no copy**, no transcript.

inventory, a detailed account, a catalogue.

item, likewise, again; used in detailed accounts.

thunder love, proclaim it loudly, and so force it on the attention.

sighs of fire, sighs that proclaim the intensity of his love. Cf. "He furnaces the thick sighs from him" (*Cymbeline*).

me: for myself, the ethic dative.

willow cabin. The willow was considered the emblem of unhappy love. Cf. "I'll wear the willow garland for his sake" (*3 Henry VI.*).

complaining sonnets on Olivia. In the play the passage reads, "Write loyal cantons of contemnéd love".

elements, the substances of which all material bodies are made up. In ancient and mediæval philosophy these were supposed to be four in number—*earth*, *water*, *air*, and *fire*.

PAGE

148. **Fair cruelty**: for 'cruel beauty'. This is an example of the figure known as *hypallage*.

fast hold, &c., how deeply she loved him.

149. **maidenly reserve**, modesty. Cf. "A maiden never bold; of spirit so still and quiet" (*Othello*); and "Such an act that blurs the grace and blush of modesty" (*Hamlet*).

spinsters, female spinners. This is the original meaning of the word; the extension of the term to all unmarried women is modern.

with bone, with bobbins made of bone or ivory.

weave their thread, make the bone-lace, as it was called. The lace-workers in some parts still speak of 'making their living out of the bones'.

Cypress. The cypress-tree, with its dark foliage and dark, hard, durable wood, was looked upon as an emblem of mourning. Probably here it means a coffin of cypress wood, or in a coffin strewed with cypress branches, though some hold that it means here cypress lawn, a material which when black was used as we use crape.

yew. The yew is also an emblem of grief. Cf. "Lay a garland on my hearse of the dismal yew", from the *Maid's Tragedy*, by Beaumont and Fletcher; and "Strew on her roses, roses, and never a spray of yew. In quiet she reposes. Ah, would that I did too", from M. Arnold's *Requiescat*.

black. The colour black is in Europe specially associated with mourning. Cf. "Black is the badge of hell, the hue of dungeons, and the suit of night" (*Love's Labour's Lost*).

greet and find. These are examples of the subjunctive mood used to express a wish with regard to the future.

150. **My life upon it, Cesario**, &c.; I'd stake my life, &c. The conversation that follows here, in the play precedes the singing of the song, and is immediately followed by the discussion given on page 146.

maidhood, &c., girlhood. Note that Olivia vows only by things young and bright and beautiful.

wit nor reason, cunning nor self-control.

No sooner, &c. In the play Viola, having left Olivia's house after declaring her resolve never to love any woman, is followed by a servant and brought back. It is on leaving after this third interview that the events here recorded take place.

151. **with**, from or on account of.

seeking. This is the gerund.

of comfort, comforted. Cf. "Be of good cheer. It is I, be not afraid" (S. Mark vii. 50).

wonder: nom. after verb to be understood. The passage is elliptical, subject and copula being both omitted.

152. **who happened to arrive**. The clown had been sent by the Lady Olivia after Cesario, and mistaking Sebastian for him, insisted on his going with him to the house of his mistress.

surprised at, &c. In the play he is represented as saying to himself, "Or I am mad, or else this is a dream".

PAGE

153. **well approved**, thought that it was a very fortunate thing for him.

154. **ripe for mischief.** In the play the words used are "ripe in mischief", *i.e.* arrived at a point where they must be carried out by inflicting injury, that is, taking vengeance.

my. Note that the use of *my* here expresses tenderness or love.

as he called Viola. What the Duke said was, "O thou dissembling cub, what wilt thou be when time hath sowed a grizzle on thy case?"

habit, dress.

155. **like to me**, that is, as well as you loved me.

so much beneath, &c. Note that this phrase is to be taken with service.

making over, &c., transferring.

to perform, is gerund infinitive.

BRIEF LIST
OF
EDUCATIONAL WORKS

PUBLISHED BY

BLACKIE & SON, LIMITED.

Classics.

CAESAR'S GALLIC WAR. Edited, with Introduction, Notes, &c., by John Brown, B.A. Illustrated. F'cap 8vo, cloth, BOOKS I., II., IV., V., and VI., 1*s.* 6*d.* each. BOOK III., 1*s.*

CAESAR'S INVASIONS OF BRITAIN (Parts of Books IV. and V. of the Gallic War). Edited by John Brown, B.A. F'cap 8vo, cloth, 1*s.* 6*d.*

STORIES FROM CICERO. Edited, with Introduction, Notes, &c., by A. C. Liddell, M.A. F'cap 8vo, cloth, 1*s.* 6*d.*

HORACE'S HISTORICAL AND POLITICAL ODES. Edited, with Historical Introduction and Notes, by the Rev. A. J. Church, M.A. Crown 8vo, cloth, 2*s.* 6*d.*

STORIES FROM OVID. Edited, with Introduction, Notes, and Vocabulary, by A. H. Allcroft, M.A. Cloth, 1*s.* 6*d.*

VIRGIL'S AENEID. BOOK I. Edited, with Introduction, Notes, &c., by Rev. A. J. Church, M.A. F'cap 8vo, cloth, 1*s.*

THE STORY OF AENEAS: Selections from the *Aeneid*. With Introduction, Notes, &c., by A. H. Allcroft, M.A. With many illustrations. Part I. (Aeneid I.–VI.). F'cap 8vo, cloth, 2*s.*

SELECTIONS FROM PHAEDRUS, BOOKS I. and II. Edited for Junior Forms, by S. E. Winbolt, B.A. Cloth, 1*s.*

CORNELIUS NEPOS: SELECTIONS. Lysander, Alcibiades, Thrasybulus, Conon, Dion, Iphicrates, and Chabrias. Edited by A. W. Carver, M.A. Cloth, 1*s.*

CORNELIUS NEPOS: Select Biographies. Edited, with Introduction, Notes, Exercises, and Vocabularies, by J. E. Melhuish, M.A. F'cap 8vo, cloth, 1*s.* 6*d.*

A JUNIOR LATIN SYNTAX. By A. J. Stevens, B.A. Cloth, 8*d.*

A CLASSICAL COMPENDIUM: being a Handbook to Greek and Latin Constructions. By C. E. Brownrigg, M.A. 2*s.* 6*d.*

LATIN STORIES: Short Selections from the best prose authors. Edited, with Notes, English Exercises, Vocabularies, &c., by A. D. Godley, M.A. 1*s.*

LATIN UNSEENS: Graduated Specimens of Prose and Verse, mainly selected from Examination Papers. *Junior Section*, 3*d.*; *Senior Section*, 6*d.*

LATIN PROSE OF THE SILVER AGE: SELECTIONS. Edited by C. E. Brownrigg, M.A. With an Introduction by T. H. Warren, M.A. 4*s.* 6*d.*

PRAXIS PRIMARIA: Exercises in Latin Composition. By the Rev. Islay Burns, M.A., D.D. Seventh Edition, crown 8vo, cloth limp, 2*s.* KEY, 3*s.* 6*d.*

FIRST STEPS IN CONTINUOUS LATIN PROSE. By W. C. Flamstead Walters, M.A. Cloth, 2*s.*

HINTS AND HELPS IN CONTINUOUS LATIN PROSE. By W. C. Flamstead Walters, M.A. F'cap 8vo, cloth, 2*s.* KEY, 2*s.* 6*d. nett.*

HINTS AND HELPS IN CONTINUOUS GREEK PROSE. By W. C. Flamstead Walters, M.A. Cloth, 2*s.* 6*d.*

GREEK UNSEENS, in Prose and Verse. *Junior Section.* Edited by A. C. Liddell, M.A. 4*d.* *Senior Section.* Edited by E. Sharwood Smith, M.A. 8*d.*

XENOPHON'S ANABASIS. BOOK I. Edited, with Introduction, Notes, &c., by C. E. Brownrigg, M.A. With Map, Plans of Battles, &c. Cloth, 1*s.* 6*d.*

MYTHS AND LEGENDS OF GREECE AND ROME. By E. M. Berens. Illustrated. F'cap 8vo, cloth, 2*s.* 6*d.*

English.

A SCHOOL HISTORY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE. By Elizabeth Lee. F'cap 8vo, cloth.

VOL. I. **Chaucer to Marlowe.** 1*s.* 6*d.*
VOL. II. **Shakespeare to Dryden.** 2*s.*

THE WARWICK LIBRARY. Comparative Manuals of English Literature. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3*s.* 6*d.* each. General Editor—Professor C. H. Herford, Litt.D.

English Pastorals. Edited by E. K. Chambers, B.A.

Literary Criticism. Edited by Professor C. E. Vaughan, M.A.

English Essays. Edited by J. H. Lobban, M.A.

English Lyric Poetry (1500-1700). Edited by F. I. Carpenter, M.A., Ph.D.

English Masques. Edited by H. A. Evans, M.A. Balliol College, Oxford.

[*Others to follow.*

The WARWICK SHAKESPEARE. The greater Plays, edited for students and senior candidates in the University Local Examinations. In f'cap 8vo, cloth.

The Merchant of Venice. Edited by H. L. Withers, B.A. 1*s.* 6*d.*
Coriolanus. Edited by E. K. Chambers, B.A. 1*s.* 6*d.*
As You Like It. Edited by J. C. Smith, M.A. 1*s* 6*d.*
Twelfth Night. Edited by A. D. Innes, M.A. 1*s.* 6*d.*
Hamlet. Edited by E. K. Chambers, B.A. 1*s.* 6*d.*
Macbeth. Edited by E. K. Chambers, B.A. 1*s.*
Richard II. Edited by C. H. Herford, Litt.D. 1*s.* 6*d.*
Julius Cæsar. Edited by A. D. Innes, M.A. 1*s.*
Henry the Fifth. Edited by G. C. Moore Smith, M.A. 1*s.* 6*d.*
Richard III. Edited by George Macdonald, M.A. 1*s.* 6*d.*
A Midsummer Night's Dream. Edited by E. K. Chambers, B.A. 1*s.* 6*d.*
The Tempest. Edited by F. S. Boas, M.A. 1*s.* 6*d.*
Cymbeline. Edited by A. J. Wyatt, M.A. 1*s.* 6*d.*

Introduction to Shakespeare. By Professor Dowden. Illustrated. Cloth, 2*s.* 6*d.*

BLACKIE'S JUNIOR SCHOOL SHAKESPEARE. For junior candidates in the University Local Examinations, &c. Each f'cap 8vo, cloth.

Twelfth Night. Edited by Elizabeth Lee. 8*d.*
Hamlet. Edited by L. W. Lyde, M.A. 10*d.*
Macbeth. Edited by H. C. Notcutt, B.A. 8*d.*
King John. Edited by F. E. Webb, B.A. 8*d.*
The Merchant of Venice. Edited by George H. Ely, B.A. 8*d.*
Henry the Eighth. Edited by the same. 8*d.*
The Tempest. Edited by Elizabeth Lee. 8*d.*
Henry the Fifth. Edited by W. Barry, B.A.
Richard the Second. Edited by the same. 8*d.*
Coriolanus. Edited by Walter Dent. 10*d.*
Julius Cæsar. Edited by the same. 8*d.*
As You Like It. Edited by Lionel W. Lyde, M.A. 8*d.*
A Midsummer Night's Dream. Edited by W. F. Baugust, B.A. 8*d.*
Cymbeline. Edited by the same. 10*d.*

BLACKIE'S ENGLISH CLASSICS. Containing representative extracts from standard English authors, annotated for school use. Each f'cap 8vo, cloth.

ADDISON.—**Selected Essays from the Spectator.** Edited by the Rev. Henry Evans, D.D. 2*s.*.
ADDISON.—**Sir Roger de Coverley.** Edited by Frances E. Wilcroft. 1*s.*
BACON.—**Selected Essays.** Edited by the Rev. Henry Evans, D.D. 1*s.*
GOLDSMITH.—**She Stoops to Conquer** and **The Good-natured Man.** Edited by Harold Littledale, M.A. 1*s.*
LONGFELLOW.—**The Courtship of Miles Standish.** Edited by the Rev. Henry Evans, D.D. 1*s.*
MACAULAY.—**Horatius, Lake Regillus,** and **Prophecy of Capys.** 8*d.*
MILTON.—**Paradise Lost.** Edited by F. Gorse, M.A. Books I. II. and III., each 1*s.*
MILTON.—**Paradise Lost.** BOOK I. Edited by E. F. Willoughby, M.D. 10*d.*
MILTON.—**Samson Agonistes.** Edited by E. K. Chambers, B.A. 1*s.* 6*d.*
SCOTT.—**The Lay of the Last Minstrel.** Complete, 1*s.*; Cantos I.-III., cloth, 9*d.*, paper, 6*d.*; Cantos IV.-VI., 9*d.*
SCOTT.—**The Lady of the Lake.** Edited by W. Keith Leask, M.A. 1*s.*

JUNIOR SCHOOL CLASSICS. Each, with a few exceptions, 32 pages, with Biographical Sketch, Introductions, and Notes at end; paper, 2*d.*; cloth, 3*d.*

ATTOUN.—**The Burial-March of Dundee** and **The Island of the Scots.** Edited by W. Keith Leask, M.A.
BROWNING.—**The Pied Piper of Hamelin.** Edited by S. E. Winbolt, B.A.
BYRON.—**The Prisoner of Chillon.** Edited by the Rev. J. M. Walker.
BYRON.—**The Prophecy of Dante.** Cantos I. and II.
CAMPBELL.—**English Ballads, Sir Patrick Spens, &c.**
CAMPBELL.—**Songs and Ballads.** Edited by W. Dent.
OLD BALLAD.—**Chevy Chase.** Edited by S. E. Winbolt, B.A.
COLERIDGE.—**The Rime of the Ancient Mariner.** Edited by W. Dent.
COWPER.—**John Gilpin,** and other Poems Edited by W. Dent.

GOLDSMITH.—**The Deserted Village.** Edited by Elizabeth Lee.

GOLDSMITH.—**The Traveller.** Edited by S. E. Winbolt, B.A.

GRAY.—**The Elegy, Eton College Ode, and The Bard.** Edited by Elizabeth Lee.

HOGG.—**The Queen's Wake**

MACAULAY.—**Armada, Ivry, Battle of Naseby; Battle of Lake Regillus; Horatius.**

MACAULAY.—**Horatius and Battle of Lake Regillus,** in one volume, cloth, *6d.*

MILTON.—**L'Allegro and Il Penseroso.** Edited by C. E. Brownrigg, M.A.

MOORE.—**The Fire Worshippers.**

SCOTT.—**Marmion.** Canto I., with Illustrated Notes, paper, *3d.*; cloth, *4d.* Canto II., paper, *2d.*; cloth, *3d.* Canto VI., 56 pp., paper, *3d.*; cloth, *4d.*

SCOTT.—**The Lay of the Last Minstrel.** Cantos I., II., III., IV., V., VI., each separately.

SCOTT.—**The Lady of the Lake.** Cantos I., II., III., IV., V., VI , each separately.

SHAKESPEARE.—**Selections from: As You Like It, Henry VIII., Richard II., Julius Cæsar, The Merchant of Venice.**

WORDSWORTH.—**Selections from the Shorter Poems.** Edited by W. Dent.

BURNS.—**The Cotter's Saturday Night, &c.** *Notes below text.*

LONGFELLOW.—**Evangeline.** *Notes below text.* Paper, *3d.*; cloth, *4d.*

English Grammar, &c.

The PUPIL'S ENGLISH GRAMMAR: an Introduction to the study of English Grammar, based upon the Analysis of Sentences. F'cap 8vo, cloth, *1s. 6d.*

HIGHER ENGLISH: a Course of English Study for Middle and Upper Forms. By David Campbell. F'cap 8vo, cl., *1s. 6d.*

LOWER ENGLISH: a Course of English Study for Lower Forms. By David Campbell. F'cap 8vo, cloth, *1s.*

LESSONS ON ENGLISH FOR BEGINNERS. By David Campbell. Cloth boards, *1s.*; limp cloth, *10d.*

HANDBOOK OF ENGLISH COMPOSITION EXERCISES. Short Stories, Hints for Essays, Rules and Models for Letters, &c. F'cap 8vo, cloth, *1s.*

STORIES AND ESSAYS. Carefully arranged and graduated Stories for Exercises, with classified Examples for Essays. F'cap 8vo, cloth, *1s.*

SELECTIONS FOR PARAPHRASING. Selected by W. Murison, M.A. Cloth, *1s.*

Modern Languages.

MODERN FRENCH TEXTS. Edited by Francis Storr, B.A. F'cap 8vo, *1s.*

Lettres de Paul-Louis Courier. Edited by J. G. Anderson, B.A.Lond., prizeman in French. Cloth, *1s.*

The Court of Spain under Charles II., and other Historical Essays by Paul de Saint-Victor. Edited by Francis Storr. Cloth, *1s.*

Voyages en Zigzag. By Rodolphe Töpffer. Edited by Ascott R. Hope. *1s.*

The Siege of Paris. By Francisque Sarcey. Edited by F. B. Kirkman. *1s.*

Aimard's Les Trappeurs de L'Arkansas. Edited by Marguerite Ninet. Cloth, *1s.*

A FIRST FRENCH COURSE. By J. J. Beuzemaker, B.A. Cloth, *1s. 6d.*

A SECOND FRENCH COURSE. By J. J. Beuzemaker, B.A. Cloth, *2s. 6d.*

FLEUR DE MER. By Pierre Maël. Edited by J. Boielle, B.ès-L. Cloth, *1s.*

ACHILLE ET PATROCLE. Edited with Notes, Exercises, &c., by Emile B. le François. Cloth, *8d.*

FRENCH STORIES: a Reading-book for Junior and Middle Forms. With Notes, Exercises, &c. By Marguerite Ninet. Cloth, *1s.*

READINGS IN FRENCH. By Marguerite Ninet. F'cap 8vo, cloth, *1s. 6d.*

FRENCH TALES FOR BEGINNERS. With complete Vocabularies. By Marguerite Ninet. Illustrated. Cloth, *1s.*

A MODERN FRENCH READER: Interesting extracts from contemporary French. By J. J. Beuzemaker, B.A. Cloth, *1s.*

FRENCH UNSEENS FOR JUNIOR FORMS. Passages in Prose and Verse. Selected by D. S. Rennard, B.A. *3d.*

FRENCH UNSEENS FOR MIDDLE FORMS. Selected by E. Pellissier, M.A. F'cap 8vo, cloth, *1s.*

FRENCH UNSEENS FOR UPPER FORMS. Selected by E. Pellissier, M.A. F'cap 8vo, cloth, *1s. 6d.*

FRENCH IRREGULAR VERBS, fully conjugated. By Marcel Rosey. *6d.*

HISTORICAL SKETCH OF FRENCH LITERATURE. By Marcel Rosey. *1s.*

A COMPLETE COURSE OF FRENCH COMPOSITION AND IDIOMS. By Hector Rey, B.ès-L., B.Sc. Cloth, *3s. 6d.*

A COMPREHENSIVE FRENCH MANUAL. For Students Reading for Army and other Examinations. By Otto C. Näf, M.A.(Lond.). Cloth, *3s. 6d.*

A MANUAL OF FRENCH PROSE CONSTRUCTION. By J. G. Anderson, B.A.(Lond.). Crown 8vo, cloth, *5s.*

A FIRST GERMAN COURSE. By A. R. Lechner. Crown 8vo, cloth, *1s. 6d.*

A SECOND GERMAN COURSE. By H. Baumann, M.A. Cloth, *2s. 6d.*

GERMAN STORIES. With Notes, &c., by L. de Saumarez Brock. 1*s.* 6*d.*

GERMAN UNSEENS. Junior Section. Selected by D. S. Rennard, B.A. 4*d.*

SCHILLER'S SONG OF THE BELL, and other Poems. Edited by George Macdonald, M.A. Crown 8vo, cloth, 8*d.*

History.

THE OXFORD MANUALS OF ENGLISH HISTORY. Edited by C. W. C. Oman, M.A. In f'cap 8vo volumes, with maps, &c.; cloth, 1*s.*

I. **The Making of the English Nation,** B.C. 55—A.D. 1135. By C. G. Robertson, B.A.

II. **King and Baronage,** A.D. 1135–1328. By W. H. Hutton, B.D.

IV. **England and the Reformation,** A.D. 1485–1603. By G. W. Powers, M.A.

V. **King and Parliament,** A.D. 1603–1714. By G. H. Wakeling, M.A.

VI. **The Making of the British Empire,** A.D. 1714–1832. By Arthur Hassall, M.A.

A SUMMARY OF BRITISH HISTORY. With Appendices. By the Rev. Edgar Sanderson, M.A. Cloth, 1*s.*

A HISTORY OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE. By the Rev. Edgar Sanderson, M.A. 476 pp., cloth, 2*s.* 6*d.*

THE WARWICK ENGLISH HISTORY. A Sketch of the Development of England and the Empire. From B.C. 55 to the present time. Cloth, 3*s.* 6*d.*

THE WARWICK HISTORY READERS: Illustrated Reading Books in English History. Crown 8vo, cloth.

No. I. **Simple Stories from English History.** 8*d.*

No. II. **Simple Stories from English History.** 10*d.*

No. III. **Stories from English History, B.C. 55—A.D. 1485.** 1*s.*

No. IV. **Stories from English History, 1485—1688.** 1*s.* 4*d.*

No. V. **Stories from English History, 1688 to Present Time.** By J. H. Rose, M.A. 1*s.* 6*d.*

No. VI. **History of England to 1603.** By the Rev. Edgar Sanderson, M.A. 1*s.* 6*d.*

No. VII. **History of England from 1603 to Present Time.** By G. H. Ely, B.A. 1*s.* 9*d.*

AN EPITOME OF HISTORY, Ancient, Mediæval, and Modern. By Carl Ploetz. Translated by W. H. Tillinghast. Crown 8vo, cloth, 7*s.* 6*d.*

THE SCOTS READER: a History of Scotland for Junior Pupils. By David Campbell. F'cap 8vo, cloth, 1*s.*

OUTLINES OF THE HISTORY OF ENGLAND from Early Times to the Present Day. By George Girling. Illustrated. Cloth, red edges, 2*s.* 6*d.*

OUTLINES OF THE WORLD'S HISTORY, Ancient, Mediæval, and Modern. By Edgar Sanderson, M.A. Cloth, 6*s.* 6*d.*

Also:—Part I., ANCIENT ORIENTAL MONARCHIES, 1*s.*; Part II., GREECE AND ROME, 2*s.*; Part III., MEDIÆVAL HISTORY, 1*s.*; Part IV., MODERN HISTORY, 2*s.* 6*d.*

A SYNOPSIS OF ENGLISH HISTORY. By Herbert Wills. Crown 8vo, cloth, 2*s.*

A SYNOPSIS OF SCOTTISH HISTORY. By Herbert Wills. Crown 8vo, cloth, 2*s.*

OUR COUNTRY: a History for Lower Forms. By the Rev. Edgar Sanderson, M.A. Illustrated. Cloth, 1*s.* 4*d.*

THE STORY OF ENGLAND: a History for Lower Forms. By the Rev. Edgar Sanderson, M.A. Illustrated. Crown 8vo, cloth, 1*s.* 6*d.*

The two volumes "Our Country" and "The Story of England" are complementary of each other. Each traverses the field of English History, but the first deals at greater length with the early history, and touches more fully upon the romantic episodes than the other.

Geography

MAN ON THE EARTH: a Course in Geography. By Lionel W. Lyde, M.A. Fully illustrated. Crown 8vo, cloth, 2*s.*

BLACKIE'S DESCRIPTIVE GEOGRAPHICAL MANUALS. By W. G. Baker, M.A.

No. 1. **Realistic Elementary Geography.** Taught by Picture and Plan. 1*s.* 6*d.*

No. 2. **The British Isles.** 2*s.*

No. 3. **The British Colonies and India.** 2*s.*

No. 4. **Europe** (except the British Isles). Crown 8vo, cloth, 2*s.*

No. 5. **The World** (except Europe). Cloth, 2*s.*

THE GEOGRAPHY OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE. By W. G. Baker, M.A. Cloth, 3*s.* 6*d.*

INTRODUCTORY GEOGRAPHY. By W. G. Baker, M.A. With 70 Illustrations, and Maps. Cloth, 1*s.*

COMMERCIAL GEOGRAPHY OF THE WORLD. By Professor Zehden. *Second Edition.* Crown 8vo, cloth, 5*s.*

AUSTRALASIA: a Descriptive Account of the Australian and New Zealand Colonies. By W. Wilkins. Illustrated. Crown 8vo, cloth, 2*s.* 6*d.*

A SYNOPTICAL GEOGRAPHY OF THE WORLD: a Concise Handbook for Examinations. Cloth, 1*s.*

THE GEOGRAPHY OF NORTH AMERICA. THE GEOGRAPHY OF ASIA. Each, cloth, 6*d.*

THE CENTURY GEOGRAPHICAL HANDBOOKS: with Maps.

No. III. **England.** 16 pp., 2*d.*
No. IV. **British Isles.** 32 pp., 2*d.*
No. IV. A–B. **Scotland, Ireland, Canada, United States, &c.** 3*d.*
No. IV. C. **Europe, British North America, Australasia.** 48 pp., 3*d.*
No. V. **Europe.** 48 pp., 3*d.*
No. VI. **British Colonies and Dependencies.** Climate, Interchange of Productions. 3*d.*
No. VII **United States.** Ocean Currents. 3*d.*
No. VII. B. **The World,** with exception of Europe. 4*d.*

Arithmetic.

ARITHMETIC. By A. E. Layng, M.A. Crown 8vo, cloth, with Answers, 4*s.* 6*d.* Also in Two Parts (*Part I. Part II.*), each, with or without Answers, 2*s.* 6*d.*

EXERCISES IN ARITHMETIC. By A. E. Layng, M.A. Being the Exercises of the above, published separately.

Part I. (5000 Exercises), without Answers, 1*s.*; with Answers, 1*s.* 6*d.*; ANSWERS, 6*d.*

Part II. (3500 Exercises), without Answers, 1*s.* 6*d.*; with Answers, 2*s.*; ANSWERS, 6*d.*

HIGHER ARITHMETIC AND MENSURATION. For Civil Service, University, Army, and Teachers' Examinations. By Edward Murray. Crown 8vo, cloth, with Answers, 3*s.* 6*d.*

PICKERING'S MERCANTILE ARITHMETIC, for Commercial Classes. By E. T. Pickering. Cloth, 1*s.* 6*d.*

A COMPLETE ARITHMETIC. Cloth. With Answers, 1*s.* 6*d.* Exercises only, 192 pages, 1*s.* Answers alone, 6*d.*

EXAMINATION ARITHMETIC. Problems and Exercises (with Answers) from University Local Exam. Papers. By T. S. Harvey. Cloth, 2*s.* KEY, 4*s.* 6*d.*

Mathematics.

EUCLID'S ELEMENTS OF GEOMETRY. With Notes, Examples, and Exercises. Arranged by A. E. Layng, M.A. Books I. to VI., with XI., and Appendix. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3*s.* 6*d.*

BOOKS I. to IV. in one vol., 2*s.* 6*d.* BOOK I., 1*s.*; II., 6*d.*; III., 1*s.*; IV., 6*d.*; I.–II., 1*s.* 3*d.*; I.–III., 2*s.*; V. and VI. together, 1*s.*; XI., 1*s.* 6*d.* KEY to BOOK I., 2*s.* 6*d.*; to Complete Euclid, 5*s.*

PRELIMINARY ALGEBRA. By R. Wyke Bayliss, B.A. 1*s.*

ALGEBRA. To Progressions and Scales of Notation. By J. G. Kerr, M.A. With Answers, 2*s.* 6*d.*; without Answers, 2*s.*

ALGEBRAIC FACTORS. By Dr. W. T. Knight. F'cap 8vo, cloth, 2*s.* KEY, 3*s.* 6*d.*

ELEMENTARY TEXT-BOOK OF TRIGONOMETRY. By R. H. Pinkerton, B.A. F'cap 8vo, cloth, 2*s.*

MATHEMATICAL WRINKLES for Matriculation and other Exams. By Dr. W. T. Knight. F'cap 8vo, cloth, 2*s.* 6*d.*

AN INTRODUCTION TO THE DIFFERENTIAL AND INTEGRAL CALCULUS. With examples of applications to Mechanical Problems. By W. J. Millar, C.E. F'cap 8vo, cloth, 1*s.* 6*d.*

Science.

DESCHANEL'S NATURAL PHILOSOPHY. An Elementary Treatise. By Professor A. Privat Deschanel, of Paris. Translated and edited by Professor J. D. Everett, D.C.L., F.R.S. Medium 8vo, cloth, 18*s.*; also in Parts, limp cloth, 4*s.* 6*d.* each.

Part I.—**Mechanics, Hydrostatics, &c.**
Part II.—**Heat.**
Part III.—**Electricity and Magnetism.**
Part IV.—**Sound and Light.**

A TEXT-BOOK OF ORGANIC CHEMISTRY. By A. Bernthsen, Ph.D. Translated by George M'Gowan, Ph.D. Crown 8vo, cloth, 7*s.* 6*d.*

FUEL AND REFRACTORY MATERIALS. By A. Humboldt Sexton, F.I.C., F.C.S. Crown 8vo, cloth, 5*s.*

A TEXT-BOOK OF SOLID OR DESCRIPTIVE GEOMETRY. By Alex. B. Dobbie, B.Sc. Crown 8vo, cloth, 2*s.*

HEAT AND THE PRINCIPLES OF THERMO-DYNAMICS. By C. H. Draper, D.Sc., B.A. Cloth, 4*s.* 6*d.*

HYDROSTATICS AND PNEUMATICS. By R. H. Pinkerton, B.A. Cloth, 4*s.* 6*d.*

AN ELEMENTARY TEXT-BOOK OF ANATOMY. By Henry Edward Clark, M.B.C.M. Crown 8vo, cloth, 5*s.*

ELEMENTARY PHYSIOLOGY. By Prof. Ainsworth Davis. Cloth, 2*s.*

THE STUDENT'S INTRODUCTORY TEXT-BOOK OF SYSTEMATIC BOTANY. By Joseph W. Oliver. Illustrated. Cloth, 4*s.* 6*d.*

ELEMENTARY TEXT-BOOK OF PHYSICS. By Prof. Everett. Cl., 3*s.* 6*d.*

OUTLINES OF NATURAL PHILOSOPHY. By Professor J. D. Everett. F'cap, 8vo, cloth, 4*s*.

THEORETICAL MECHANICS. By R. H. Pinkerton, B.A. F'cap 8vo, cloth, 2*s*.

ELEMENTARY TEXT-BOOK OF DYNAMICS AND HYDROSTATICS. By R. H. Pinkerton, B.A. Cloth, 3*s*. 6*d*.

THE ARITHMETIC OF MAGNETISM AND ELECTRICITY. By Robert Gunn. F'cap 8vo, cloth, 2*s*. 6*d*.

MAGNETISM AND ELECTRICITY. By W. Jerome Harrison and Charles A. White. F'cap 8vo, cloth, 2*s*.

LIGHT, HEAT, AND SOUND. By Charles H. Draper, D.Sc.(Lond.). F'cap 8vo, cloth, 2*s*.

ELEMENTARY INORGANIC CHEMISTRY: Theoretical and Practical. By Professor A. Humboldt Sexton. F'cap 8vo, cloth, 2*s*. 6*d*.

CHEMISTRY FOR ALL, or Elementary Alternative Chemistry. By W. Jerome Harrison, F.G.S., & R. J. Bailey. F'cap 8vo, 1*s*. 6*d*.

QUALITATIVE CHEMICAL ANALYSIS, Inorganic and Organic. By Edgar E. Horwill, F.C.S. F'cap 8vo, cloth, 2*s*.

AN ELEMENTARY TEXT-BOOK OF PHYSIOLOGY. By J. M'Gregor-Robertson, M.A., M.B. F'cap 8vo, cloth, 4*s*.

ELEMENTARY PHYSIOLOGY. By Vincent T. Murché. F'cap 8vo, cloth, 2*s*.

ELEMENTARY BOTANY. By Joseph W. Oliver. F'cap 8vo, cloth, 2*s*.

A TEXT-BOOK OF GEOLOGY. An Introduction to the study of Rocks and their Contents. By W. J. Harrison, F.G.S. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3*s*. 6*d*.

AN ELEMENTARY TEXT-BOOK OF APPLIED MECHANICS. By David Allan Low. F'cap 8vo, cloth, 2*s*.

EARTH-KNOWLEDGE. A Text-book of Physiography. By W. J. Harrison, and H. Rowland Wakefield. F'cap 8vo, cloth. PART I., 2*s*.; PART II., 2*s*. 6*d*.

ELEMENTARY AGRICULTURE. Edited by Professor R. P. Wright. F'cap 8vo, 1*s*. 6*d*.

ELEMENTARY HYGIENE. By H. Rowland Wakefield. F'cap 8vo, 2*s*.

ELEMENTARY PHYSICS. PRACTICAL AND THEORETICAL. By JOHN G. KERR, M.A. Illustrated. Crown 8vo, cloth, 1*s*. 6*d*.

ELEMENTARY CHEMISTRY. PRACTICAL AND THEORETICAL. By THOS. A. CHEETHAM, F.C.S. Cloth, 1*s*. 6*d*.

ELEMENTARY HYGIENE. With an Introductory Section on Physiology. By H. Rowland Wakefield. Cloth, 2*s*. 6*d*.

FOOD AND ITS FUNCTIONS. A Text-Book for Students of Cookery. By James Knight, M.A., B.Sc. Crown 8vo, cloth, 2*s*. 6*d*.

Science for Beginners.

CHEMISTRY FOR BEGINNERS. By W. Jerome Harrison. Cloth, 1*s*.

AGRICULTURE FOR BEGINNERS. Edited by Professor R. P. Wright. Cl., 1*s*.

BOTANY FOR BEGINNERS. By Vincent T. Murché. Cloth, 1*s*.

MAGNETISM AND ELECTRICITY FOR BEGINNERS. By W. G. Baker, M.A. Cloth, 1*s*.

MECHANICS FOR BEGINNERS. By David Clark. Cloth, 1*s*. 6*d*.

ANIMAL PHYSIOLOGY FOR BEGINNERS. With Coloured Illustrations. By Vincent T. Murché. Cloth, 1*s*. 6*d*.

SCIENCE READERS. Fully illustrated.

Natural History Course.

Country Stories: Infant Reader. 6*d*.

Book I.—**Tales and Talks on Common Things.** Part I. 8*d*.

Book II.—**Tales and Talks on Common Things.** Part II. 10*d*.

Book III.—**Seaside and Wayside; or, The Young Scientists.** 1*s*.

Book IV.—**Our Friends of the Farm.** By the Rev. Theodore Wood. 1*s*. 4*d*.

Book V.—**Animal and Plant Life.** Part I. By the Rev. Theodore Wood. 1*s*. 6*d*.

Book VI.—**Animal and Plant Life.** Part II. By the Rev. Theodore Wood. 1*s*. 6*d*.

General Course.

No. IV. **The Young Mechanics.** 1*s*. 4*d*.

No. V. **The Young Chemists.** By W. Furneaux. Cloth, 1*s*. 6*d*.

No. VI.–VII. **Lessons on Living.** By H. Rowland Wakefield. Cloth, 1*s*. 6*d*.

Reading Books.

READINGS FROM STANDARD AUTHORS, &c. Each foolscap 8vo, strongly bound in cloth.

The Spectator Reader: Selections from Addison's Spectator. 1*s*. 3*d*.

Readings from Sir Walter Scott. 1*s*. 3*d*.

Mary Queen of Scots: being Readings from THE ABBOT. 1*s*. 3*d*.

Tales from Henty: being Selections from the Historical and other Romances of G. A. Henty. Illustrated. 1*s*. 6*d*.

The Charles Dickens Reader. 1*s*. 4*d*.

The Sovereign Reader, fully illustrated, forming a bright historical record of the events of Queen Victoria's Reign. By G. A. Henty. New Edition, brought up to date. 1*s*. 6*d*.

The Citizen: His Rights and Responsibilities. By Oscar Browning, M.A. 1*s.* 6*d.*

The Newspaper Reader: Selections from the Journals of the Nineteenth Century. 1*s.* 6*d.*

The British Biographical Reader. 1*s.* 6*d.*

Readings from Robinson Crusoe. Illustrated by Gordon Browne. 1*s.* 3*d.*

Blackie's Shakespeare Reader. 1*s.*

Poetical Reader: Selections from Standard Authors. 1*s.* 6*d.*

THE PALMERSTON READERS. New series of Reading Books *with Coloured Illustrations.* In Ten Books, including *The Sight and Sound Primers.*

Prospectus, with Specimen Pages, on application.

STORIES FOR THE SCHOOLROOM. Edited by J. H. Yoxall. Selections from the works of favourite modern authors, illustrated by leading artists. Five books, prices 8*d.* to 1*s.* 6*d.* Primers, 3*d.* to 6*d.*

THE CENTURY READERS. Six books, prices 8*d.* to 1*s.* 6*d.* Primers, 2½*d.* to 6*d.*

BAYNHAM'S ELOCUTION: Selections from leading Authors and Dramatists. By George W. Baynham. Crown 8vo, cloth, 2*s.* 6*d.*

THE PRACTICAL ELOCUTIONIST. By John Forsyth. Crown 8vo, cloth, 2*s.* 6*d.*

READINGS FROM CARLYLE. Edited by W. Keith Leask, M.A. Cloth, 2*s.* 6*d.*

THE CITIZEN OF THE WORLD. Select Letters. Edited by W. A. Brockington, M.A. Crown 8vo, cloth, 2*s.*

ESSAY ON ADDISON. Edited by C. Sheldon, D.Litt. Crown 8vo, cloth, 2*s.*

Drawing, Painting, Writing, &c.

VERE FOSTER'S DRAWING COPY-BOOKS. 72 Numbers at 2*d.* *Complete Edition,* in Eighteen Parts at 9*d.* (Each part complete in itself.)

VERE FOSTER'S MODEL DRAWING. Cloth, 1*s.* 6*d.*

VERE FOSTER'S RUDIMENTARY PERSPECTIVE. Cloth, 1*s.* 6*d.*

VERE FOSTER'S WATER-COLOUR DRAWING-BOOKS. With coloured facsimiles of original water-colour drawings, and hints and directions. *Complete List on application.*

POYNTER'S SOUTH KENSINGTON DRAWING-BOOKS. Issued under the direct superintendence of E. J. Poynter, P.R.A. *Complete List on application.*

A SELECTION FROM THE LIBER STUDIORUM OF J. M. W. TURNER, R.A. In Four Parts, square folio, 12*s.* 6*d.* each; or complete in Portfolio, £2, 12*s.* 6*d.*

VERE FOSTER'S WRITING COPY-BOOKS.

Original Series, in Twenty-two Numbers, price 2*d.* each.

Palmerston Series, in Eleven Numbers, on fine paper ruled in blue and red, 3*d.* each.

Bold Writing, or **Civil Service Series**, in Twenty-seven Numbers, price 2*d.* each.

Upright Series, in Twelve Numbers, 2*d.* each.

Dictionaries, &c.

The STUDENT'S ENGLISH DICTIONARY. By John Ogilvie, LL.D. *New Edition,* revised and enlarged by Charles Annandale, M.A., LL.D. Illustrated by 800 Engravings. Large f'cap 4to, cloth, 7*s.* 6*d.*; half-persian, 10*s.* 6*d.*; half-morocco, flexible, 12*s.* 6*d.*

ANNANDALE'S CONCISE ENGLISH DICTIONARY. By Charles Annandale, M.A., LL.D. *New Edition, revised and extended*; 864 pp., f'cap 4to, cloth, 5*s.*; Roxburgh, 6*s.* 6*d.*; half-morocco, 9*s.*

AN ENGLISH DICTIONARY. Etymological, Pronouncing, and Explanatory. For the use of Schools. By John Ogilvie, LL.D. Cloth, 2*s.* 6*d.*; Roxburgh, 3*s.* 6*d.*

COMMON WORDS COMMONLY MISPRONOUNCED. With Hints on Correct Articulation. By W. Ramsay-Crawford. Cloth, 2*s.*

A PRONOUNCING VOCABULARY OF MODERN GEOGRAPHICAL NAMES, nearly ten thousand in number. By George G. Chisholm, M.A., B.Sc. F'cap 8vo, cloth, 1*s.* 6*d.*

New Series of Books for School Libraries and Prizes.

BLACKIE'S
SCHOOL AND HOME LIBRARY.

Carefully edited—clearly printed—strongly bound.

Under the above title the publishers have arranged to issue, for School Libraries and the Home Circle, a selection of the best and most interesting books in the English language.

In making a choice from the vast treasure-house of English literature the aim has been to select books that will appeal to young minds; books that are good as literature, stimulating, varied and attractive in subject-matter, and of perennial interest; books, indeed, which every boy and girl ought to know, and which, if once read, are sure to be read again and again.

The Library includes lives of heroes ancient and modern, records of travel and adventure by sea and land, fiction of the highest class, historical romances, books of natural history, and tales of domestic life.

NOW READY:

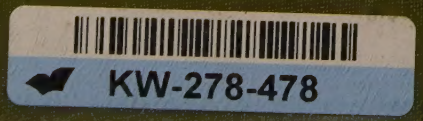
In crown 8vo volumes. Strongly bound in cloth. Price 1s. 4d. each.

The Rifle Rangers. By Captain Mayne Reid.
The Downfall of Napoleon. By Sir Walter Scott.
Essays on English History. By Lord Macaulay.
What Katy Did at School.
The Log-Book of a Midshipman.
Autobiographies of Boyhood.
Holiday House. By Catherine Sinclair.
Wreck of the "Wager" and Subsequent Adventures of her Crew.
What Katy Did. By Miss Coolidge.
Miss Austen's Northanger Abbey.
Miss Edgeworth's The Good Governess
Martineau's Feats on the Fiord.
Marryat's Poor Jack.
Passages in the Life of a Galley-Slave.
The Snowstorm. By Mrs. Gore.
Life of Dampier.
The Cruise of the Midge. M. Scott.
Lives and Voyages of Drake and Cavendish.
Edgeworth's Moral Tales.
Irving's Conquest of Granada. 2 vols.
Marryat's The Settlers in Canada.
Scott's Ivanhoe. 2 vols.
Michael Scott's Tom Cringle's Log.
Goldsmith's Vicar of Wakefield.
White's Natural History of Selborne.
Cooper's The Pathfinder.
The Lamplighter. By Miss Cummins.
Old Curiosity Shop. 2 vols.
Plutarch's Lives of Greek Heroes.
Parry's Third Voyage.
Cooper's Deerslayer.
Miss Alcott's Little Women.
Marryat's Masterman Ready.
Scott's The Talisman.
The Basket of Flowers.
Miss Mitford's Our Village.
Marryat's Children of the New Forest.
Autobiography of Benjamin Franklin.
Lamb's Tales from Shakspeare.
Dana's Two Years Before the Mast.
Southey's Life of Nelson.
Waterton's Wanderings.
Anson's Voyage Round the World.

"The Library is one of the most intelligent enterprises in connection with juvenile literature of recent years. . . . A glance at the list proves that the editing is in the hands of some one who understands the likings of healthy boys and girls."—**Bookman.**

Detailed Prospectus and Press Opinions will be sent post free on Application.

LONDON: BLACKIE & SON, LIMITED; GLASGOW AND DUBLIN.


KW-278-478